

# THE INDEPENDENT

3.014

SATURDAY 15 JUNE 1996

WEATHER Hot and sunny 50p (49p)

The sun is shining. It's a beautiful day. Inflation is falling. And...

## I've had a bellyful

DONALD MACINTYRE  
and COLIN BROWN

After a week of simmering private anger, John Major finally erupted in frustration yesterday. Surrounded by disloyal MPs, intrigues and the open hostility of Lady Thatcher, he declared: "I've had a bellyful." In perhaps the most spectacular piece of Prime Ministerial understatement since Macmillan referred to a "little local difficulty" he complained about the "noises off" to which he is daily subjected by his own party.

He contrasted the mid-June weather outside the pavilion in Portcawl, where he was speaking to the Welsh party faithful with the storms raging in the party. "The sun is shining. It's a beautiful day. The political mood is changing. Inflation is falling. The economy is growing. People are beginning to feel better off."

But then, as so often before, he swiftly turned to party discipline. "There's no time for distractions. We need to go out there, onto the doorsteps, all of us, and put our case."

He has said the same sort of thing, year after year, at conference after conference. But no-one seems to have been listening. The parliamentary party does not expect that it will suddenly pull together. The press doesn't expect it.

And perhaps, in his heart



John Major: Surrounded by disloyal MPs

of hearts, Mr Major no longer expects it.

But he plugged on, seeking to remind the Conservative Party and the voters that a Labour victory would throw away the economic recovery over which he was presiding. Labour's changes would be "irreversible" - a clear warning to those in the party who believe they can regain power after a period in opposition.

In an interview for the *Western Mail*, Mr Major said: "I am not going to be distracted by noises off on one side or noises off on the other side. I have had a bellyful of that."

But he devoted the unscripted parts of his speech to

pleading with his party not to be distracted by their civil war over Europe. "Don't let that important debate drift into individual clashes. Whatever the shades of opinion there are in the Conservative Party about the future of European policy, it is nothing compared to the distinctions between our policy and the policy of our opponents in the Labour and the Liberal parties. We will need to fight together to win our arguments at home and in Europe."

There is something heroic about yet another prime-ministerial appeal for unity. But the controls seem to be seizing up now; the levers are no longer responding as they once did.

After seeing 78 of his backbenchers defy him on Europe, after seeming to have less influence on his own party than a hitherto businessman with an obsession about Europe and not a political credential to his name, after being outrageously undermined by his predecessor, he must surely have had his worst week since he came into office six long years ago.

But each week now seems like the worst week. He has had a bellyful, all right, but it is, as he well knows, much, much worse than mere "noises off."

For what we are witnessing now is the seeming incurably dysfunctional family the Tory

party has become. Not even in its darkest days of civil war in the very early 1980s did the Labour Party contain so many men and women prepared publicly to behave as if they had given up any hopes of winning the general election ahead.

The defeatism shows in every echelon of the party, from the activists who have seen their base on often well-run local councils destroyed by the unpopularity of the Government, to those Cabinet ministers now quietly dressing to the right in a repositioning for the real struggle they see ahead: the one for the soul and leadership of the Tory party which will follow its general election defeat.

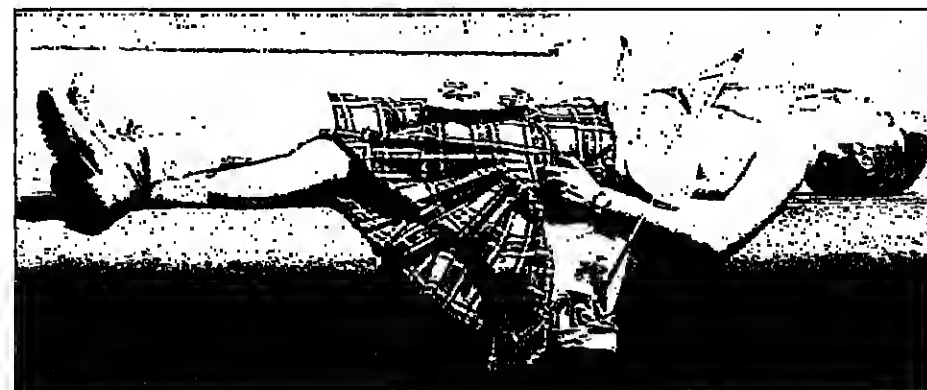
But it is in the parliamentary party, above all, that the defeatism is evident. The common stance is that of "every man for himself." MPs who know in their heart that it is electorally suicidal to highlight their divisions on Europe week after week, troop into a division lobby against the Government to try to ensure that Sir James Goldsmith does not put up a candidate in their own constituencies.

Two MPs are prepared to threaten the Government's survival to secure the retention of Edwage's casualty department. The national survival of the party has now been subordinated to that of individual MPs - and hang the rest.



A Byzantine painting of Saint Gregory of Nazianus composing a sermon, one of the 4,500 manuscripts in the library of the monastery of Saint Catherine in Sinai. Twenty monks live in the monastery which has been inhabited since it was

established by the Emperor Justinian in 550. Prince Charles yesterday launched a foundation which hopes to raise hundreds of millions of dollars to restore the buildings of the monastery and introduce modern methods to the library



A Scottish fan enjoys the sun in London's Trafalgar Square yesterday. Photograph: Edward Webb

## Broken lace that turned a Englishman into a Scot

PHIL SHAW

There will not be many with Anglo-Scottish identity crises at Wembley this afternoon, but one of the players in the historic European Championship encounter between the two home countries will know all about split loyalties.

Stuart McCall, who marked his 32nd birthday on Monday with a stirring display for Scotland against the Netherlands, has red hair, stocky stature and a spiky style that mark him out as Scottish. Yet he was born and bred in Leeds. He has the accent and cricketer's elegance to prove it. And he would have

been forever English in the eyes of the football authorities but for a "lucky escape" 12 years ago.

McCall's parents hail from Hamilton. His father played for Blackpool before settling in Yorkshire. Young Stuart grew up supporting Leeds United and played for the city boys' teams, but he always "felt Scottish".

One day in 1984 he was in the bath after training when the club secretary came in. "He said: 'Good news - Alex Ferguson's picked you for Scotland Under-21s'. I was so proud. But a few minutes later the secretary was back saying: 'Even better news!

Dave Sexton's chosen you for the England Under-21s'."

McCall was pressed for an instant decision. Trevor Cherry, his manager at Bradford and a former England player, nudged McCall towards England.

"So I picked England. Yet as I went home I thought: 'How can I possibly play for Scotland. But I thought it would be too awkward to change my mind so I went to Turkey with them.'"

Late in the game, watching from the bench, he heard the

TURN TO PAGE TWO

## How 'Mr Copper' became the world's biggest fraud

RICHARD LLOYD PARRY  
Tokyo

Yasuo Hamanaka was not best known for charisma. With his steel-rimmed glasses and grey flannel suits, he was a generalist Japanese salaryman. Nor do non-ferrous metals sound, on the face of it, the most glamorous of commodities. But his confidence and his power to move this market were unmatched. So, it turns out, was his colossal dishonesty.

We have had Nick Leeson, the trader who brought down Barings. Then came Toshitaka Iguchi, a New York-based dealer awaiting sentence. Now the league table of rogue traders is topped by a new name. Mr Hamanaka, one of the world's most feared and respected copper traders, has left the mighty global Sumitomo Corporation trading company with losses totalling \$1.8bn (£1.2bn). The Serious Fraud Office in London yesterday announced an urgent investigation into Sumitomo's affairs.

Just a few years ago, Mr Hamanaka was a business hero. The Sumitomo annual report of 1991 gave its star trader a dou-

ble page spread of his own, complete with glossy portraits and adulatory profile. He is quoted as saying that the preeminent position of Sumitomo Corporation in copper trading is attributable to "expertise in risk management". At this point, according to the latest accusations against him, Mr Hamanaka had been carrying on his illegal trade, completely undetected, for five years.

Leeson (\$1.4bn) and Iguchi (\$1.1bn) became notorious only after the event, when the details of their private lives were picked over with equal relish by the British tabloids and their oriental equivalents. Japan's weekly magazines. But in the world of copper trading Mr Hamanaka has long been a legend.

Once, the story goes, a speculator in one London market became so frustrated with his financial heft that he punched out the window of the public gallery. Various nicknames accrued to Mr Hamanaka during his 26-year career at Sumitomo, only some of them printable: "Mr Copper", "Hammer" (from his name, and the power he was said to command over prices), and "Mr Five Percent"

(from the share of the copper market which he was believed to control). Mr Hamanaka is said to have particularly prized this last tag, which was originally applied to a very different businessman - the great Armenian oil magnate Calouste Gulbenkian. This perhaps provides the key to his character and to the whole affair, which looks more and more like a morality tale of corporate arrogance.

Mr Hamanaka's public utterances reinforce this sense of impregnable hubris. "There are various rumours and slanders against me," he told an interviewer in 1991, "although I am getting used to them."

Sumitomo was founded in the early 17th century as a supplier of copper to Japan's shoguns. But in the post-war period it had fallen behind its competitors in the market for non-ferrous metals. Unlike its rivals among the massive Japanese corporations, Mitsubishi and Matsui, Sumitomo had no copper mines of its own and thus no access to the raw material. According to employees in rival trading companies, Yasuo Hamanaka trumped them by coming up with a brilliant short cut: Sum-

itomo could control the flow of metal through the market by investing in copper futures and options - contracts to buy or sell a quantity of a commodity at a specified date in the future. By the early 1990s the strategy had paid off handsomely. Sumitomo became the biggest copper trader in the world. But when the 1980s boom came to an end, nowhere was it felt more acutely than in Japan. Soaring property prices had fuelled a lending boom; when the bubble economy burst, the banks were saddled with numberless loans that could never be repaid: estimates range from 40 trillion yen (£24.2bn) upwards.

The cost of the bubble has affected Japan's business culture, exposing crime and huge fraud. The problem was starkly put yesterday by Seiichiro Kajiyama, the Chief Cabinet Secretary and official spokesman of the Japanese government. "The moral fibre of all Japanese has deteriorated and they have become desensitised about money," he said apocalyptically. "I cannot help but express deep concern that such tendencies have become widespread."

Rogue trader, page 18

### QUICKLY

#### Blair 'inner cabinet'

Clear evidence that Gordon Brown, Robin Cook and Donald Dewar would all be members of a Blair-led "inner cabinet" is provided by their being awarded Privy Counsellorships in the Queen's Birthday Honours today.

The list, pages 8,9

#### Nightmare returns

"Yesterday I was untouchable, in control... Then I woke up and heard the news of the new child abuse inquiry... Suddenly I was a child all over again, hurting and crying..."

The victim's story, page 3

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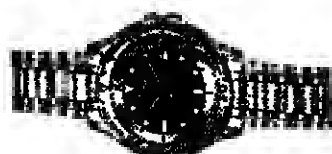
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## Forum proves a pedant's paradise

DAVID MCKITTRICK  
Ireland Correspondent

The Northern Ireland political forum, whose 110 members emerged from last month's election, yesterday took a leisurely three and a half hours to conduct two minor items of business.

Meeting in the distinctly unparliamentary surroundings of a converted department store near Belfast city centre, the mood of delegates was more comic than raucous.

But instead of responding to the admonition of the Northern Ireland Secretary, Sir Patrick Mayhew, to show itself as "a force for reconciliation and healing", the meeting proved to be a procedural pedant's paradise.



Long talk: Ian Paisley (standing) makes a point to John Gorman, the forum's interim chairman (left) yesterday.

Photograph: Brian Little

The light hand of interim chairman John Gorman of the Ulster Unionist Party turned the meeting into what in Northern Ireland parlance is known as a "gag" - a largely good-natured

and entertaining knockabout. The bitterness which surfaced among Unionist parties in the formal negotiating talks at Stormont earlier in the week flashed to the surface only oc-

asionally, but interminable points of order led to the plaintive appeal from Mr Gorman: "I want to try and end the first day of the forum with a decision on something."

Although the forum provides members to the main talks process, it has itself no legislative, administrative or executive powers. Its political importance is further dimin-

ished by the fact that Sinn Féin boycotts its meetings. By the end of the first session the forum finally managed to decide the make-up of its rules and business committees.

# Profits that came from thin air

MICHAEL STREETER

A "pyramid-style" selling scheme which involves no product was suspended by the High Court yesterday after a judge ruled it was an "unlawful lottery". Sir Richard Scott said the venture run by German-based Titan Business Club was a "highly unsatisfactory, highly suspicious and thoroughly undesirable". He ordered that no further "revivalist-style" meetings be held to promote Titan until the court hears a Department of Trade and Industry application to have the organisation wound-up.

The ruling means that a number of new investors could face losing their initial payment of £2,500. Last night one of the Chancellor of the Exchequer's senior economic advisers said he was being paid to restructure the scheme which was introduced to Britain last October. Professor Patrick Minford, one of the "six wise men" who advise the Treasury, said he thought the "snowball plan" run by Titan and which has 9,000 United Kingdom investors could be run on a sustainable basis.

SHV Senator of Hamburg, which runs the venture, said it

will be appealing against the ruling. Its lawyer Charles Buckley said it was an "excellent" scheme which was pioneering a new form of investment. The Titan programme involves an initial investor laying out £2,500 in cash - though this is rising to £3,000 - once he or she is accepted by a management meeting. The original investor makes money by persuading another person to join. For the first two successful referrals the investor receives £450 each, but for a third person the investor steps up to the status of "senior partner", or "wholesaler", and is paid £450, plus £770. The remaining money - £1,280 - goes back to Titan and its senior staff.

For each of the people persuaded to join who then persuades someone else, the initial investor will receive £770 - which is how investors are supposed to make their profits.

Sir Richard said that Titan was bound to fail one day and those last to join would lose their money. The judge added that he was bound by legal precedent to rule that the scheme was a "lottery" because of its snowball nature and conceded that there had been an

fraud or swindle of the public. But despite his concern over the scheme, it would be wrong to appoint a provisional liquidator as the DIT had also sought. Many investors last night said they were "devastated" by the verdict. Dec Cluskey, of the 1960s chart-topping pop group the Bachelors, said later: "A lot of showbusiness 'names' are

now members and we love it. Today's judgment is a great pity. I think Titan is one of the best entrepreneurial schemes I have ever seen." Another investor, a management consultant who wished to be known only as Mr Hussein, said: "There is a great deal of skill in keeping in touch with all your junior partners. We

are all professional people ... who are being denied one of the best opportunities to make money to come to this country." Last night the Liberal Democrat MP David Reade, who described the scheme as an "iniquitous pyramid-selling scam", welcomed the ruling and said he hoped the scheme would be wound up soon.



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## Broken lace that turned Englishman into a Scot

FROM PAGE ONE

words he had begun dreading: "You're going on."

Had he played, he would never have been able to wear the Scottish shirt. McCall asked how much time was left. "Three minutes."

"That was what got me. England didn't want me because they thought I could affect the game, but as an insurance policy, if I came good later they could claim me as theirs."

Desperate, he drifted off behind the goal, warming up. The bench screamed. He pretended not to hear. Bobby Mimmis, another substitute, was dispatched to bring him back to the dug-out.

There he snapped a tie-up, lost a shin-pad - more delaying tactics. "They were saying: 'Quick, let's get you on' and I edged to the touchline. Just then the ref blew for time. I heaved a massive sigh of relief."

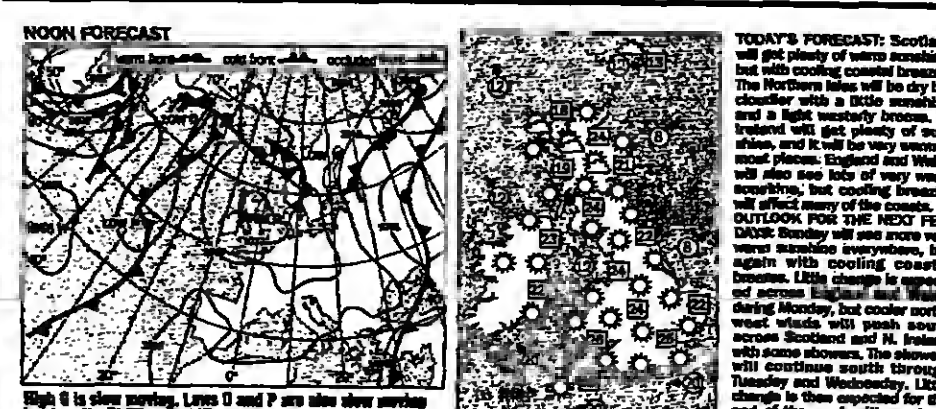
McCall rose to play for Glasgow Rangers, where he is currently the team mate of Paul Gascoigne, although the two men have put their friendship in abeyance until after the final whistle this afternoon.

"It's the biggest international I'm ever going to play in, so friendship goes out of the window until quarter to five," McCall said.

"Then me and Gazza will go back to being pals." And, he hopes, to being on the winning side, thanks to a last-minute change of identity and a broken lace.

Sport, pages 27, 28

## Weather forecast



**WORLD WEATHER**

| Location   | Temp  | Wind  | Cloud | Precip |
|------------|-------|-------|-------|--------|
| London     | 16/22 | 10/15 | 1-4   | 0      |
| Birmingham | 16/22 | 10/15 | 1-4   | 0      |
| Manchester | 16/22 | 10/15 | 1-4   | 0      |
| Newcastle  | 16/22 | 10/15 | 1-4   | 0      |
| Glasgow    | 16/22 | 10/15 | 1-4   | 0      |
| Edinburgh  | 16/22 | 10/15 | 1-4   | 0      |
| Dublin     | 16/22 | 10/15 | 1-4   | 0      |
| Belfast    | 16/22 | 10/15 | 1-4   | 0      |

**LIGHTNING-UP TIMES**

| Location   | Time  | Intensity |
|------------|-------|-----------|
| London     | 21.19 | 0.42      |
| Birmingham | 21.29 | 0.43      |
| Manchester | 21.32 | 0.44      |
| Newcastle  | 21.40 | 0.43      |
| Glasgow    | 21.47 | 0.42      |
| Edinburgh  | 22.04 | 0.43      |
| Dublin     | 22.10 | 0.44      |
| Belfast    | 22.10 | 0.44      |

**AIR QUALITY**

| Location   | Reading | Index | Notes    |
|------------|---------|-------|----------|
| London     | 1.7     | Good  | Moderate |
| Birmingham | 1.7     | Good  | Moderate |
| Manchester | 1.7     | Good  | Moderate |
| Newcastle  | 1.7     | Good  | Moderate |
| Glasgow    | 1.7     | Good  | Moderate |
| Edinburgh  | 1.7     | Good  | Moderate |
| Dublin     | 1.7     | Good  | Moderate |
| Belfast    | 1.7     | Good  | Moderate |

## SIGNIFICANT SHORTS

**Friend of the convicted rapist Owen Dwyer, Peter Martin, systematically raped and abused teenage girls for more than 13 years, a court was told yesterday. Mr Martin, 56, a former policeman, recruited young girls to his Manchester model agency and forced them to have violent sex. Manchester Crown Court was told.**

Helen Grimrod, for the prosecution, said girls as young as 11 and 12 were taken by their mothers to Mr Martin's agency, where he allegedly videotaped them as they stripped naked to be weighed. Police discovered 482 such videos behind an air vent, she said.

They were also allegedly forced to have violent sex with him at his home in Sale, Cheshire. They would have their hair pulled, faces slapped and sometimes be bound and gagged - and all the while being told they enjoyed the pain, Mrs Grimrod alleged. Mr Martin, of Sale, Cheshire, denies raping eight girls, and six charges of indecent assault, five of which allegedly involved girls under the age of 16. The trial continues.

**The Dunblane inquiry resumed a missing girl from giving evidence yesterday after hearing how she had been "trapped in hell" since the massacre. Victoria Haggart, 15, disappeared from her Aberdeen home last Saturday. She had written to the inquiry chairman, Lord Cullen, saying she had nightmares about Thomas Hamilton. The terror returned when Hamilton killed 16 children and their teacher in March.**

The girl had accompanied her mother when she went to a camp at Loch Lomond in 1988 run by Hamilton. Victoria's brother, Andrew, was attending the camp and their mother told the inquiry she went along to keep an eye on Hamilton.

Yesterday Ian Bonomy QC, for the Crown, told the inquiry in Stirling that Victoria's evidence was covered by other witnesses and Lord Cullen said she would not have to attend.

Grimrod said yesterday that Victoria was still missing although it was hoped she would return home. In a book of poems left at mother's house last Saturday, Victoria said she was "trapped in a private hell".

**Michael Jackson is the BBC's new director of television. The appointment for the current controller of BBC2 is the last of the senior appointments expected in the wake of last week's radical reorganisation. Mr Jackson will also be controller of BBC1, and take responsibility for co-ordinating strategy across the two channels. His successor at BBC2 will be appointed following a competition.**

The announcement follows confirmation this week that Alan Yentob, currently controller of BBC1, will become director of programmes at BBC Production, with responsibility for programme-making across the corporation. *Matthew Horman*

**GPs are back on collision course with ministers over the future of their work. By an overwhelming majority, the annual conference of local medical committees - which represents GPs - voted to seek a new "core" contract which would exclude work already undertaken by GPs unless they were paid extra for doing it. They also insisted that GPs must be employed individually and not in groups, should not be employed by NHS trusts and should continue to operate on a nationally agreed contract.**

The decisions came despite this week's proposals from Stephen Dorrell, the Secretary of State for Health, to pave the way for more varied general practice. Family doctors, he is proposing, could be employed in a wide range of ways to suit local circumstances. He is most unlikely, however, to agree a national "core" contract, with GPs seeking to cut back on existing workload for the same pay. *Nicholas Timmins*

**Markus & Spencer dismayed Euro-sceptics by placing advertisements in French papers saying that it was still not using British beef by-products in its French stores, just days after the EU agreed to ease its ban on them. M&S is seen by the French as an icon of all that is British, and its very existence was seen by many as a vote of no confidence in the Government's insistence that the UK should not trade with the EU. Sir Teddy Taylor described the ads as "unfortunate" and said that M&S's British customers would feel "let down".**

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## Motorists

**No. 3014 Saturday 15 June**

By Ports

|    |    |    |    |    |
|----|----|----|----|----|
| 1  | 2  | 3  | 4  | 5  |
| 6  | 7  | 8  | 9  | 10 |
| 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 |
| 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 |
| 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 |

- ACROSS**
- River of S Western
  - England (3)
  - Squeeze out (5)
  - Official mention (8)
  - Mark on a chart (4)
  - Heavenly place (8,4)
  - Firmly fixed (6)
  - Opposed to (6)
  - Casual friend (12)
  - Empty (4)
  - Precise (8)
  - Lively outing (5)
  - Centre of a hurricane (3)
- DOWN**
- Racing dog (7)
  - Muse of love poetry (5)
  - Flinch (5)
  - Urge (7)
  - Moan (5)
  - Limited (6)
  - Large stone (7)
  - Fasten on (6)
  - Ghost (7)
  - Affliction (5)
  - Exact likeness (5)
  - Audacity (5)

**Solution to yesterday's Concise Crossword:**

**ACROSS:** 1 Boyar, 4 Acor (Boy racer), 8 Records, 9 Lilac, 10 Mill, 11 Daughter, 12 Daguerreotype, 15 Backbone, 17 Fret, 20 Lager, 21 Charity, 22 Trio, 23 Robot. **DOWN:** 1 Backlog, 2 Yard, 3 Restaurant car, 4 Allegro, 5 Ecstas, 6 Prom, 7 Scarce, 12 Dabble, 13 Embargo, 14 Yorkist, 16 Cigar, 18 Toys, 19 Lamb.

**Notes**

سكنا من الامل



# 'As a child you are abused, but it is only as an adult that the real suffering comes through, and the guilt, self-hatred and anger start to eat away at you'

Charlotte, a successful PR consultant, was trying to exorcise the ghosts of a terrifying past when news of an imminent inquiry into child sex abuse brought back painful memories

Yesterday I was untouchable, in control, running a successful financial marketing consultancy. I created campaigns, juggled appointments, grabbed taxis to meet grey-suited men who wanted my help to produce leads. I enjoyed the stress, and fought off the competition. Above all I was strong. I was a woman in a corporate suit, earning respect in a male-dominated industry.

Yesterday I woke up and heard the news of the new child abuse inquiry and I heard of the victims, their suicides. Suddenly I was a child all over again, hurting and crying like a vulnerable infant abandoned in the middle of a busy road with fast cars approaching from every direction to knock me down. I was terrified as it all came flooding back to haunt me. It was probably more than a year ago now that I last had one of these "lapses", but this time it was just so much more painful. It was too real, too close to home, and I realised one amount of corporate clothing could protect me today.

As a child you are abused, but it is only as an adult that the real suffering comes through and the guilt, self-hatred and anger start to eat away at you. As one of the victims, my life is consumed by an overwhelming aggression, a thirst for destruction or, more accurately, self-destruction, which rips away at me. At night, when I sleep I try to escape it all, but dreams just keep coming back.

Like the victims on the radio broadcast, eight years ago too attempted suicide. Throughout university I spent three years pursuing my death wish, trying to destroy the hateful person that I was. My third and last suicide attempt institutionalised me for a while and, out for the hospital apparatus, might not have had this second chance at life - but I never regret it. Even now I see it as just another failure. As one of my successions of therapists explained over the years, I was angry. I took the gun and turned through 180 degrees and shot myself. In reality I wanted to hurt him, my abuser, the man who had so irrevocably changed my whole life through his own inverted and selfish needs, all those years ago - when I was too young to know any better. I wish could accept that today, but too soon, almost 30 years old, feel the guilt of letting it happen and I hate myself so desperately.

It all began around the time my 12th birthday, when I took my first steps into competitive

ballroom dancing, spurred on by a pushy but proud mother.

At school I was an achiever, top-stream in all subjects and with a bright future laying ahead, but it was my dancing that I lived for, that I loved. A year later it all began to change. My dance teacher, whom I had respected and admired, became my mother's secret lover. One night I heard their screams and their lovemaking behind the door of a holiday chalet, where I was also staying with my dance partner, in preparation for the competition the next day.

In the morning the nightmare began. Sam, my middle-aged, grey-haired, married dance teacher started to undress his "little star" and then, to touch her and squeeze her and force her to eat his back.

"Don't tell anyone about our little secret, no one needs to know," he used to say, and so it continued. At every dance competition, in every

'Don't tell anyone about our little secret, no one needs to know,' he used to say, and so it continued

dance lesson, he would touch me, ask me to kiss him more and demand more. I didn't fight it, I couldn't tell my mother as she loved him and she would not have believed me anyway. I couldn't tell my father as I didn't want him to split up with my mother or stop my dancing career.

So I let him do it to me, again and again, sometimes crying through it but always his "little star". When he called my dancing friends by the same name it made me shiver to think there may be more like me, living this nightmare too.

In an effort to stop him, to take away my slim, girlish body with its "smooth" adolescent curves, I resolved to diet - obsessively. A year later, weighing less than six stone, pale and withdrawn, I still hadn't succeeded in stopping him.

The only option left was to give up my dancing career, to prevent my mother having an excuse to see him and to cut him out of my life for good. My mother screamed at me, when I told her. "You're doing this to hurt me, why don't you like him anymore, he loves you".

All the time, I wondered whether she ever had any idea

what had been happening. Probably not.

My life from then on has been a constant fight to find anything about myself which I could like. My adolescence saw the start of eight years in which I continued to hurt and punish myself, destroying my body with anorexia and bulimia. I took a radio into our family bathroom and vomited away the food and the pain, loving the thrill of taking my ugly body away, hiding it from male eyes.

My periods stopped completely for over six years, and even now are barely restored - not that I cared. I never wanted to be a woman, I hated them. They were like my mother, they were cheap sluts with horrible lovers who abused little girls. Consequently my problems with accepting women and respecting them have lingered on, even today.

Almost 16 years after it all began you would think I would have "got over it" but you never do. Even now I see a therapist, but fortunately I have a very loving partner and good friends who help too. Last year I was sterilised when it was discovered that the damages I had done to myself had made pregnancy and potential complications too great. Now I have to live with that, but I blame him, wherever he is now, whoever he is abusing now. What angers me most is the fact that he is still out there, probably doing the same thing all over again.

I often think that if I had a gun I would have killed him by now, or my mother, whichever was easiest. They have destroyed so much of my life that it almost seems incongruous to see how successful I am now.

To beat them, you have to fight back. I have learned to live a life where every day I must continue that fight - for acceptance at work, for respect from my colleagues and just to have something to keep me going, to prevent me falling all over again, to make me turn away from the pills staring at me in the bathroom cabinet.

No one, except the abused, will ever understand the pain, the self-hatred, the terror of wanting to escape from it all, but death is too easy an option.

Child abuse kills, it almost killed me, but as an adult I have learned to fight back. Tonight I will turn on the radio and listen to the broadcasts, to the abuse inquiry commentaries, but now I will know that I have shared my pain with you and perhaps some of my guilt will be just a little bit easier to handle.

Letters, page 13



Looking forward, looking back: Every day Charlotte struggles to escape the pain of years of childhood abuse

Photograph: Peter Macdiarmid

## Hague to publish fresh child abuse report

COLIN BROWN  
Chief Political Correspondent

William Hague, Secretary of State for Wales, is to publish a fresh report into child abuse in residential homes in North Wales on Monday, warning that it could happen again unless action is taken to tighten checks on staff.

The report by Adrienne Jones, a former director of social services in Birmingham, concludes that more work is needed if the failures highlighted in the earlier findings report into the scandal in children's homes in Clwyd are not to be repeated.

Mr Hague, who will make a

statement to the Commons on Monday announcing the details of the judicial review into the Clwyd affair, will give details of the terms of reference and the name of a senior legal figure to head the inquiry. Stephen Dorrell, Secretary of State for Health, will announce in a separate written answer details of a national review into procedures in children's homes to combat abuse, which is to be headed by Sir William Utting.

It was the report by Ms Jones which proved decisive in the Cabinet's decision on Thursday to go ahead with the judicial inquiry and the wider national review. It was commissioned by Mr Hague as a result of an

earlier examination by Nicola Davies QC of failures in Clwyd homes to protect children. Ms Jones looked at the abuse issue in homes in both Clwyd and neighbouring Gwynedd, which has not been the subject of any independent inquiry.

Mr Hague plans to tell the Commons on Monday that the Jones report, commissioned by Clwyd County Council, was signed by no one, failed to make clear how the evidence had been gathered, and was so "peppered" with libellous allegations against staff that it could not be published.

He had sent it back to the successor authorities who replaced Clwyd County Council

in the local government reorganisation and told them to find a way of getting it published. The matter came to a head when they decided they were not going to release it. "That is one of the factors that strengthened the case for the public inquiry," a senior government source said. Mr Hague overcame early reluctance from other departments for a full public inquiry. He received the Jones report a week ago and briefed a Cabinet committee on Tuesday which gave the initial recommendation to the Cabinet for the inquiry and review to go ahead.

The Jones report is about the present and the future rather than the past. It says we

have a lot of work to do. It does not say [the abuse] is still going on but it cannot guarantee that it isn't," the source said. "It will say things have improved a lot but more needs to be done. It brought the matter to a head."

John Major backed the inquiry at the Cabinet on Thursday and announced it in Prime Minister's Questions. Mr Hague, who has been praised for his decisive action, was finalising the details for the inquiry while he was in Portcawl, Mid Glamorgan, yesterday for the Welsh Tory conference. He will set out the background and terms of reference, and the Labour authorities are unlikely to emerge unscathed.

## Motorists given smog warning

The Government yesterday urged motorists not to take to the roads this weekend, if they have cars not fitted with catalytic converters, because a massive cloud of "ozone smog" is expected to cover much of the country.

The official advice affects nearly all cars with a registration letter before L. It adds that one should use their cars for journeys of less than 1.5 miles. The build-up of smog has been caused by a combination of air, intense sunshine and pollution from traffic, power sta-

tions and industry. Forecasters said this smog, the second of the month, would be almost entirely due to home-grown pollution, with little contribution from the rest of Europe.

In New Zealand, the widening of the hole in the ozone layer over the southern hemisphere has had an unexpected side-effect: a large number of pets with tattoos.

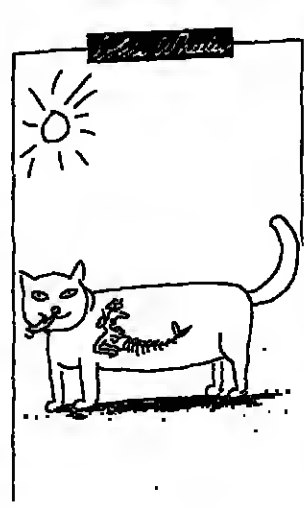
Vets, alarmed at the rising incidence of skin cancer in animals noticed that dark-skinned pets were less likely to suffer. Solution: to give added pro-

tection to pale-skinned cats and dogs via the tattooist's needle. Thousands of animal-lovers have been attempting to protect their pets from ultra-violet rays, by tattooing them black.

In the treatment, a dark pigment is applied to cats' and dogs' ears and noses - the areas where there is poor hair cover. Other pale-skinned animals such as cattle and sheep, are also prone to cancer from exposure to increased radiation but they do not get preventative tattooing. "If they get tumours, we just shoot them," a vet said. "They

have lower companionship value."

Unfortunately, scientists are now divided about the value of the treatment. Allan Bell, an animal dermatologist, says that he has now stopped tattooing. The only way to prevent a pet from getting skin cancer, he argues - especially since smearing on sun-block is not entirely practicable - is to persuade cats and dogs to stay out of the sun. This, however, is difficult. "Cats insist on basking in the sun," said one vet. "They regard it as an essential part of their lifestyle."



## Mystery of 'three-legged' saint

ANDREW BROWN  
Religious Affairs Correspondent

Scientists examining the relics of a 7th-century saint venerated in Birmingham have discovered that his casket contains three legs rather than the customary two.

Radio-carbon dating, however, has established that five of the six bones in the reliquary of St Chad may well be genuine, since they date from the 6th or 7th century: one of the bones which Catholics have revered for 1,300 years is a century or

two older than the rest. The Oxford archaeologist who carried out the test believes that that bones from three bodies were jumbled together when the saint was reburied.

St Chad, or Ceadd, who died in 672, was the first Bishop of Mercia, with his seat in Lichfield, where he was buried. He had been, briefly, Archbishop of York, before he was removed from the post by St Theodore, Archbishop of Canterbury. His bones had been moved to a new church in 700 and were kept in Lichfield Cathedral until the

Reformation, when Henry VIII abolished the cult of relics.

St Chad's brother, Cedd, was also a saint and founded a monastery where St Chad was later abbot. On hearing the news of St Chad's many-legged state, one distinguished Catholic historian joked that the extra leg might belong to St Cedd.

In the light of the research, the Archbishop of Birmingham, the Most Rev Couve de Murville has issued a decree authorising continued devotion to the relics - provided it is directed at all the bones equally.

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# Lib Dems to raise new tax on fossil fuels

NICHOLAS SCHOON  
Environment Correspondent

Liberal Democrats want a new tax on coal, oil and gas to cut value added tax across the board or to reduce employers' national insurance contributions. Party strategists believe that their latest version of a "carbon tax" on fossil fuels could create hundreds of thousands of new jobs, while curbing Britain's emissions of the greenhouse gases which have begun to alter the earth's climate.

The tax would be levied according to how much carbon dioxide gas each fuel produced when burnt. Thus coal, the most polluting fuel, would be the most heavily taxed, gas the least and crude oil in between.

According to the Liberal Democrats' new energy paper, approved by the main policy committee, the tax would be applied "at the point at which fossil fuels enter the economy - extraction or import". The tax, which will be debated at the party's autumn conference, would be introduced gradually. Matthew Taylor, the party's environment spokesman, said:

"Our aim is to create an expectation of rising prices rather than a price shock. At the moment prices are falling, so the incentives to save energy and cut pollution are reducing too. We want to reverse that."

Eventually the carbon tax could raise more than the entire £14bn a year from VAT on all goods, but the party says it would take more than the lifetime of one Parliament to reach that level. There would be special measures to help low-income households.

Any damage to the economy from higher fuel prices would be more than offset by the extra growth and employment resulting from cuts in VAT or employer's national insurance payments. Several computer models have backed this view. Such studies have shown that a carbon tax would lift gas and electricity prices by about the same percentage, but have a smaller impact on vehicle fuel prices because these are already taxed more heavily.

Nuclear power and renewable energy sources, such as wind turbines and hydroelectricity, would not be taxed be-

cause they produce no global warming carbon dioxide.

As for the existing VAT on household gas and electricity, the Liberal Democrats could propose keeping it at the existing 8 per cent or cut it to 5 per cent - the minimum allowable under European Union rules.

The European Commission has been proposing a carbon tax for the last five years but has made very little progress towards implementation - largely because of strong objections from the British government. The Liberal Democrats have been the only mainstream British party in favour of such a tax since 1990.

The party wants Britain to go it alone with a carbon tax if Europe-wide agreement cannot be reached. Four other EU nations have already done so.

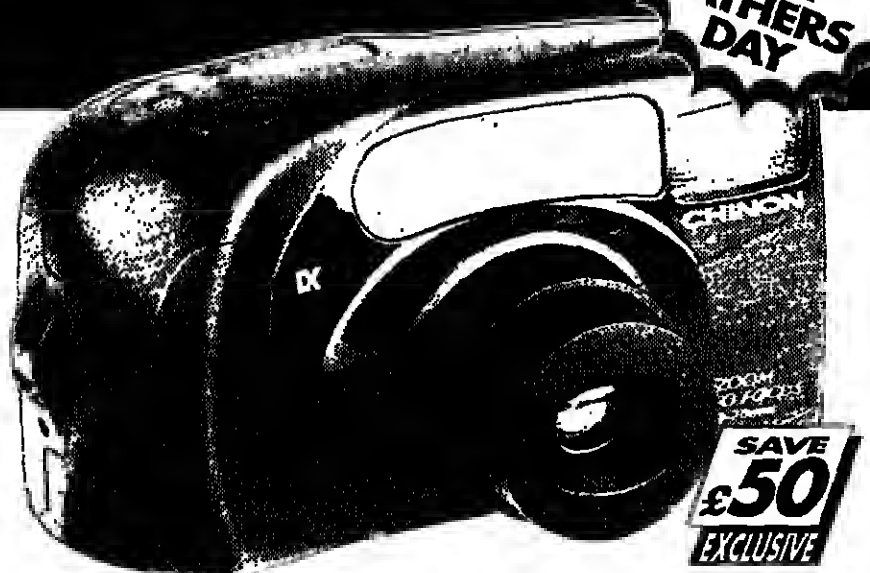
The left-leaning Institute for Public Policy Research will next week propose a radical shift to "green taxes" which, it says, could create up to 700,000 new jobs. The package includes commercial and industrial energy taxes, higher road-fuel duties, higher waste-disposal taxes and a quarrying tax.



Many hands make light work: The 19th-century navigation beacon marking the entrance to Portgwyn harbour, West Wales, is undergoing restoration. Rangers and wardens of the Pembrokeshire Coast National Park are pictured repointing it with traditional lime mortar. Photograph: Rob Stratton

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## Art dealers close ranks in wake of fraud

Jojo Moyes finds the art world in denial and looking for a scapegoat

Privately, dealers and auction houses are admitting that prices will fall. But, faced with a contemporary art scandal stretching back six years and involving top galleries and modern masters, the art world is maintaining a visage as serene as that of the Mona Lisa.

Following revelations in the *Independent* that fraudsters had tampered with archives at the Tate Gallery and British Council in order to authenticate forgeries produced for sale, police feared that corrupted records could have spread into auction house catalogues.

Despite the discovery of one of Britain's biggest contemporary art frauds, auction houses and dealers maintained that not only could it not have affected them, but that the market wouldn't feel a thing.

Leading auction houses insisted yesterday that their built-in safeguards and extensive independent authentication process rendered them virtually impervious to fraud. One "couldn't think of a single example where an artist's association with fraud had affected their price at auction."

But privately some dealers they will refund the price of a work of art sold through them if it is found to be a fraud.

And just as important as the risk of a flood of claims is that of damage to a reputation in a world that relies on it.

"I wouldn't be happy to put a Nicholson in for sale unless I was 100 per cent happy that it was right because there's the reputation of the auction house, the department and my own reputation. It's a small world and you don't want to be seen to be putting things through that aren't right," said one expert.

But speaking off the record, dealers were more frank. "There will always be things that sneak through. That will happen to museums and auction houses... for instance just within the four main London houses we're probably seeing somewhere in the region of 8,000 modern British pictures coming up for sale in a year. There will always be people who will attempt these things," said one.

He cited a recent case - "a genuine mistake" - where a work by the Scottish artist James Frieze that had featured in major exhibitions of Frieze's work was spotted by an elder-

ly artist who identified it as his own work.

And he said that in the case of sculpture, where new casts could be made from moulds that were believed to be destroyed, it was almost impossible without efficient archives to tell what was fraudulent and what was not.

The art world appears to be holding its breath and waiting for the latest art fraud scandal to go away. Fraud is a rude and unattractive interjection in a world that prides itself on its appreciation of the finer things - and the easiest answer appears to be to place the blame on those who don't "belong".

"The speculators of the Seventies and Eighties made it easier to introduce fakes," said one expert yesterday. "There's always been an element of speculation, but in the Eighties it fuelled a massive boom with people buying not because they loved art but because they wanted to make a quick buck. They weren't going to look too closely at the provenances, were they?" Many of his clients, he said, had owned their Nicholson's for up to 50 years or had inherited them. They knew exactly what they were and kept them because they loved them; their market would not be shaken by the scandal, he said.

But speculators, he implied, only had themselves to blame.

## Frauds throw art world into chaos

How the *Independent* first reported the fraud last Saturday

were advising collectors of Beo Nicholson and sculptor Alberto Giacometti that the market would dip, and that it would be worth them holding on to their works until the "whole thing had been trodded out".

The London art market is a notoriously insular world, and as the art critic Brian Sewell noted last night, in an emergency it always closes ranks. Like the money markets, it is built upon confidence, so a hiccup can easily start a swift downward spiral.

According to Sewell, it is in no one's interest to admit that an extensive fraud has taken place; not the owners themselves, nor the experts, who may have been duped, and certainly not the dealers and auction houses, who may lose money.

"If works were sold to the US you may well end up with a lawsuit on your hands. The whole thing becomes quite unimaginable, so everybody claims up," he said. "In every case I know throughout my working lifetime the response of the art market has been to say 'dear me, it wasn't me who had anything to do with it'."

The reluctance of auction houses to admit that they may have been duped may be partly due to the five-year guarantee offered by many in their terms and conditions, under which, with certain provisos,

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# Tennis stars long to serve faster

Plans to make the the handles of racquets even longer are being resisted, writes Charles Arthur

The world of tennis is on the verge of a brutal, bruising contest - and out just on the grass courts of Wimbledon. In the latest round of a struggle that has lasted for years, racket manufacturers are threatening to sue the game's administrators if a new rule is introduced to limit the speed of play.

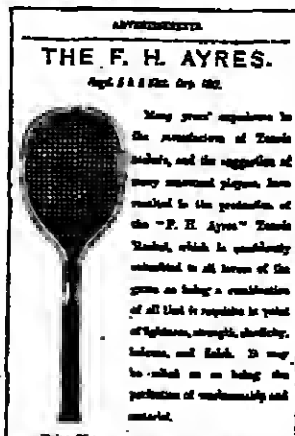
The latest volley of angry words would do justice to John McEnroe on a hot day. They follow a proposal by the International Tennis Federation (ITF) to limit the length of any racket to 29in, instead of the present 32in, because it considers that longer rackets "pose an unacceptable risk in increasing the speed of the game in general, and would further increase the potency of the serve within the game".

A senior executive for one manufacturer says that the ITF is "making a decision based on emotions rather than facts".

However, the ITF's true worries are more likely to be related to the shrinking popularity of professional tennis - audience income has lagged as the speed of the game has accelerated over the past 20 years as wood rac-



Changing game: left, Michael Chang, who has used 29in racquets since 1994, at the Newsweek Cup, California, yesterday; right, classic wooden 19th-century style



placed fourth in the world, has been using a 29in racket since 1994, and says it has been key in raising his ranking.

Bob Johnson, United Kingdom sales director of Prince Rackets - the world's second-largest brand, after Wilson - said yesterday: "The majority of professionals who use Prince intend to use longer ones when they renew their sponsorship contracts."

The ITF was considering the rule change at its annual meeting in Switzerland this week. But last Monday, the Tennis Industry Association, which represents players and racket manufacturers, wrote to the ITF's president, Brian Tobin, warning him that "members of the [racket] industry are planning litigation if indeed this rule change does come about".

The change, if approved, would outlaw rackets already on the market from companies such as Dunlop, Wilson and Prince, and settle one of the few sources of growth in the tennis market. "The market generally is absolutely flat," Mr Johnson said. "But at the end of last year extra-length rackets made up 80 per cent of growth in value."



Legend: Fred Perry, Wimbledon champion of the Thirties Photograph: Hulton Getty/Alisport

## Hospital orders TB tests for 1,000

HEALTH EDITOR

More than a thousand staff and patients are to be tested for dangerous, drug-resistant tuberculosis after two confirmed and two suspected cases at a London hospital.

It is the second episode of multi-drug resistant TB (MDR TB) in the capital in less than a year, and has renewed concern about the emergence of this form of the disease, extremely rare in the UK, but which has used havoc in some American cities.

The first victim, a long-term male in-patient, was identified with MDR TB last year at St Thomas's Hospital. In March a second patient, who had AIDS and had since died, was found to have the same strain of the bacterium. The patients were on the same ward, although in separate side-rooms, and the admission is believed to have caught TB from the woman.

Two more AIDS patients, admitted in April and May, are now thought to have contracted the disease, and tests are under way to establish if the strain is the same as that isolated from the first two cases.

As an extra precaution, public health doctors are contacting by letter 650 in-patients and out-patients at the hospital who may have come into contact with the infected individuals. They will be offered appointments for tests and X-rays appropriate. Relatives and friends of the TB patients have been informed, and 700 hospital staff are being screened. Dr John Rees, a consultant

chest physician at St Thomas's, said last night: "We have been seeing the emergence of [MDR TB] in the past year. It is worrying and we are treating it very seriously." An inquiry was under way at the hospital to see if there was some breakdown in infectious disease procedures, Dr Rees added.

The three surviving patients have been moved to another hospital with special isolation facilities. Patients diagnosed with MDR TB have to be nursed in isolation in special rooms with negative pressure, which enables the safe and continuous exchange of air. MDR TB is defined as TB which is resistant to at least two of the "first line" TB drugs, isoniazid and rifampicin. There are "second line" alternatives which are usually effective but they are more toxic and difficult to administer to those most vulnerable to TB, such as cancer patients and people with HIV who have compromised immune systems.

A spokeswoman for the hospital said that there was no danger of a serious TB outbreak. "If you are a healthy person the chances of being infected are very small."

The St Thomas's case is believed to be the second-biggest hospital outbreak in the UK. In August last year one patient infected at least four others on an AIDS/HIV ward at the Chelsea and Westminster Hospital.

TB is transmitted through airborne droplets expelled in coughing or sneezing. MDR TB has caused serious problems in New York among those with HIV, drug addicts and the homeless.

## Legal aid for DIY court cases

LEGAL AFFAIRS EDITOR

People representing themselves in court could get court fees and their costs paid by legal aid under radical proposals being studied by Lord Mackay of Clashfern, the Lord Chancellor.

Lord Mackay is also considering how his plans for block contracting of legal aid cases could be applied to the private sector.

But he came under less urged could-be litigants yesterday to take a robust approach to life. He accepted that not every grievance required legal action.

In a speech pulling together the forthcoming legal aid White Paper and the overhaul of civil justice being conducted by Lord Woolf, the Master of the Rolls, Lord Mackay said: "I want to consider whether legal aid could in future help litigants in person who qualify for it by rejecting their court fees and other disbursements in cases where they do not need an adviser, or where the expense of a representative would be excessive given the value of the case."

He made clear that fees for court proceedings and services would rise to reflect real costs.

The White Paper, which is due for publication the week after next, will end the system of paying solicitors at hourly rates for civil legal aid work. Solicitors and advice agencies will instead tender for block contracts.

Lord Mackay told his audience at All Souls College, Oxford: "If that approach works in legally aided cases, it may well pave the way for similar developments in the private sector. I have therefore asked my civil servants to follow it up with insurers and other potential funders of private litigation."

The Lord Chancellor emphasised, however, that "recourse to litigation is generally to be regarded as a last resort".

"Only when there is no suitable alternative is the citizen or the business concerned justified in pursuing by invoking the state's monopoly of coercive power. It is for that reason that we need to encourage people to take a robust approach of life and accept that not every knock requires a legal response."

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## A FATAL BURST OF ENERGY

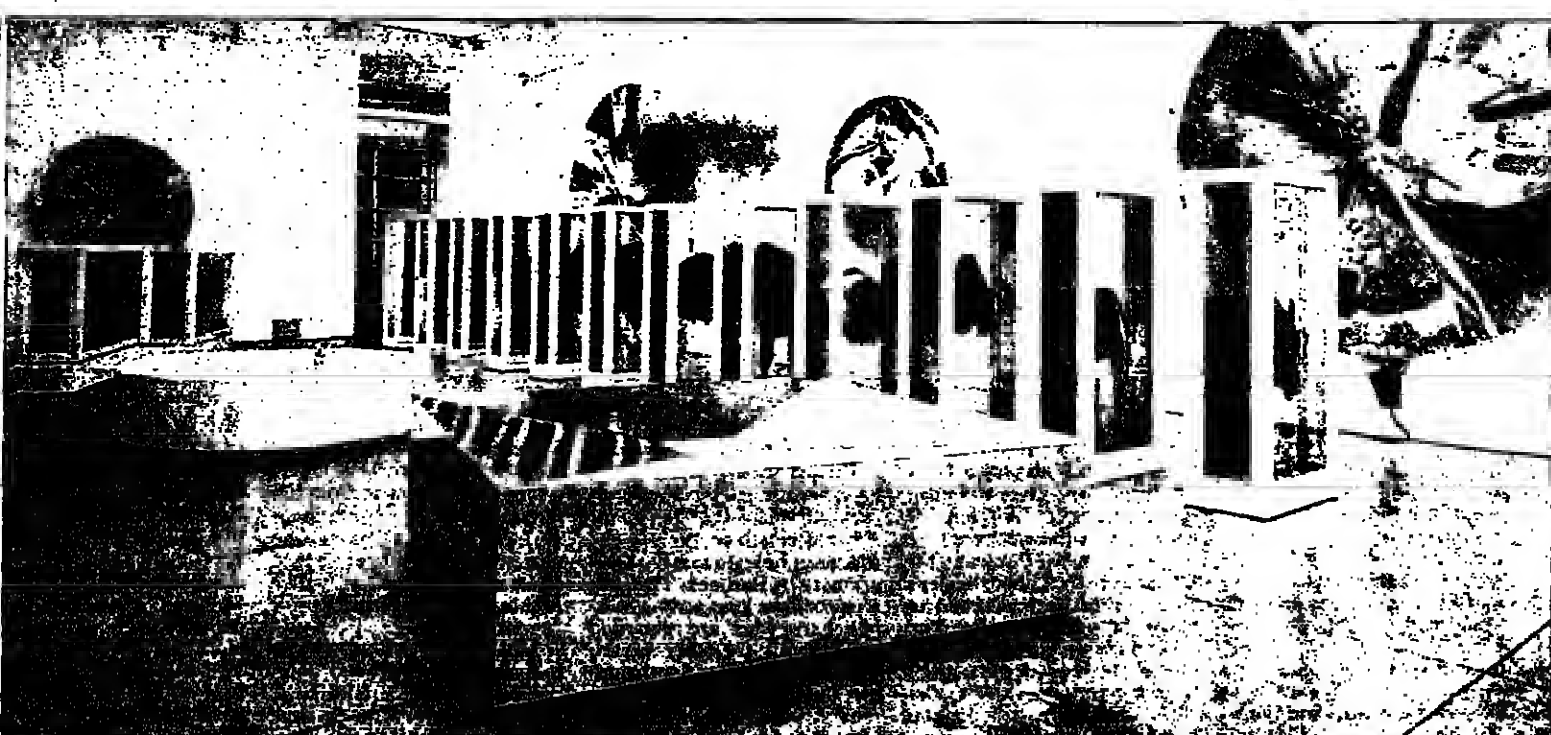
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# Death, passion and contradiction, by Bowie and Hirst

David Bowie interviews Damien Hirst. The meeting of two cultural icons, who can perplex and infuriate just as they can provoke and inspire, provides intriguing insights into the mind of Britain's most controversial contemporary artist, writes David Lister. Faced with a superstar as committed to multimedia experimentation as he is, Hirst eschews his routine cynicism to give a rare exposition of the philosophy of the installation artist.

Next week *Modern Painters*, on whose editorial board David Bowie sits, carries the entire interview which took place in New York where Hirst is currently exhibiting. Below is a key extract.



Cultural icons: (Left) David Bowie with Damien Hirst (Photograph: 'man'). Right: The artist's current exhibition in New York at the Gagosian Gallery

Photograph: Courtesy Gagosian Gallery

**David Bowie:** What seems to define your work as being so different from that of your peers is a far greater degree of personal passion. A strong resentment of the idea of death. It certainly strikes me as emotive, a reverberation of sorts, whereas in the work of your friends like Gavin Turk or Sarah Lucas say, the basis seems to be a no-nonsense cynicism, a dark ironic stance maybe. You seem to straddle two worlds – conceptualism and a rather more traditional self-expression. Something that snacks of an emotional life. Is that accurate?

**Damien Hirst:** Yes I think it is. I mean I can't deny it. I think art is not only a visual language that communicates an idea. The ideas maybe don't change but the world certainly does. So then, does the context of that idea change? However, something that really gets to me is that the work should be to totally delicious visually and that you shouldn't necessarily have to work hard at intellectualising. It can just be something fundamentally expressionistic. Like Bonnard said, "I just love these colours".

**Bowie:** So, what's the title of your fabulous pieces with the butterflies embedded in the paint?

**Hirst:** *In and Out of Love*. Those pieces are as strongly aesthetic, as thoroughly beautiful, as they are broadcast of ideas.

**Hirst:** I think they contain contradictions. I mean, they're beautiful as paintings I suspect, but if you look closely, the butterflies are stuck in the paint, so you ask yourself, did they get there by accident or is this a result of some evil little scientific experiment or is this merely a display of some kind? I find it beautiful. I also find it repulsive. Imagining oneself as the butterfly in question, it would be quite an awful thing.

**Bowie:** Does one have to have a social conscience as an artist?

**Hirst:** I have no social conscience when I'm working. It's out of my hands. The viewer may want to make that judgement. I'm not too concerned with interpretation. Neither can I allow myself to be bothered by taboo or even an idea of integrity. Integrity you either have or you don't.

**Bowie:** I'm particularly battered or supersaturated with image-drift. No one meaning, no author, only multi-interpretation. I'm beginning to forget history. I mean the actual fact of history. A world leader is led by the nose from crisis to crisis by news networks. He doesn't have space to analyse any situation, only time to come up with a network grabbing sound bite. We, as audience, respond in kind. One hundred items on the

hour, every hour. I'm at home with contradiction. My roots are in the pluralistic 70s. The two-trunked form, however, has now sprouted a plethora of twiggied branches.

Absolutes are obsolete. Somewhere between the judgement of Christ and the celebration of the birth of Mithras lies the Simpson trial, or is it a Michael Jackson premiere? Suddenly Pollock looks like a figurative painter. I recognise shapes in linseed and pigment strands. It's my father's face only many centuries younger. I'm at home with twiggied absolutes, the birth of Simpson and the celebration of judgement has turned as it will, and relinquished the all walking, running Englishman. We love beginnings and endings but what captivates even more is no beginning, no ending. That used to be scary but now it's the state of the read. Now is the now. Our chaos-mutation is the bastard industrial offspring of Buddhism. Our past and future, rather than melting away in the bliss of transcendence, were hacked off like rotting limbs, gangrened and snow-bitten by indifference.

Which artists had an effect on you? Not necessarily their work but maybe their attitude towards their work.

**Hirst:** Some are obvious, I suppose. Like Bacon, like Soume, Gencaull, Dennis Potter. Anybody who dealt with the gruesome. For me it can be the contradiction between life and death, the body and existence. The body against a creative landscape, say.

**Bowie:** Does the work you produce bounce from real life experience, or do you work until an idea begins to form, or is it a combination of both?

**Hirst:** A combination I should think. I'm always looking and playing. Living in a world of so many objects in so many juxtapositions, there are a million ideas. I will often be stopped by an everyday object placed in a frightening situation. But then, sometimes I start with a visual sculpture. For a long time I've had the image of an umbrella in my head, from Bacon I guess, and I've been trying to think of a way to use that in a very physical and horrific situation. A sort of three dimensional Bacon.

**Bowie:** It seems that it's painters that stimulate you far more than sculptors.

**Hirst:** It's such a completely illusory world. It's a kind of belief in the square. If you look at many of the paintings that I've done, there's always a sculptural approach. They're almost like a logo as an idea of myself as an artist. Some sort of sculptural consumerist idea.

**Bowie:** Product plus personality equals brand.

**Hirst:** Artwork plus artist equals art.

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Contradictions: Hirst's *I Love Love* Photograph: White Cube

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# Blair's inner cabinet enter Privy Council

sent responsible for housing and local government, is made a Privy Councillor, while Sir Geoffrey Johnson Smith, a vice chairman of the 1922 committee, and a Major loyalist is also made a Privy Councillor.

Elsewhere, perhaps one of the most eye-catching hoovers is for Judge Stephen Tumim, the former Chief Inspector of Prisons and long a thorn in the Home Office side who is now

announced as Whitehall sources suggested that with 9,000 letters a year now coming in from the public under the system inaugurated by John Major, the current level of 40 per cent of honours resulting from public nominations was probably now "about right".

Meanwhile, two prominent industrialists who head companies which have made large donations to the Conservative Party are honoured. Nigel Rudd, chairman of William Holdings, is knighted for services

ration of London. Bethel, Archibald Anderson, former Ch exec, Lanarkshire Development Agency, serv enterprise in Lanarkshire. Biggart, Alistair Ross, serv the construction and tunnelling industries. Blacker, Geoffrey Bernard, former Ch exec and dir of finance, R Borough of Windsor and Maidenhead, serv loc government. Elbow, Min Irene, former chairperson, War Widows' Association, serv war widows. Beeson,

own's Association, serv war widows. Beever, Prof Jennifer Ruth Pryce, serv nursing. Beetham, Michael John, serv internat trade. Brearford, Evelyn, Gillian, Viscountess, for humanitar serv and serv the comrty in London. Brightman, Mrs Marion Helen, chm, Lincolnsire. Tourism and former mbr, East Midlands Tourist Board, serv tourism in Lincolnshire and South Humberside. Brown, James Douglas, chm, South Ayrshire Hospitals NHS Trust, serv fifth care. Brownlie,

[illegible]

Philip, Grade 7, Cabinet Office, Colwyn, Merseyside.  
Sheila Giffian, gen dir, Alderbury Foundation, serv the area. Conway, William Elwyn, serv loc government in Wales.  
Coopers Graham Hamilton, sen prin acct off Mod. Coopers John Edward, Grade 7, Dept for Educ and Employment. Coopers Richard Ernest, serv the magistracy in Buckinghamshire. Craig, Colin James, dir, Robert Fleming and Company, serv the Mod. Cross, Mrs Joy Carol, Grade 7, Dept for Educ and Employment. Curtis, Alan George, for charitable serv ex-servicemen and women, and serv the Airborne Initiative. Dale Maurice, former Grade 7 Mod.

Darby, Adrian Marten George, chairman, serv nature conservation. Dawes, Mrs Margaret Winnett, serv continuing ed and try in the London Borough of Croydon. Dawkes, Mrs Constance Ann Gillian, administrator, the Allen Lane Foundation, for charitable serv. Dawkes, Col Norman Thomas, MBE, former regt. Gen Dental Cdr, for pubn serv. Dawkes, Peter Roger, serv educ. Davis, Dennis Tyrone, OFSM, Chichester Fire Offr, Chichester Fire Brigade, serv the fire serv. Dawson, Peter, serv Crown prosecutor, Crown Prosecution Service. Deane, Richard Anthony, Grade 6, MoD, Dickson John Elliott Christopher, serv the newscast.

per ind. Doherty, Patrick Brian O'Caill, fos-  
point serv. Duveman, John Roland, Grade  
7, McD. Douglas, Andrew Patrick, serv. hdbk  
care. Dudley, Miss Caroline Elizabeth  
Anne, dir. R. Cornwall Museum, Thuro, serv-  
mums and galleries. Dunlap, James Andrew  
Cameron, dairy farmer, serv. agric. Dunlop,  
John Leeper, serv. horse racing.

Army Association, serv. ex-servmen and women. Evans, Prof. John Davies, former chm. treasure trove reviewing cltce. serv. archaeology. Ewingham, John, serv. the Guild of Church Musicians. Fiddes, James Augustus Gordon, mbr. Glenrothes Development Corporation, serv. bussess. Flach, David, Arthur Ewart, for poth and publ. serv. Flach, Miss Betty Cullen, mbr. bds. of visitors co-ordinating cltce, serv. prisoner welf. Flach, John, serv. the Civil Service Retirement

Fellowship. Fitzpatrick, Mrs. Patricia Hillary, for post serv. Ford, James Angus, consult. paediatrician. Rutherford, Mary, Hospital and R Hospital for Sick Children. Glasgow, served. Foster, John Charles, former mgt dir and Ch exec, USM Tison, serv. the shoe ind. Fraser, John, Grade 6, McD. Freeman, Miss Jeanie, dir, Apex Scotland, serv. the retail of vintendries. Frowd, Bernard, former Ch exec and city treas. Easter City Ccl. Deane, serv. local government. Fyfe, Mrs.

Mary Rhoda, for polit serv. Galloway, The Rev Peter John, serv the Order of the Brit Empire. Gee, Jeremy Peter, Grade 7, Commonwealth War Graves Commem. Ceding, Peter Graham, former Grade 6, Min of Agric, Fisheries and Food. Gill, George Allison, HM Insp, Office for Standards in Educ. Goff, St John Ramsay, BEM, serv the magistracy in Great. Golda, Peter, for polit serv. Goldson, Charles Richard Browne, command dir. North and West. BR Board, serv the

Railway and Goodall, Alexander, Headmaster.  
Wester Hailes Educ. Centre, Edinburgh, serv-  
educ. Gordon, Ian, Grade 5, Highways  
Agency. Dept. of Transport. Graham, The  
Rev George Gordon, serv. botany. Gray, Alan  
Roy, Chief Fire Offr., Cambshire Fire and  
Rescue Service, serv. fire serv. Gray, Alexan-  
der, serv. rheumatology and cancer relief.  
Hallett, Mrs Ann, for polit. serv. Halley,  
Walter Weir Sommerville, district insp.

firm 80 in 10 Rev. **Summit**, Patrick Gerard, serv educ. **Barper**, The Ven. Alan Edwin Thomas, serv conservation. **Harris**, Ronald Arthur, asst ch investigation offr, HM Board of Customs and Excise. **Harwood**, Laurence Hardy, advr on coast and countryside strategy plans, National Trust, serv conservation. **Hewitt**, Maj Alastair John Craffon, former chm, Scottish River Purification Boards Association and chm, Tweed River Purification Board, serv con-

servation. Higgins, Patrick Joseph, for publ. serv. Higgins, Mrs Anita Mary Clare, prin of Banbury School, Oxfordshire and dir, Heart of Eng Training and Enterprise Ccl, serv educ and trg. Holden, Mrs Sheila Margaret, sen prin engr (transportation), East Sussex Cnty Ccl, serv transportation planning. Holdick, John Frederick White, for poln and publ serv. Hole, Miss Shana Clare, spec advr to the Govt Chief Whip.

Hollis, Desmond James, dir of Inpage, Devon and Cornwall Constabulary, serv the pol. Hood, David, ctm and i mgt dir, Pace Micro Technology, serv the satellite receiver ind. House, Lt Col Robert William Edward, MBE, serv war pensions claims in Kent. Howcroft, Alan Peter, former prin professional and technol offr, Welsh Office. Hewlett, John Anthony, former Grade 7, Dyx

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Delayed honour: Marmaduke Hussey relaxing in his office during his term as chairman of the BBC board of governors. He is made a life peer Photograph: Glynn Griffith

Among members of the military honoured are Lieutenant General Alex Harley, an artillery officer who played a key role directing British operations in Bosnia during the crucial period last autumn when British forces switched from "peacekeeping" to "peace enforcement". He gets a knighthood

G Maunsell and Partners, serv civil engrs.  
Beales, Mrs Margaret Mary Ann, Supp.  
Grade 1, HM Treas. Beaumont, Malcoo-  
higher exec offr, DSS. Beck, Mrs Myrtle  
Doreen, serv the National Association  
the Relief of Pagets Disease. Bedi, Har-  
Singh, sen exec offr, Dept of Health. B.  
Douglas McGilbrey, former craftsman  
Scottish Power, serv the electricity ind.  
Mrs Judith Margaret, hon fellow, Univ.

Mrs Judith Margaret, hon fellow, Univ. of Sheffield, serv educ res. BtL Philip John Reginald, GP Leicester, serv med. BtL Ronald Leslie, ch cashier, Power Systems Plant, Lucas Industries, serv defence in BtL Bennett, George, serv the rehab of leaders. BtL Mrs Edith, serv elderly people in Huddersfield, West Yorkshire. BtL Jack, for charitable serv and serv home in BtL Biggs, Bryan, dir, Bluecoat Arts Cntr serv. BtL

Blanchard, Liverpool, serv the land serv, Liverpool  
Bingham, Mrs Margaret Lily, serv the  
community in Pilsley, Derbyshire, Bla  
ter John, constain, St Peter Port Lifeboat  
RNLI, serv safety at sea. Blackie, Gorr  
Forman, retained stn off, Lothian and B  
ders Fire Brigade, serv the fire serv, Bla  
man, Mrs Kate, serv the care a  
resettlement of offenders in Hampshire  
Blackman, Raymond George, sales and  
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and Bloom, Allen Herbert Vawser, serv in agriculture, Boggis, Miss Dorothy, serv community in Lowestoft, Suffolk. Behn, Ernest William, serv the community in Flintshire. Bone, Miss Jennifer Margaret, Vice-Chancellor, Univ of the West of England, Bristol, serv higher educ. Boston, John, serv the community in Wigan, Greater Manchester. Bottamley, William, serv in Staffordshire. Boughton, Miss Betty Wood Linnell, serv civil and publ soc.

Bowrie, Mrs Annelysta Vivienne, former  
man offi, Dept of Health. Boyd, Mrs J  
inman, custodian, Moffat Museum, serv  
community in Moffat, Dumfriesshire. Boyd  
George Kenneth, serv the St John Ambul  
bance Brigade and to the community in St  
ford-upon-Avon, Warwickshire. Bradd  
Richard John, serv the St John Ambul  
Brigade, Brennan, John Michael, serv L  
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Broadrick, Miss Anne Valerie, for post s  
Broadrick, Mrs Dorothy Freda, serv  
magistracy in Warley, West Midlan  
Brenfield, Brian William, former m  
Coal Contractors, serv the coal ind.  
Brook, Arthur, serv angling for people with  
abilities. Brooks, Claude Basil, ex  
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serv the Boys Brigade in Port Glasgow, R. Brown, f.rewahire, Brown, George Joseph, f.ortmarch, Brown, Hales Waste Control, serv w. Brown, Mrs Isabel, serv the Oxford Association for the Blind, Brown, Miss Margaret Ann, serv the Laboratory of Molecular Biology, Camb. Brown, Mrs Nicholas, serv tourism, Browning, Paul General Special Constabulary Commandant : scores of crime off, Kent City Constabulary, serv the pol. Browne, Miss A.

Louise, serv the county in Willard, Devon  
Bence, Mrs Nancy C, asst hd teach, Ken  
High School, Roxburghshire, serv ed  
Brendle, Richard Frank, for polit se  
Bryner, Angus Findlay, train crew ldr, Bos  
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Derek James, dir, mental hth serv, Es  
bourne and Cnty Health Care Trust, East S  
sex, serv hth care. Dunsen, Mrs Elsa Viok  
serv the county in Petersfield, Hampshire  
Dunstan, Anthony, retired offr, HM Prison

Ford, Barnham, Miss Lydall, sub div tel  
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 the pol. Despatch, Ralph Bernard, force is  
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Mrs Ann, csm. Dersingham Phobias. Clu  
serv disabled people in Norfolk. Butler, Nig  
Christopher, operations dir, Spectra-Tek U  
serv the computer and energy industries  
Butler, Richard Keith, dir, Dalmellings  
and District Conservation Trust, serv con  
servation. Byng, Mrs Nora Elizabeth, sec  
the county in Bromsgrove, Hereford and  
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serv the R. Brit Legion in Wickham Mar  
ker. Suffolk Commission. Mr. Wilson serv the

Multiple Sclerosis Society in the Border  
Campbell, John, serv. the pol. Campbell, M.  
Mundina, chairwoman. Lochbroon commu-  
ty Ccl, serv. the county in Ullapool and  
Lochbroon, Ross-shire. Capel, David, for-  
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Rods-Royce Commercial Aeroengines, serv-  
ing engrng. Carlisle, Mrs Nora, serv. ros-  
safety. Caraman, Donald Boys, mbr. Dist.  
Parish Ccl. Aylesford, Kent, serv. loc gov.  
Carmichael, Mrs (Gladys Evelyn) serv. the

community in Holywell, Flintshire. Carnal Frank, serv the Cardiothoracic Centre, Liverpool. Carrigan, Mrs Kathleen M, is a polit serv. Cartwright, Trevor Maurice, personnel mgmt. Systems Group, Vopeo Thornveroff (UK), serv the defence ind.

Cattaneach, Miss Helen Margaret, serv the R Air Force Association in Scotland. Chakraverty, Prashant Kumar, sen exe offr, HM Board of Customs and Excise. Charles, Mrs Anne Elizabeth, unemp.

Gorran Haven Sheltered Housing Unit, Restormel Borough Cdc, serv elderly people. Chesery, Robert Arthur, dba, horngelization and devel, London Tourist Board, serv tourism in London. Chesters, Alan Arthur, serv ibo Barr Hill Lads Club and to men football in Salford, Greater Manchester. Chivers, Alan William, for charitable serv and serv the community in Outwood Surrey. Chivers, Anthony Hugh, for charitable

Neville John, serv architecture. Clark, Michael David, prin lect, School of Music, Colebatch, Essex. serv music educ. Clapton, Ronald Wilfred, mng dir. Alfred Malthus, serv bookbinding. Clark, Miss Gillian Margaret, serv admnstr. Clarke, Michael John, res care offr. FCC. Clarkson, Geoffrey Malcolm, serv angling. Clayton, John Bruce, serv the Cheshire and Lancashire County Represn Council. H.

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Callag, Mrs Nancie, serv women's bowls.  
Collins, Philip Howard, engring dir, Smith  
Industries, serv engring. Collins, William  
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## RUSSIAN ELECTIONS

# Nato may feel the chill from wind of change

CHRISTOPHER BELLAMY  
Defence Correspondent

Yesterday, 44 ships under the command of a US Admiral aboard the cruiser USS *Hue City*, among them the Russian destroyer *Nastoychiviy*, were practising the manoeuvres they would use in multi-national peace-keeping and humanitarian aid operations.

The exercise is taking place under the Partnership for Peace initiative, designed to bind Nato and eastern European countries together and pave the way for some to join Nato. Just 200 miles to the east, Russia's 100 million electors were preparing to go to the polls on Sunday.

Western strategists do not believe the result will have any fundamental effect on Russian security policy. But a victory for the communist leader, Gennady Zyuganov, would probably cool the cosy climate of co-operation which has evolved over the past five or so years and resulted in exercises such as this.

If Zyuganov wins, next year there may be no Russian destroyer, while the participation of the Poles and Baltic states alongside Nato may be seen not as an expression of international solidarity, but as a threat.

## VIEW FROM THE WEST

Most Western analysts agree the new President will inherit an economic crisis, heavy dependence on investment from abroad, and a massive law and order problem, and that military expenditure is not a high priority. Many believe Russia cannot afford to alienate the West, and rely on that as a guarantee of security; some disagree. Boris Yeltsin has already begun the process of "reintegration" of former Soviet states into a new military alliance, and whether he or Zyuganov wins, such efforts will undoubtedly continue.

But even if Russia's deep-seated policies do not change, a switch from Mr Yeltsin, whom Western countries know and support, to a new leader will undoubtedly affect the climate in which the Russian military - still the second most powerful in the world - deals with the West.

Anton Surikov, a civilian defence adviser to both Yeltsin and Zyuganov, said in a recent paper that the greatest danger from the US and her allies was posed by "interference in the internal affairs of Russia with the aim of diverting them into directions favourable to the West". It cited interference in

the transfer of Russian expertise to Iran and India as an example.

While Nato's eastward expansion is seen as a threat, Surikov admits "there is no real possibility of hindering this by force. But threats, not supported by actions, only discredit the state." He cites Russia's ineffective opposition to the bombing of the Bosnian Serbs in September last year as an example.

To counter Nato expansion, a "reintegration" of former Soviet states, within the CIS, is proposed, which has already begun with the conclusion of a new alliance between Russia, Belarus, Kazakhstan and Kyrgyzstan. The CIS recently produced its first ever joint statement on the Conventional Forces in Europe (CFE) treaty. According to Surikov, Western attempts to foster confrontation between Russia and Ukraine must be resisted, and Russia must aim to establish a new alliance with Ukraine.

The CFE Treaty, which has recently been revised to enable Russia to put more forces on its flanks, provides Russia with another means of countering Nato expansion. Having obtained the settlement it wanted,



Posters backing Boris Yeltsin and the mayor of Moscow, Yuri Luzhkov, are hoisted near the Kremlin

Photograph: Victor Korolayev / Reuter

Russia may now argue that if Poland and other East European countries become part of Nato, their troops should count as part of the alliance, thus placing Nato in violation of the treaty. Such an attitude would be consistent with what one commentator last week called

"a more bloody-minded approach".

Irina Issakova, an analyst at the London-based International Institute for Strategic Studies (IISS), believes the Russians "can't afford to cut themselves off from the world community", and that whatever internal mea-

sures may be taken in the event of a Communist victory, they are not of great concern to the West.

The image of Russia being broken, and therefore compliant, is widespread. But Professor John Erickson of the University of Edinburgh, warned "Russia is not broken. It is an illusion

that they are very poor - a fiction, which they are very keen to encourage. In spite of all the hype about privatisation, they have taken great care to protect core military industries."

Prof Erickson cited renewed Russian naval activity as evidence that strategic priorities

were directed in two ways to the sea, and to central Asia. Russia has also been concentrating on the development of small, rapid-reaction forces to preserve its ability for global intervention at a fraction of the former cost. The outcome of the election is unlikely to affect these trends.

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## Old Soviet nations back the devil they know

TONY BARBER  
Europe Editor

A joke attributed to Ukraine's President, Leonid Kuchma, has been going the rounds in eastern Europe before tomorrow's Russian election: On election night an aide rushes to President Boris Yeltsin and says: "Bad news, boss. Zyuganov's got 55 per cent." As the distraught president clutches his head, the aide adds: "No problem, though. You've got 65 per cent."

Jokes aside, there is no question that every leader in the former Soviet bloc, with the apparent exception of President Alexander Lukashenko of Belarus, is desperate for a Yeltsin victory. Visiting Poland last week, Mr Kuchma himself said: "If Yeltsin loses, it would be an earthquake, especially for Ukraine but also for Poland."

However strongly they may feel about Mr Yeltsin's reassertion of Russian influence over many former Soviet republics, the leaders of Ukraine, Kazakhstan, Georgia, Moldova and other newly independent states feel sure that life would be far worse with Gennady Zyuganov. The same goes for leaders in the Czech Republic, Hungary, Poland and others who have clashed with Mr Yeltsin over their aim of joining Nato but who still prefer him to his Communist challenger.

Although Mr Zyuganov's exact intentions are uncertain, he is clearly nostalgic for the Soviet Union and occasionally speaks of restoring the defunct state by peaceful means. Earlier this year the Russian parliament, where Communists are the largest faction, voted to condemn the 1991 treaty by which Russia, Ukraine and Belarus abolished the Soviet Union.

Alarm about the potential direction of a Zyuganov presidency is so high that Armenia's President, Levon Ter-Petrosyan, predicts that the 11 non-Russian members of the Commonwealth of Independent States (CIS) will try to dissolve the organisation if Mr Zyuganov wins. Under Mr Yeltsin, Russia has sought to promote the political, military and economic integration of the CIS, composed of all former Soviet republics except the Baltic states. But most regard this as fairly restrained in comparison with what Mr Zyuganov might attempt.

The odd man out is Belarus, where Mr Lukashenko is an unashamed advocate of union with Russia and, beyond that, full integration of the former Soviet area. He appears less enthusiastic about a second Yeltsin term, possibly because the Russian president has been cautious about completing the union with Belarus.

### EAST EUROPE VIEW

Some CIS countries fear a Zyuganov victory because it might boost the fortunes of Communists at home and even tempt them to seize power. An intricate web of personal, professional and party connections going back into the Soviet era joins Mr Zyuganov and the Russian Communists with Communists in other former Soviet republics.

The Baltic states, with their large ethnic Russian minorities and fraught relations with Moscow, have particular reason to be worried about Zyuganov, but they also see the presidential election as a chance to emphasise their new pro-European identity. "The impact would be the same as on the European



Kuchma: Ukraine's leader dreads defeat for Yeltsin

Union. Security is indivisible, and Latvia, Lithuania and Estonia are part of Europe," said Estonia's President, Lennart Meri.

According to one theory, a Zyuganov win might at least jolt Western governments into accelerating the process of admitting new members into Nato and the EU. "This could be enough of an argument for our partners in Europe to speed up the integration process," said Poland's President, Aleksander Kwasniewski.

Yet politicians in most ex-Communist countries are also conscious that rapid expansion of Nato in response to a Zyuganov victory could bring undesirable consequences. It might divide Europe into Western and Russian spheres of control hostile to each other, and raise tensions to dangerous levels in countries caught in the middle such as Ukraine and the Baltic states.



Castro: Rooting for a Communist comeback

## Castro looks for a Communist friend

If there is one world leader rooting for the Communist Gennady Zyuganov tomorrow, it is Fidel Castro, writes Phil Davison.

The break-up of the Soviet Union and the collapse of Eastern European Communism hit no one harder than the long-time Cuban leader. Communist Cuba, virtually blockaded by the United States and ostracised by most of the world, had for three decades relied on the Soviet bloc for political clout and economic survival.

Since the Soviet break-up and shift towards capitalism, the Caribbean island has been forced to fend for itself, the US has tightened the screws, and Mr Castro's one-party Marxist-Leninist regime has looked increasingly as though it is on its last legs. A Russian Communist victory on Sunday could give Mr Castro the political and

economic oxygen he needs to keep his system alive.

Castro needs a friend more than ever; in direct ratio to their hunger - basic foodstuffs are unavailable - Cubans are questioning his tenure.

The Cuban leader maintained polite relations with Russia's current President, But as Boris Yeltsin opened up politically and economically, he had neither the time, money nor inclination to concentrate on the little island that, in the Kennedy-Khrushchev era, brought the world to the brink of war.

The Soviet troops have long gone, but their legacy is obvious in the number of young Cubans with names such as Vladimir or Tanya. On the political and diplomatic front, a communist Russia, as a member of the United Nations Security Council, would go a long way to easing Cuba's isolation.

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## RUSSIAN ELECTIONS

# Yeltsin rams home his final message

HELEN WOMACK  
Moscow

Boris Yeltsin, master of political theatre, returned to his roots yesterday in bringing his campaign for re-election to a climax at a rock concert in the Urals city of Yekaterinburg. On home territory, he was assured of an enthusiastic crowd of thousands as he urged voters to keep faith with his reforms and rebuff the Communist challenge. "All Russia is behind us," he roared before the deafening music started up. "We deserve a better life. Over five years we have suffered a lot of blows. But we have also learned a great deal. Now we must not give way. We must be together. Then we will win. That is certain."

Since he came to Yekaterinburg in February to launch his bid for another term in the Kremlin, Mr Yeltsin has risen

from the political dead. Then, lagging far behind Gennady Zyuganov, it seemed there was little he could do to prevent a return to Communism. But on Thursday one opinion poll showed him 11 points ahead of Mr Zyuganov with the support of around 34 per cent.

Opinion polls are notoriously unreliable in Russia however - and contradictory. Another poll yesterday put Mr Zyuganov ahead by two points. Analysts were warning against writing off Mr Zyuganov, whose campaign, less charismatic than the president's, but also unfairly treated by the blatantly pro-Yeltsin media, has criticised the heavy social costs of the transition to capitalism.

It is unlikely any of the 10 candidates, including the liberal economist Grigory Yavlinsky, the former Soviet President Mikhail Gorbachev and the nationalist retired general

Alexander Lebed, will win an overall majority on Sunday. So a run-off, probably between Mr Yeltsin and Mr Zyuganov, is the expected scenario. Some commentators think the extreme nationalist Vladimir Zhirinovskiy has been underestimated and could come third to hold the balance of power.

All sides are talking about the risk of vote-rigging and the outcome of the election not being respected. On the surface, the campaign has been a carnival but a tense atmosphere lurks below.

Security forces are on alert to avoid a repeat of this week's terrorist bomb on the Moscow Metro which both Mr Yeltsin and Mr Zyuganov turned to their advantage. The Communist said it illustrated how violent Russia has become, while the President said the right response was to vote for the stability only he could guarantee.

If Mr Yeltsin does indeed hold on to power for another four years, it will be because, for many voters, he is the devil they know. And because he has had the courage, or perhaps rather the self-preserving instinct, to play the flawed hero and seek forgiveness for his errors.

The President's biggest regret of course is the war in Chechnya, which he has tried to end. But he has been unable or unwilling to rein in Doku Zavgayev, head of the puppet government he installed, and local elections, fraught with the risk of violence, are going ahead there on Sunday despite a promise to the separatists that they would be called off.

"Because of Chechnya, Yeltsin must be punished," said one Moscow voter yesterday. "I want him to win in the end, but first he must sweat a bit. Which is why I'm voting for Yavlinsky in the first round."



Returning hero: Boris Yeltsin in his home town of Yekaterinburg. 'Russia is behind us,' he said

Photograph: AP

## Western capital set to flee if Zyuganov wins

DIANE COYLE  
Economics Editor

Money talks, and what it says about Russia is that foreign investors are apprehensive about the outcome of tomorrow's elections. The flow of Western capital into the country has dried to a trickle of less than \$1bn (£650m) so far this year, less than half last year's rate.

According to Erik Nielsen, an expert on Russia working for Goldman Sachs, the investment bank in New York: "Investors have been sitting on the fence. If Yeltsin wins there will be an inflow of capital. If Zyuganov wins, there will be a sharp withdrawal."

One of the first to withdraw on any sign of departure from the path of free market economics would be the International Monetary Fund, which rewarded Mr Yeltsin's reform efforts with a \$10bn (£6.5bn) loan announced in March. "The IMF has shown as much flexibility as it is going to. It would probably look for the first exit," one official predicts.

Pre-election nerves have already taken their toll of the Russian economy. Short-term interest rates in the financial markets started to rise sharply as early as March, touching an annual rate of 145 per cent at the beginning of this month.

Notwithstanding Mr Yeltsin's electoral spending promises, the crippling rise in the burden of interest payments on government borrowing has forced recent cuts in other spending and greater efforts to collect taxes. A \$2.7bn loan from Germany and \$500m offer from France have helped out.

On the other hand, Russian companies and citizens have been sending their foreign cur-

rency out of the country, just in case. Foreign exchange reserves have fallen by about a quarter, or more than \$4bn, since the end of March.

Susanne Gahler at JP Morgan, another US investment bank, thinks Western investors are nervous about the prospect of a Zyuganov victory because he is an unknown quantity. "When he appeared at the World Economic Forum in Davos he presented himself as a reformer. Domestically, he has campaigned on an anti-Western line," Mr Yeltsin has the advantage of a track record, she says.

Others agree that the uncertainty is the problem as far as the financial markets are concerned. Maxim Shashenkov, a Russian working for Merrill Lynch in London, says: "It is difficult to say exactly what Zyuganov's policies would be - there is a big gap between his rhetoric and Russian economic realities. But the risks would be very serious." He predicts a sharp negative reaction by foreign investors in Russian financial markets if Mr Zyuganov wins.

That reaction could spill over into the West. There are fears that Russian events could hit the Deutschmark and German stockmarket for the first time since the attempted military coup in August 1991. German banks have lent about \$35bn to Russia, accounting for two-thirds of Russian external debt to the private sector.

Mr Nielsen of Goldman Sachs observes: "The big Western corporations that have invested in Russia would probably have to sit out a Zyuganov presidency." But the investors who can flee would do so.

## Clinton hopes he's picked the winner

RUPERT CORNWELL  
Washington

The Clinton Administration is quietly praying that its chosen candidate fares better in tomorrow's momentous Russian presidential election than did the former Prime Minister Shimon Peres in the vote in Israel a fortnight ago.

As it did with Mr Peres, the White House has unabashedly supported President Boris Yeltsin, tolerating his erratic personal behaviour and Moscow's brutal campaign in Chechnya, and encouraging a \$10bn (£6.5bn) IMF credit.

Unless the worst comes to the very worst, a victory for Gennady Zyuganov, the leader of the Communist Party, will probably have little direct impact on the election race here. Even Mr Clinton's most ardent Republican foes admit America has at most a marginal influence on events in Russia.

Inevitably though, an upset win in Russia so soon after the upset in Israel would rekindle doubts about Mr Clinton's skill at foreign policy, an area where he has done well but which is traditionally a Republican strength. "Who lost Russia?" will inevitably be the question should Mr Yeltsin lose. And a convenient scapegoat is to hand in the person of Strobe Talbott, deputy Secretary of State, architect of the administration's Russia policy.

Mr Talbott, a lifelong Russophile, is accused of naively believing that Western help alone could turn Russia into a functioning, normal democracy. He retorts by pointing to the benefits of "active engagement" with Mr Yeltsin's Russia, including progress towards a market-based economy and a sharply reduced nuclear threat. Russian warheads are no longer targeted at US cities, while the former Soviet republics of Ukraine, Belarus and Kazakhstan have been effectively demilitarised.

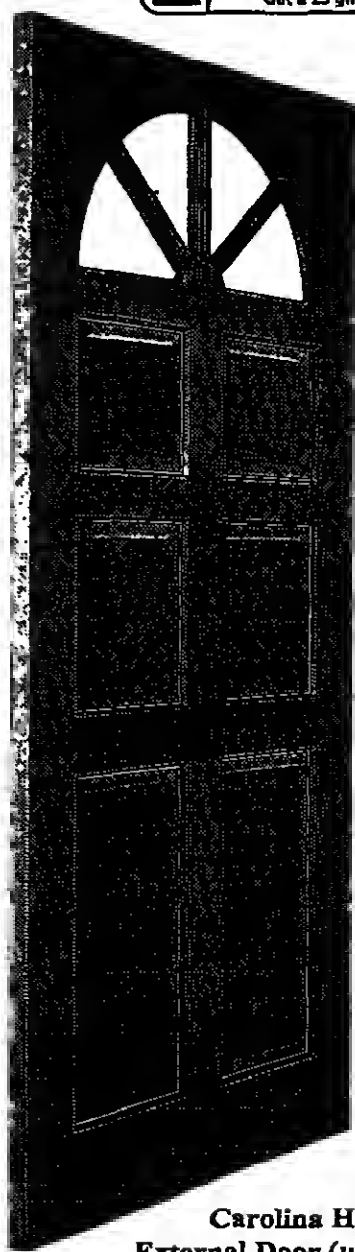
But those arguments will count little if Mr Talbott proves to have miscalculated. A Communist win would almost certainly end his hopes of replacing Warren Christopher as Secretary of State during a second Clinton term. But far beyond the Washington power game, a Zyuganov win would have massively disruptive consequences for the US.

It is bound to increase pressure from the old Soviet republics and Eastern Europe to join an enlarged Nato, something that a Communist-controlled Kremlin would resist even more vigorously than has Mr Yeltsin. It could nullify arms control agreements and provoke a costly new round of weapons spending that would make chances of a balanced budget even more remote.

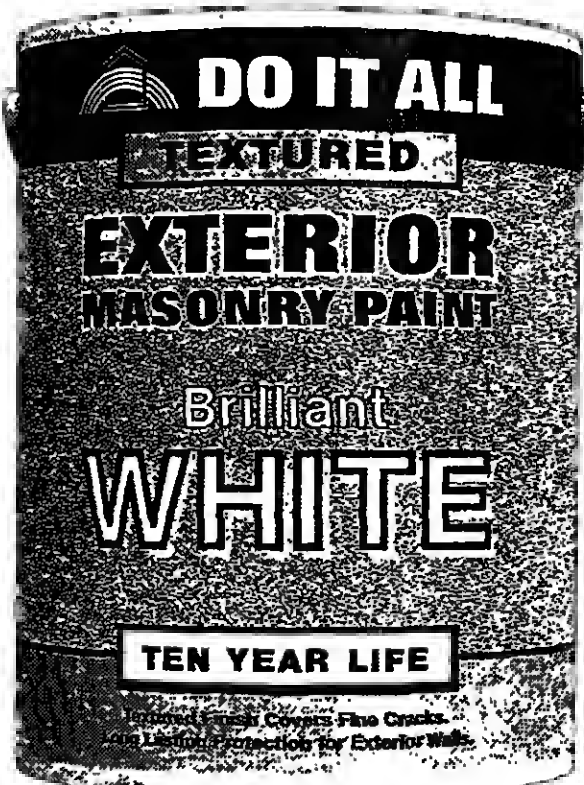
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## international

## France builds hope for future on the bloody lessons of its war-scarred past

This weekend sees the 80th anniversary of the battle of Verdun, writes Mary Dejevsky

Verdun — Among the events of this century that have helped to forge France's view of itself and the world might be numbered the student revolt of 1968, the Algerian war, the return of De Gaulle, and the Nazi occupation. Last, though by no means least, should be added the First World War battle of Verdun, which reached its mid-point 80 years ago this weekend and is embedded in the French psyche as the ultimate reason why today's entente with Germany, and the existence of the European Union are not only desirable, but so utterly essential.

Verdun, fought through the ice and snow of winter, the damp and rain of spring and autumn and the blazing heat of summer, at a cost almost 400,000 young French lives, is a word that has only to be mentioned to elicit the immediate response: "Never again". It conjures up for French people the same images of hell — the mud and damp of the trenches, the rotting boots and lice, the unhurried bodies, the moaning of the injured who could not be rescued — that are so familiar to Britons from the letters and poems of the period.

But for the French there is one difference: not only the soldiers and the questionably competent generals were theirs, but also the land, land that is now strangely hilly and green, with mounds and bushes and trees that look too new and young for the landscape. You can scarcely drive a mile without finding the entrance to a bunker or fort, the remnants of a trench, or a ruined village, where only a few stones remain to tell of what was once there.

The town of Verdun itself nestles in a bend of the river Meuse, surrounded by the undulating countryside of the Ardennes, a classic border town clustered around a massive, part-hidden fortress, and



Hell on earth: Some 400,000 French troops died during the 10-month battle of Verdun Photograph: Hulton Deutsch

topped with a double-towered cathedral. At first sight, it looks like any other flourishing town in northern France: a bustling high street, an abundance of small shops and cafés, and a liberal scattering of north European and American tourists consulting their maps.

Even in the bright light of early summer, though, there is a grimness and stoicism that betrays its battle-scarred past. There are narrow streets where the sun scarcely penetrates. The stone is cold and oppressive. A UN and Europe-sponsored world centre for peace in the former episcopal palace is deserted.

In the lower town, a bulky victory monument is wedged between the little houses of the high street. The tourists are there to see the battlefields and the memorabilia of war. War dominates Verdun still. For the 80th anniversary it has opened up its massive citadel, taking visitors eight at a time in little carriages through some of the chambers and passages where a dwindling number of defenders held out, despite lack of food, water, and ammunition, until their surrender.

Reconstructions of the underground bakery and mess (stacks of baguettes; wine bottles and napkins on every table) show a French sense of pri-

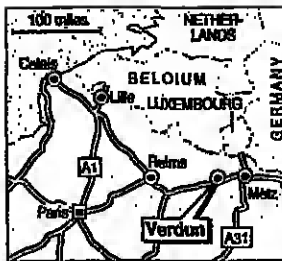
ties that endures. But the final tableaux, which present death and glory and patriotism as so very relevant for the France of today, drive home the message that Verdun for France is more than a battle. One of the last tableaux reproduces the ceremony at which, in 1922, a French soldier was detailed to choose from seven unidentified coffins draped in the tricolour which was to be buried beneath the Arc de Triomphe in Paris, as France's unknown soldier.

Tomorrow, President Jacques Chirac and other French dignitaries will be in Verdun for a series of ceremonies centred on the French national cemetery

and osuary at the Fort de Douaumont where the names of French soldiers and the villages, towns they came from, are inscribed on every brick. Below, stretch line after line of white gravestones across the hillside and beyond, the endless landscape that soldiers still describe as "ideal battle country".

Inevitably, comparisons will be made with the last historic meeting at Verdun, in 1984, when Mr Chirac's predecessor, François Mitterrand, walked hand in hand with Chancellor Helmut Kohl of Germany among the graves of that same cemetery in a gesture of reconciliation that made

headlines around the world. Mr Chirac has chosen a different symbol. Tomorrow, he will address an audience of 3,000 French and German teenagers with his own message of reconciliation: a message addressed to the future of the two old enemies, not to their past.



## SIGNIFICANT SHORTS

The United States has agreed to a deal for her country for the first time in 100 years. The ruling of the Supreme Court in favour of the federal government, as precedent, has been held as a landmark case. The ruling is binding upon the states and is a victory for the federal government because it was held in a case that was treated as a landmark.

The House of Representatives will vote on a bill to amend the War Relocation Authority Act. The bill is aimed at providing for the return of the property of Japanese-Americans who were interned during the war. The bill is expected to pass.

A federal judge has ruled that the federal government is liable for the death of a man who was killed by a police officer. The judge ruled that the police officer acted negligently and that the federal government was responsible for the death.

The House of Representatives has passed a bill to amend the War Relocation Authority Act. The bill is aimed at providing for the return of the property of Japanese-Americans who were interned during the war.

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## Palestinian rights worker 'tortured'

PATRICK COCKBURN  
Jerusalem

A leading Palestinian defender of human rights, Eyad Sarraj, said yesterday that he had been tortured by Palestinian police while under arrest in Gaza. He said he felt "terrible" as he walked unsteadily into court after being hustled out of a police van.

"I have been beaten and my life is in danger," Dr Sarraj wrote earlier in a letter smuggled from prison. "They are trying to frame me with drug charges. Rescue me. The situation is dangerous." A human rights worker in court said Dr Sarraj, whose face showed signs of beating, confirmed to him that the letter was true.

A magistrate ordered Dr Sarraj released on his own recognizance, but he was immediately taken back to jail because it was revealed that a secret Palestinian military court had ordered him detained for a further 15 days. First charged with the possession of 95 grams of hashish, a charge he denies, Dr Sarraj is now being held for assaulting a policeman, who appeared in court with one fist wrapped in bandages. He says the policeman is one of those who beat him.

Dr Sarraj, a 53-year-old psychologist who heads the Palestinian Independent Com-

mission for Human Rights, was re-arrested earlier in the week after sending a letter to Yasser Arafat, the Palestinian leader, repeating allegations of human rights abuses in the autonomous Palestinian enclaves.

Denying that Dr Sarraj had been tortured, the Palestinian Attorney General, Khalid Qidrah, said: "It is a big lie. I saw him. We don't beat anyone." He added: "We had information that he had drugs."

Bassam Eid of the Israeli human rights organisation B'Tselem, who talked with Dr Sarraj in court, said yesterday that he was shocked that "none of the 15 Palestinian human rights organisations in Gaza had sent a representative to court. The Palestinian press only report what they are told by the authorities. When I saw Dr Sarraj last week he said that he had been told he would be killed if he continued his criticism." Mr Eid said that Dr Sarraj pushed one of the policemen who crowded into his cell, but denied assaulting anybody.

It is the second time Dr Sarraj has been arrested in recent weeks. The origin of his present persecution by the authorities was an interview he gave to the *New York Times* in which he said the Palestinian authority used torture and abused human rights.

## Freemen in court after Montana siege

TIM CORNWELL  
Los Angeles

Fourteen Freemen, ranging in age from 65-year-old rancher Ralph Clark to his 21-year-old grandson, Casey, faced criminal charges brought by the government whose legitimacy they denied in a courtroom in Billings, Montana yesterday.

The Freemen surrendered peacefully at sunset on Thursday night. After a group prayer, they walked out of their ranch into two FBI vans without being handcuffed. The 81-day siege that became the longest in modern US history cost several million dollars, with 633 FBI agents rotated in and out of remote eastern Montana.

President Bill Clinton praised the enforcement of the law "in a way that did not do harm to anyone". The Freemen are accused of multi-million dollar fraud and issuing death threats as they set up their own courts, banks, and government. They run from dispossessed Montana ranchers to far-right activists from North Carolina. Two women from the ranch who did not face charges were released.

The siege ended after agents cut off telephones and electricity to the ranch 10 days ago. FBI director, Louis Freeh, said some agents were critical of the bureau for waiting too long. "I understand their impatience," he said, but "time was on our side."

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# Rogue traders and other Eighties relics

Are the Eighties on their way back? With huge City pay-outs, the return of house-price inflation and the return of giant financial fraudsters to rival the junk-bond kings of Wall Street a decade ago, there is a strange financial nostalgia in the air. Is greed good again? Are the buccaneers of capitalism coming back?

The word being bandied around this morning in reports of Sumitomo's huge losses on the copper market is "maverick". It got a good airing in the Leeson case, too. By using such words, people find a sliver of reassurance in these tales of corporate legerdemain. It has to do with the individual's capacity to buck the system. Mavericks prove that the system has openings and flaws - that cheek and chutzpah can pay off. There's anxious talk these days about globalisation, shorthand for inexorable flows of trade and capital around the world. But globalisation turns out, at least in Sumitomo's trading rooms, to be a game which is possible to read and subvert.

This is false and dangerous romanticism which helped to discredit the Eighties when they happened for real. Rogue traders deserve to be nobody's heroes.

They are merely unable to realise their money lust in the ways legitimate colleagues do. "Money lust" may sound like an old hair-shirt phrase; we have, of course, all learnt that it is acquisitiveness that makes the markets go round; and the Eighties were not in vain. Our public conversation does now have a more economically realistic make-up. Greed, we agree, is functional - up to a point. What is difficult, however, is to find the point. Some of the recent figures do sound like a replay of the late Eighties. Goldman Sachs pays out million-dollar bonuses by the score; Deutsche Morgan Grenfell lays out recruitment incentives with a golden trowel. The Bollinger bunnies in Broadgate. Happy days are here again - for at least some of the children of the Square Mile.

But the Nineties remains the decade of shake-out. In the City, high-paying firms are firing at the same time as they are hiring. And outside the City, yuppie spoons are less easy to trace. Real earnings are up, but only slightly. Like the Cheshire Cat's smile, house-price inflation is seen here and there, but when you look close, all that's left is a suspiciously familiar anecdote about gazing.

The truth is that the Eighties are dead



and irrecoverable - if what we mean is the exuberant mood that gripped the nation between late 1987 and the fall of Margaret Thatcher. And a good thing, too. It was a binge. The mood had something to do with Tory political dominance and a lot more to do with Nigel Lawson's inflation. Today, City traders revelling in a huge bonus feel good because they are enjoying a burst of inflation. But today, many of the rest of us are deflating - which makes the relations of City rewards to our prices, incomes and employment in the domestic economy somewhat hard to see.

Money-grabbing in the City is significant if it becomes a harbinger of revival in the mysterious feel-good factor. This is like the truth in *The X-Files*: it's definitely out there, just very difficult to spot at present. Conservative Party analysts scan the horizon with their field glasses as through the famous factor were a homing pigeon which has to get back to the loft before the dissolution bell sounds. And the rest of us remain puzzled and grub for clues. It feels like the Eighties; but it doesn't feel like the Eighties.

For instance, if we are all better off, which we are, why doesn't the Government get some benefit? Part of the answer is that

we are too well aware that "we" is not all-inclusive. The other day, the Social Security Secretary, Peter Lilley, made a speech in a church about poverty and wealth. If ever we wanted evidence that the Eighties are over, here it was. Actually, he had a good story to tell, based on empirical evidence about rising spending levels for the bottom decile of the population. Yet he seemed throughout to be on his back foot. Once (in the Eighties) he would have denied the very idea of "fat cats": now Mr Lilley is defensive. There were only a "handful" of cases, he said airily, apparently accepting the moral force of the criticism of exceedingly large boardroom payments. A robust defence of inequality (which we heard from the right last time round) this was not.

The *Zeigist* does not win elections: political parties lose them. Time has moved on and the Conservatives' problem is how uncomfortable they look in a world they have done so much to create. Do they no longer have any views about million-dollar bonuses for options traders? Do they still think greed is good? They used to sound sure. They used to celebrate their brave new world. But that was long ago. That was in the Eighties.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

### Minorities need more than divisive pats on the back

Sir: The analysis presented in the HMSO's publication, *Ethnicity in the 1991 Census* (report, 12 June) obscures as much as it reveals.

The Asian community, like any other, cannot be so neatly pigeon-holed. While it is certainly true that "hard work, integrity and luck" have combined to project numerous members of the community to the top of their chosen businesses and professions, it is equally true that many still face the same problems of unemployment, deprivation and lack of opportunity that affect the whole of society.

Rather than divisive pats on the back for those facing a "Jewish" as opposed to an "Irish" future, the Asian community, like everybody else, needs new policies to create jobs, security and well-being.

As for the equally relevant Asian success stories, the community would feel more reassured that their efforts were acknowledged and appreciated if statistics and newspaper articles were complemented by something a little more official. The honours list would be a good place to start.

Sir: Jason Benetto ("Asians emerge as the new money makers" 12 June) strikes a warning bell. Urban social policy must become part of the solution to the ills of racialised postmodern cities or, misguidedly, it will be part of their most obstinate problems.

The prognosis for the future is explosive. Politicians and city-builders



Brixton market, south London: supporting enterprise can help to improve disadvantaged areas. Herbie Knott

who aspire to leadership in the new market-led global economy ignore major problems of poverty and racism. Hard-pressed city managers chase hi-tech, capital-intensive projects, but fail to introduce long-term renewal programmes. A recent tour of European cities reveals a similar pattern of defining immigrants and ethnic minorities as "problem people" and applying makeshift policies to serious urban deficiencies.

Clearly, major policy issues of social inclusion and integration have to be addressed if black people, the

progeny of workers who helped build post-war urban economies, are not to become a stigmatised, devalued throw-away underclass. There must be improvement of disadvantaged districts with high concentrations of people from racial and ethnic minorities. And this must mean increased support for community and black enterprise, as well as the dismantling of racially discriminatory restrictions to city-wide job markets, education and housing.

Socially sensitive, community-led research is also needed, rather than

mass-produced official statistics interpreted by discredited notions of "Jewish futures" for Indians and "Irish futures" for Afro-Caribbeans, as mentioned in your article.

Above all, new directions in urban policy are necessary to achieve a clearer picture of the black community, not as impotent spectators of inexorable forces, but as key actors in postmodern cities who are able to participate in and influence the future.

Dr THOMAS L BLAIR  
Urban Development Consultant  
Hertford

### Move people into our city centres

Sir: It is clear that we will need very substantial additional housing to cater for population and social changes already under way ("We must start planning for an urban future", 6 June).

One of the striking differences between British and Continental cities is the number of people living in the centre. Those cities whose vibrancy we so admire - Paris, Berlin, Amsterdam - have large and diverse residential populations in their downtown areas. The proportion of people living in central areas of British cities is vanishingly small. For example, Leeds has a population of 700,000, of whom 900 live in the city centre. Yet there is a massive amount of vacant accommodation in central areas of our cities, located above shops and other commercial premises. Some estimates put this as high as 500,000 potential dwellings.

Urban development is often more expensive, at least in the short term, than greenfield development. It will also require investment in cultural and social facilities as well as transport. Are we prepared to will the means to do the job properly? Can we afford not to?

TIM MARS  
Head of Policy and Campaigns  
The Civic Trust  
London SW1

### Rescue books from the money men

Sir: Books? It's both worse and better than Giles Gordon says (article, 14 June).

There is indeed a huge move towards the lower-middle-class market, but it's not just WH Smith. While they may be cutting down on range, this means stocking only 56 different heartwarming Cockney sagas instead of 73, 34 different books on aromatherapy instead of 92, and 141 different ways to be a more wonderful person instead of 2,389. If you have nothing but me-too publishing year after year (and therefore me-too agenting), you will get boring bookshops, and eventually booksellers will rebel against being asked to stock yet more "product".

But don't worry. It's all happened before. The accountants and the marketing executives who now rule publishing used to rue the hating and brewing industries. They looked through the fat ends of their telescopes and thought we would eat Mother's Pride and drink Watney's Red Barrel for all time. Luckily, such people understand absolutely nothing about life except numbers, so we ended up with better bread and better beer than ever before.

All we need now is a Campaign for Real Books and the same can happen again.

GORDON THORBURN  
Appleby-in-Westmorland, Cumbria

### UK snubs Russians

Sir: It is not only football supporters ("Russian fans cry foul at visa chaos", 12 June) who are suffering from our treatment of Russians wanting to visit the UK. It is starting to sour Anglo-Russian relations. Russians are mystified by the way that we claim to have welcomed a democratic Russia in the international community yet seem to treat individual Russians with contempt.

If our "freedom" turns out to be hollow, we should not be surprised if some prefer to vote for national pride.

DAVID SCOTT  
Scott's Tours  
London W1

## LETTER from THE EDITOR

The postbag has been bulging with Toynbee letters - for, against, and above all those from the people who have clearly read every syllable of the controversy before settling down to write several pages about how it doesn't interest them at all. I think the simple messages are exactly as they were. The *Daily Mail*, followed by the *Times*, were keen to give Polly a kicking. The *Mail* indulged in dirty-raincoat journalism. She hit first, expecting the retaliation to follow.

And follow it did. As a new editor, I was perhaps naive. I'd expected the *Mail* to defend its style of journalism, attack Polly's views and perhaps attack me, too. In fact, the *Mail* went to the ex-wife of Polly Toynbee's partner. This was the "punishment" that those family men deemed fit for a liberal who went into print about how they behave.

They had pretended, albeit very briefly, to second thoughts about this story because it would hurt a child. And they wouldn't want to hurt a child, would they? This exercise in decent self-restraint was, by *Mail* standards, heroic. It lasted two days. A day later, the *Times*, holding its nose, decided that the sad story of a breaking marriage was, if you please, a "debate", and therefore deserved two full pages.

Privately, lots of people on both papers have expressed their disgust about this sort of stuff. But nobody came to her defence. Had a right-wing columnist from another paper been attacked in this way for their views, Polly would have been defending them with ferocity from day one. But from the moralists and thunderers, there has come silence, broken only by the faint sound of feet shuffling.

Now here is a story for John Major after what has been, yet again, a bloody week for him. The Conservative Party cheers itself up in private with "Willies" - those priceless, world-weary murmurs of the former deputy leader Viscount Whitelaw, of which the most famous was his general election strategy of "going about the country, stirring up apathy". Well, here is another, new to me, which is appropriate for the

week in which the Lady sent cash to Cash: "You may not laugh at her, [heavy pause] But you take her seriously at your peril."

The other great old predator swimming through British politics this week has, of course, been Sir James Goldsmith. I had dinner with him and various others not so long ago in London and was mesmerised by his darling ice-blue eyes and his sibilant, insistent, fact-packed conversation. There was a fierce argument round the table about protectionism and free trade which ranged from 19th-century American history to the condi-

Where small children upturn bowls of breakfast cereal, certain billionaires kick over a political party and watch all the little people run

tion of the poor in cities in southern China today. Here, I thought, was a potential successor to the great protectionist of Edwardian England, Joseph Chamberlain - someone with the same flashy tastes, vivid style and outsider's eye view of declining British power. But Goldsmith is getting on, and shunned entirely by the establishment, and has no locus in our political system - no MPs, no wider manifesto.

So what's his game? Is he trying to draw over a section of the Conservative right to his own protectionist agenda by way of the referendum campaign? Is he planning a wider shift in nationalist politics, with himself as a player? He denies it, he denies it. But if he isn't trying to do that, he can be no more than a troublemaker. In the end, I think that's what he wants to be. He is having fun. Where small children upturn bowls of breakfast cereal and teenagers smash windows, certain billionaires kick over a political party and watch all the little people run.

Andrew Marr

### QUOTE UNQUOTE

The Government's nuclear con trick has been exposed. Privatisation represents a massive gift from the taxpayer to private sector - Dr Patrick Green, *Friends of the Earth* campaigner

The Prince of Wales played really well. I think not having a whingeing wife waiting in the car park made all the difference - senior member of the Guards' Polo Club after a match

It's amazing how many people beat you at golf now that you are no longer President - George Bush

Fergie is the one with British pluck - and since when was having a voluptuous bottom a criminal offence? - Paula Yates, *ITV* personality

Russia was once thrown into the abyss of civil war and the curse of the civil war has hung over Russia ever since. We have had enough of it. For us electoral victory is the way to establish stability in Russia - Boris Yeltsin, *Russian President*

I don't have any trouble living with Ray Charles. I like him. I mean, he's a nice man. We get along fine, me and him - Ray Charles, jazz singer who lives alone

On important days, my old teacher always said, let the speeches be short, and the sausages be long. The vital thing is to sustain oneself - Helmut Kohl, German Chancellor

### Speaking out about child abuse in homes

Sir: Congratulations to the *Independent* on your campaign to raise the profile of abuse in children's homes, culminating in the Government's acceptance of the need for a full-scale official inquiry. Clearly there is great public concern about the vulnerability of children in care and much needs to be done to restore confidence in this vital area.

The Government could make a positive start by giving its support to the Public Interest Disclosure Bill, which has its Third Reading on 12 July. Staff who work in care homes will often be the first to suspect that a child is being abused but won't speak out about their worries, whether through fear of losing their jobs or because of a culture of silence created by a dominant and autocratic individual.

It is this sort of culture that must be changed if the public is to have confidence that children in care will not be abused.

I am confident that the provisions in the Bill will be a part of the recommendations of the national inquiry. The Government has the opportunity and indeed the duty to act now to stop further abuse taking place.

DON TOUHG MP  
(Isleworth, Lab)  
House of Commons  
London SW1

### Potent potion

Sir: I suggest that the news of the successful anti-impotence cream (report, 14 June) be widely circulated, particularly in the Far East. At last we may have the answer to saving the tiger and rhinoceros.

ELMIT BRANTON  
Market Deeping  
Lincolnshire

### Shepherd dictates to the teachers

Sir: Gillian Shepherd, in attempting to lay down detailed methods for the teaching of maths and English, is beyond the limits of her professional competence ("Forces act to stamp out trendy teaching", 13 June). She would not, I hope, use ministerial responsibility to tell a surgeon when to operate, a lawyer how to interpret the latest ruling of the Court of Appeal or Mike Atherton how to play an out-swing.

She will of course reply that she is right. It is a defence more often employed than upheld. It is of course possible that the view may be right but that does not give her the authority to impose her opinion. In transferring an issue of judgement into one of academic freedom, she is likely to freeze the normal processes of professional change and prolong the teaching practices to which she objects for much longer than they would otherwise have lasted.

Good teaching can be done in many different styles and none of us can teach according to any

professional conscience but our own. If she wants teaching done according to her own judgement she must do it herself.

Earl RUSSELL  
Liberal Democrat Social Security spokesperson  
House of Lords  
London SW1

Sir: Conservative politicians are ascribing present-day deficiencies in education to "socialist ideology". It is timely to remind them that Conservative administrations played their part in promoting the structures and methods they now criticise. For instance, when the Conservatives won control of the Inner London Education Authority in the late Sixties, they inherited from Labour projects for several large comprehensive schools, which they could have cancelled. Under the leadership of Christopher Chataway they proceeded to build all of them.

R W WILD  
Neath, West Glamorgan

### How Ashdown could play the kingmaker

Sir: Paddy Ashdown made some interesting comments in his *Independent* interview (12 June) on the subject of a "constructive vote of confidence", in which, "an opposition could only bring down a government... if it could assemble an alternative by trading with political parties".

This, of course, was the West German system, which was designed to prevent the extreme left or right from bringing down a government, unless a majority of the Bundestag could agree on a successor.

There would be, of course, enormous advantages to Mr Ashdown and his party with such a system. For if a new government

could be formed by, say, a smaller party switching its support in a hung parliament from Labour to Conservative, then this could be done without recourse to the electorate; such an outcome was triggered in Germany by the Free Democrats' movement from the SPD to the Christian Democrats.

In Britain if a government has no majority, or loses it, it can only be brought down if it then loses a vote of confidence. An election follows. Under Mr Ashdown's proposals, the Liberal Democrats, by moving their support, could change the government without one voter being consulted.

ROBERT KHAN  
London W5



## obituaries / gazette

## Marie-Louise von Motesiczky

Marie-Louise von Motesiczky was a painter of exceptional humanity and wit whose portraits and still lifes deserve an honoured place in European art.

Born in Vienna in 1906, she had a long productive life despite the tragic upheaval of leaving Austria in 1938, and suffering many years of British indifference to German art. The paintings have always had their influential admirers, but have only sporadically received the public attention due to them.

In 1985, late in life, she had a retrospective in London at the Goethe Institute which was greeted by reviewers as a major discovery, and included, in its entirety, the series of paintings of her mother in old age for which she has, in a short space of time, become famous (one is in the Tate, one in Manchester City Art Gallery, another in the Arts Council Collection). In 1994 she was honoured in Vienna by an exhibition at the Belvedere (travelling on to Manchester) which was better attended than any previous exhibition of contemporary art.

Marie-Louise's father, Edmund von Motesiczky, was a tal-

ented cellist. He died when Marie-Louise was three, and she grew up close to her mother's family, the von Liebens, who were wealthy and cultivated. They had helped finance the building of the Kunsthistorisches Museum, and in their salon Hofmannsthal had read his first poems. Her grandparents' Ringstrasse apartment and villa at Hinterbrühl were furnished with a rich art collection.

Marie-Louise knew from the age of 13 that she would become a painter, and she left school to study art. She attended art schools in Vienna, and travelled to Holland, Paris and Frankfurt; but the decisive event in her artistic formation was her meeting with Max Beckmann. She had, however, already shown an extraordinary talent in portraits and still lifes she had made before their friendship developed into a master/pupil relationship.

Beckmann's example showed Motesiczky how a contemporary artist could huddle on the great art of the past, and his energy in the struggle to compete with fashionable abstract art was vital as a source of confidence. In 1926 she visited Paris where she

rented a studio, and saw Beckmann from time to time. There she painted a first masterpiece (*Paris Workman*) and shortly afterwards a remarkable still life *Self-portrait with Comb*, now in the Belvedere, Vienna. A year later she attended Beckmann's masterclass at the Städel in Frankfurt. By the late 1930s she had evolved away from Beckmann stylistically, avoiding his graphic generalisation of facial features in favour of a more painterly approach.

The other important artistic friendship was with Oskar Kokoschka, whom she got to know in wartime London. Her relationship with these two powerful and prolific painters (her own output is small in comparison) was not one of dependency but affinity, sharing with both an attachment to allegory and traditional genres, especially still life and the portrait. But Motesiczky's subjects are different in mood and emphasis, and her attitude towards subject matter closer to that of a 19th-century artist.

Her overriding interest is in human character: for her a figure is always suggestive of dra-

ma. She once said: "For me, anything with a figure, is a story." Some fine paintings result from the bargain struck between sitter and paid artist, for instance the magisterial portrait of Baron Philippe de Rothschild (1986, Fitzwilliam Museum). But her best works are of people she chose to paint, sometimes people for whom life was a struggle. She replaces the historical and religious subject matter of the old masters with a subtle drama drawn from her own life, involving friends and relatives, which is often distinctly satirical.

In 1938, the day after the Anschluss, Marie-Louise and her mother left Austria for relatives in Holland. In 1939, after a first exhibition in The Hague, they travelled to London. Marie-Louise's brother Karl stayed on in Vienna from where he helped other Jews to escape. He was denounced and transported to Auschwitz, where he was murdered. Karl is the imagined addressee of three touching paintings of the late 1940s, one a double portrait of him and his girlfriend, the others allegorical still lifes with apples.

Marie-Louise von Motesiczky grew to love London. With exile came responsibility for her mother Henriette, who is the subject of a series of truly great paintings which chart the onset of old age and death. Marie-Louise views her mother with an objectivity disturbing yet touching. Henriette, often depicted lying in bed, radiates a strong light that forms a contrast to her frail state. Humorous touches such as the pet dogs that were Henriette's constant attribute, reveal the warmth of their relationship.

Motesiczky never married and lived alone after her mother's death in 1978. Her most important friendship was with the novelist Elias Canetti to whom she was very close for 30 years and whom she painted several times. His was the last major portrait she painted in 1993, not long before he died, now in the National Portrait Gallery.

Motesiczky's considerable achievement centres on the representation of people. Indeed, her obsession with character informs all of her work, not least the still lifes in which we glimpse the artist's own

creaturely enjoyment of food, books and flowers brought in from her beautiful garden.

To know her was a wonderful experience, if not always an easy one. She resisted the attempts of others to discuss her work, correctly insisting on the pictures speaking for themselves. When her guard was down she was a fascinating speaker about her own or any painting, and she knew better than anybody the art of painting the face.

Motesiczky never needed to sell her paintings, indeed she preferred to keep them around her. An aristocratic disdain for the marketplace meant that, while she half welcomed exhibitions, they remained uncomfortable experiences. For these reasons she remains to be discovered as an important artist in the German tradition, to be mentioned in the same breath as her friends Beckmann and Kokoschka.

Peter Black

Marie-Louise von Motesiczky, artist: born Vienna 24 October 1906; died London 10 June 1996.



Motesiczky: Self-portrait with Red Hat, 1938



Motesiczky: obsession with character Photograph: Peter Rauter

## Professor Robert Kidd

Professor Robert Kidd was a leading figure in the hugely successful international programme exploring the world's oceans by deep drilling. This programme involves 19 countries and has been responsible for some of the most important developments in understanding the evolution of our planet.

Kidd became involved in the International Deep Sea Drilling Programme as a post-doctoral fellow at Scripps Institution of Oceanography in California from 1973 to 1975, where he carried out the first synthesis on sediment distributions in a developing ocean through time. He was involved in ocean drilling science from then on. He participated in five drilling expeditions, on three of which he was co-chief scientist, as well as many other geological oceanographic studies.

Some of the outstanding results from this research include recognition of anoxic events (periods of large-scale stagnation) in the Mediterranean and the first plan-view studies of large-scale sedimentary features in the North Atlantic using side-scan sonar. His personal studies on the history of ocean circulation, sediment drift and high resolution stratigraphy are widely acclaimed.

Kidd's commitment to the exploration of the deep ocean through drilling, along with his passionate belief in the worth of the data collected, was paramount for more than two decades. He obtained his PhD in 1973 working in the Tyrrhenian Sea. His early work included research on bottom current control on sedimentation (how ocean currents control and move sediment) and hydrothermal formation of seamount microstructures (seamounts are an old volcano sunk beneath the sea, on which manganese oxide nodules form over a long period of time). His academic career took him from a full Professor of Oceanography at Texas A & M University to a Chair of Geology at the University of Wales Cardiff in 1989.

At Texas he was charged with putting in place procedures for pre-cruise planning, ship-board organisation, and post-cruise activities and publications. He also developed the state-of-the-art shipboard and shore-based laboratories for the great ship of the Joint Oceanographic Institution's Deep Exploration of the Sea, JOIDES Resolution.

At Swansea, Kidd organised the merger of the Geology and Oceanography Departments to become the Department of Earth Sciences, prior to the University Grants Committee Earth Sciences Review. On transferring to Cardiff he established the Cardiff Marine Geosciences Research Group, one of the most active seagoing geological and geophysical groups in Britain.

His international stature and management skills were recog-

nised by his Chairmanship of the Site Survey Panel for cruises of the JOIDES Resolution from 1989 to 1993, and most recently by becoming chair of the JOIDES Planning Committee 1994 to 1996. He headed the first JOIDES office to be established outside the United States at the University of Wales Cardiff.

There was no more dedicated individual to the cause of ensuring that marine geoscientists in the United Kingdom have access to the priceless Ocean Drilling Programme (ODP) resource. Kidd worked tirelessly to promote and support ODP science. Recently, British participation in this programme was called into question. Kidd gave outstanding presentations on the excitement and novelty of Ocean Drilling science to various review committees and the Natural Environment Research Council. It is now clear that British involvement is safe and that Rob Kidd deserves the accolades of the scientific community for the central role he has played.

On 4 June he was awarded the Major John Sachervell A'Deane Coke Medal by the Geological Society of London. This is awarded to those



Kidd: exploration of the oceans

who show both excellence as scientists and have made in various ways major contributions to the community. No one better illustrated the attributes of a Coke medalist than Rob Kidd for his outstanding achievements in research and altruism on behalf of marine geosciences.

Steve Sparks

Robert Benjamin Kidd, marine geoscientist: born Milford Haven 17 September 1947; FGS 1967; Principal Scientific Officer, Institute of Oceanographic Sciences, Wormley 1973-84; Visiting Scientist, Scripps Institution of Oceanography, La Jolla, California 1973-75; Professor of Geology and Head of Department of Earth Sciences, University of Wales Swansea 1986-89; Professor, Department of Earth Sciences, University of Wales Cardiff 1989-96; Professor of Oceanography and Head of Science Operations of the Ocean Drilling Program, Texas A & M University 1984-86; married 1970 Rosalie Daye (four sons); died London 9 June 1996.



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# The Independent Weekend

## L'escargot anglais

(and the shops from  
over here that are  
doing rather nicely  
over there)

Photograph: Tim Suckingham

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## 'It is such a relief to know that my ex is right. I do think my life is a film'

## EMMA FORREST

Saturday night  
Sunday morning

In the cah, it turns out that Floyd is a major film buff.

I tear around my room pulling books from shelves and videos from their boxes. "Look at this." I put on *The Bad and the Beautiful* and make him look at

photos of Burt Lancaster. He admires them all, wearing the same encouraging face my Mum used to make when I'd yell. "Hey, watch me dive!"

But as he knocks back another drink, he decides it would be a good idea to wake Grace up because, he grins, she fancies him. I have known Grace for four years. I know which men she fancies and he is not one of them. Downstairs, I hear Punk James smash a glass.

Floyd continues looking through my books and magazines and now I don't want him to. I have lost interest in show-and-tell. He finds an old school magazine and starts teasing me: "Jolly hockey sticks." "No, actually," I sulk. "I always had miserable hockey sticks because I'd carve Manic Street Preacher lyrics on to the wood with my compass." He spits out his vodka. "Worst band in the world. I once punched one of them." "You did not." "Yes I did." This is ridiculous - "my favourite band could have your favourite band", which would probably mean The Manics versus Nancy Sinatra.

I put on my ex's compilation tape: The Stones, Happy Mondays, Dexys: Midnight Runners. "Eurgh," cries Floyd. "I hate that record. Whoever made you this tape has no taste in music." I put on my best "I knew Jack Kennedy and you, Sir, are no Jack Kennedy" voice and inform him that my boyfriend had excellent taste in music. Since Floyd has now passed out cold, I can't throw him out of my flat so I grab my Walkman and keys and stomp out.

Once I have stormed on to the landing I remember that whenever you read about terrible crimes, they have always happened in the early hours of the morning. For a while, I curl up on the stairs. But that's not how my proper film would end. I have the soundtrack in my hand. It is my duty to get out there and run through the rain. It is such a relief to know, for sure, that my ex is right. I do think my life is a film. It kills me that no one is around to see how well I act my part. And that's when I do my dance for the Queen.

The sleeping airline pilots and other  
stories from the frontiers of the believable

In case of emergency, passengers are advised to wake the pilot. Following a ruling by Air New Zealand, their pilots are now allowed to take a half-hour nap during any flight further than Australia. In a memo to staff, the airline said it was "better to have one pilot asleep during a period of low activity than to have both asleep in a two-pilot environment or all three asleep in a three-crew aircraft." Representatives of the pilots union are reported to be surprised by the decision.

Cer, wires and videotapes do not lie well together, according to Merlina Merton, a Filipina expert on the ancient Chinese practice of Feng Shui - the art of arranging the objects in a room in harmony with the intended function of the room itself. In her forum on "How to Make a Wedding and Undo a Marriage," Ms Merton has produced a set of advice for honeymooners that includes making sure the bathroom door does not open towards the bed, not having the TV set facing you if you want to have good sex, and not having electrical wires trailing on the floor, any of which may upset the energy field of the bed and interfere with activities therein.

Where was the Antichrist on 6 June? There were reports of mass hysteria in Colombia last week because it was the sixth day of the sixth month of a year ending in a six - all of which suggested 666, the Mark of Satan referred to in the Book of Revelation. Thousands of mass baptisms took place throughout the country, in the belief that the Antichrist would appear on that date and claim all children who had not been baptised. The date itself, however, passed without particular incident and no reported sightings of the Antichrist.

There's nothing wrong with fibbing. Everybody does it according to a study at the University of Virginia. A detailed analysis of the behaviour of 77 university students and 70 local non-university residents revealed that undergraduates lied in one third of all their social interactions, while the locals told fibs in one in five. Most lies, however, are devices to enhance self-esteem rather than to mislead. "I can go as far as saying it would be a disaster if everyone tried to tell the truth all the time," said psychology professor Bella DePaulo. "If you tell the whole truth, you start alienating people. You'd have to go back and apologize because you've made a mess of your interpersonal relationships." But she didn't say whether she was telling the truth.

What's in a name? A double "ph" in the case of nine-year-old Christopher Aggergaard of Copenhagen. His mother Pia has been fighting since he was born for the right to give him the unusual spelling, against a series of court rulings, and government-imposed fines totalling almost £3,000. Under Danish law, parents may give children only names approved by the state and the church. In 1995, the Court of Ecclesiastic Affairs ruled that the name was illegal: a double "f" was fine, but Mrs Aggergaard's spelling was a ph too far. Now the Minister of Ecclesiastic Affairs has acknowledged that the law "maybe was a little too tight".

It's cholesterol-free and very tasty. But you need very high fences to stop it escaping. The paakany-Dareton tribe of Australian aborigines have been hunting the red kangaroo for its meat for centuries and now want to set up the country's first kangaroo ranch - with tall fences - to enable them to add to the growing export trade. A spokesman for the tribe said: "The elders look on red kangaroos the same way as you and I look on a cow." Which may not be as good news for the export trade as he seems to think.

Knee transplants are now available in Bavaria. The first such operation was performed by surgeons in Southern Germany on 12 June on a 17-year-old victim of a motorcycle accident. In a 14-hour operation, they replaced the shattered knee with a donor knee.

Phrase books are not what they used to be. New editions of the Marco Polo Guides have dropped such useful expressions as "Where is the post office?" and "How do I get to the beach?" in favour of "I would like to sleep with you" and "Do you have a condom?" The essentially moral stance of the guides is, however, preserved with the inclusion of "Stop at once."

Worried because you are so short? According to new research, it may be the other way round: if you are below average height, it could be because you have an anxious nature. Studies in New York have shown that anxious girls are about twice as likely as non-anxious girls to be under 5ft 4in (1.6m). The link between anxiety and stature was found in children who were not particularly short at the outset, and it was found only in girls. The research supports a theory that anxiety inhibits the development of growth hormone.

Quashed weddings may be on the increase. Particularly after a spectacularly unsuccessful Mother's Day promotion in North Carolina where a chain of jewellery stores offered a free 22 calibre rifle with the purchase of any diamond ring. The offer was dropped after a deluge of complaints. "We've offended some of our older female customers," said the manager of the stores.

Days to riches? It's unlikely now in Honduras, following a decision to drop a proposed tax increase of imported second-hand clothes. Officials had raised the tariff on such goods from 50 cents per pound weight to 90 cents per pound in an attempt to protect the local clothes manufacturing industry. The tax office, however, has abandoned the plans after protests from the poor, who said it would leave them naked.

Organising a family get-together? Theo spare a thought for Wu Yundi, 99, and her husband, Yan Wuben, 97, of Jiangying township in China, the oldest members of their country's largest family, all 160 members of whom live together in the township. There are five generations of the family and Wu and Yan attribute their longevity to "their love and to the harmony among the family members". They also take a tippie of rice wine every day.



## My week

Graham Sharpe  
Bookmaker

## SATURDAY

Today was manic, with two major sporting events. The Derby and the first day of Euro 96 meant £40m has been gambled nationwide. That sounds like a lot but I'm expecting a betting blitz of up to £100m on Euro 96. The '94 World Cup was the first event to outstrip the Grand National, with £70m bet. But this is a tournament, in this country, with home nations competing, so I'll be disappointed if Euro 96 doesn't break that record. As a manager, my prime objective is not to take moose, but to publicise the odds. Until today's England/Switzerland match, the best outsider was a gentleman who had 5,000-1 on England winning Euro 96 without scoring a single goal. He was on to a loser with the one-all draw. Other punters have placed five-figure sums on individual teams. For the Derby, we had to assess the house-husbands' choice, Alex Greaves. She was the first female jockey ever to compete in the race and our odds were 150-1 that she'd make the top three.

Unfortunately, she finished last. Weirily, the winner was trained by Lester Piggot's son-in-law, so although the old jockey's retired, he still managed to influence the outcome.

## SUNDAY

With Euro 96 we have to update the odds after every match. There were three today, so it's a bit of a scramble. We have a team compiling odds, so I don't have to work them out myself, but my brain keeps ticking even when I'm away from work. My best bit of inspiration was some years ago, when I was at home one evening chatting to my wife about Dallas. I didn't really watch the soap but she was wondering who shot JR. The next day I went in and turned it into a novelty bet that took a quarter of a million. That was the good news, the bad news was that it was Kristen, who was a popular bet, so we ended up paying out more than we'd taken. Still, in this business the secret is a big turnover; in a way the outcome is irrelevant, you're always going to win some and lose some.

## MONDAY

Sat and read all the papers. I do that every morning, not reading everything, but skimming for things that might influence the odds. That can be almost anything, but politics are big business every time a general election comes round. The other day, interest rates suddenly dropped, so I had to think: will that affect Conservative fortunes? That morning we shortened the odds on a Tory win and dropped them against an October election. Every day I get strange letters from the public. Today, I got one from two friends who are pregnant, and want to know if they could bet on having their babies on the same day. There was also a fairly standard one from a dad who wants to bet that his son will make the England squad by the age of 25.

## TUESDAY

This morning the radio said the temperature was going to be 86F. Weather is big in this country, so I started thinking about the odds for the UK heat record being beaten this year,

or if it's going to reach 100F this week, all that kind of stuff. With Ascot and Wimbledon looming, there's always more betting on the weather. I spent a normal afternoon keeping up with sport on satellite TV. As soon as one thing finishes another begins. The French Open finished the other day; in its place we've got the Stella Artois.

## WEDNESDAY

Colin Dexter has announced that in his last *Inspector Morse* he's going to reveal the detective's Christian name. It's out in September, so we closed the bet. He knows the name, his publishers do, so it would be dangerous to keep it open. The most popular choice is Ernest, at 5-1.

## THURSDAY

I started in the business 20 years ago, chalking up the scores in a betting shop. I learnt how to settle bets, managed a bookies and ended up here, as publicity manager for William Hill. It's a midnight to midnight job. I get American DJs phoning me up at four

in the morning to check the latest odds for the presidential election. The Olympics are coming up and if Linford Christie runs at 3am, I'll have to be up at 2.50am. I opened more letters from punters. A grandmother wants to back her granddaughter as the next Naomi Campbell.

## FRIDAY

In the space of half an hour, I had two punters lay substantial bets at 100-1 on the Queen abdicating before the end of the year. One would be unusual, two is remarkable. Maybe they know something I don't. If I get any more, I'll have to phone the Palace. They won't tell me anything of course, but you have to try to get as much information as you can. Tomorrow should be the biggest betting game in Euro 96, as the Scots top the league of football gamblers. Sadly, their most popular bet is that they'll be knocked out without scoring a goal.

Graham Sharpe was talking to Lisea Spencer



do think my life is a

believable



## Not 50, not 30: to you guv, a pony

If you've got the stamina, you can rub shoulders with barrow boys and antiques dealers at Bermondsey market at 5am and pick up a Gainsborough for under a ton. But if you've got real money, forget the hoi polloi and head for the Grosvenor House. 'Only \$1.5m? Do you take American Express?'

**W**orried about the net worth of your estate, what the children are going to squander once you've gone? Want a wheeze to squeeze that tiny bit of extra value from your lifetime? Well, here's a thought: your body could itself be worth a pretty penny in years to come.

Take the human skull. Scraped down, cleaned up, teeth polished, a couple of springs bolding the jaw so that it clicks open and shut in a naturalistic manner, and it could make a jolly table ornament. One such was selling for £220 on a stall at Bermondsey antiques market in the heat haze of last Friday morning, though its antiquity wasn't certified. Come to think of it, this could be the perfect way to dispose of murder victims: the police would never suspect that such audacity could be possible.

They probably wouldn't be up early enough, either. The only people who rise with the Bermondsey market traders are milkmen and disc jockeys. I'm not unfamiliar with the dawn myself; it's just that I thought it existed to remind you to stop talking and go to bed. But the wedding season is here, and if one's going to pay for the slot in church and those half-dozen glasses of sparkling wine, one has to come up with the booty.

Bermondsey market is famous as the place where the contents of people's houses end up. The term "house clearance" can have a certain euphemistic quality, after all. The contents of museums occasionally fetch up there, as well. A punter famously bought a Gainsborough for £85 and a Reynolds for £60 there in 1992. They had been stolen (with some violence) from Lincoln's Inn Fields in 1990, when they had been valued at £2m. Not a bad profit margin if you don't mind a spell in jail.

Bermondsey has apparently cleaned up its act since the law of Market Overturn was rescinded in 1994. Market Overturn basically said that, as long as you bought your stolen goods in certain markets during the hours of daylight, the former owner couldn't claim it back if they tracked you down. Nowadays, the only trace of Market Overturn is Bermondsey's absurd opening hours: once, the traders wanted to cram as much daylight as possible into their day. Now, the sight of hundreds of exhausted shoppers raking through the piles of Zippo lighters is just one of those quaint historical oddities, like Beefeaters, or Bruce Forsyth.

The serious horse-trading kicks off around 5am: the dealers with shops descend like vultures after a kill, and old tables and job lots of Nazi memorabilia changed hands several times before anyone has even left their lorries. The dawn is rent by cries of "I'm not doing it for less than a pony, mate" and the hacking coughs of men who live perpetually on their nerves. This is where Essex man meets Home Counties Henry: a rich broth of plums, gravel and wads of cash. The objects in question may end up in hushed emporia with striped wood floors in Stow-on-the-Wold, but this is where they will have started.



SERENA MACKESEY



In another life  
This week: antiques dealers

Serious business. Once London Transport has started running, the steady trickle of "real" punters – the people who might just buy that brown melamine cup and saucer for a fiver – turns into a torrent, and the traders have assumed the patience necessary to deal with the public. The crowd is a mixed bag of British, American and Japanese girls in short skirts. The Europeans come later and buy very little. Last week, the heatwave had hit in earnest and it was already somewhere in the eighties by 6.30am. Traders grinned encouragingly, punters assumed that "you can't kid me" blankness of the person who knows they're going to get ripped off.

The thing is, Bermondsey resembles, at the end of the day, nothing more glamorous than your local church jumble sale. The stalls are planks on trestles; silver sugar tongs hang 100 to a string like wind-chimes; stainless steel cigarette boxes are stacked like filing cards next to haystacks of silver spoons. Some stalls have made an effort, with black felt and even glass cases, but the effect is still the same. Maybe it's deliberate, to lull the punter into thinking they're about to get a bargain.

I paused to buy a small ivory elephant. An American woman stood next to me, sorting through scraps of lace and telling the stallholder an incredibly tedious story about how she had hired a car with aircon at Heathrow the previous day. "I said," she was saying, "excuse me, but are we, like, living in the 20th century or what? And Jack, my husband, well he's usually the one who does the talking, but this time there was no stopping me." Stallholder oodled politely. "Yeah," he said, "it is hot, isn't it?" "Thing is," said his next-door neighbour, "we're happy four months of the year and the rest we're freezing." "What'd you mean, happy?" said the neighbour on the other side. "I'm bloody melting here."

American woman hadn't drawn breath. "So he said to me," she had moved on to a box of assorted beads. "Well, we might just have a car with air conditioning out on the lot, I'll just look for you," and I said: "Oh, thank you, that would be kind..." "Uh-huh," replied the stallholder. "That'll be £45." Antiques dealing is as much psychiatry as straightforward shopkeeping. To sell, a dealer must make friends with the client: it's part of the bond that turns a second-hand bookcase into an heirloom. This facet of the dealer's art was much in evidence at the private view of the Grosvenor House Antiques Fair on Wednesday. The clientele was very, very different and the accents of the dealers were clipped to the point of bogusness, but that ebullience, that ability to listen with rapt



Down and upmarket: (above) pretty as a picture at Bermondsey; (left) a class apart at the Grosvenor House Art and Antiques Fair

attention to mundane details of people's lives, was still plastered all over them.

If Bermondsey is a street party, then Grosvenor House is a Royal Garden Party: it even features pieces lent by members of the royal family. The hotel in Park Lane has been mounting this boogie for the wealthy since the 1930s, and it goes from strength to strength. I thought it might be a bit of a PR exercise, an opportunity to schmooze and band out cards, but I couldn't have been more wrong. "Oh no definitely not," said a lady from Spink & Son, "we generally do very well at this show. Everyone keeps back their best pieces for Grosvenor House."

Spink were showing a pair of Meiji-period Japanese gods, life-sized; rather satyr-like and likely to give nightmares to the average grandchild. The asking price was £250,000. Did they really expect anyone to just pop in and buy them? "It's not entirely unlikely. It could well be an impulse buy. We had these about 15 years ago, actually. An American couple were walking past our showroom one night on holiday and saw them. They came in first thing the next day and had them shipped." Grosvenor House is, in a word, terrifying, and the people who shop there even more so. I've long since got used to the fact that I will never own something like Pieter Bruegel the Younger's *The Battle between Carnival and Lent*, on sale from Jobny van Hatten at £1.5m, but to hear "That's £950,000. \$1.5m" (these dealers can convert to dollars without blinking) of a sideboard and hear "Really? And can you ship it?" in reply is enough to make you extremely nervous.

You can understand why they can put up with the clientele's life stories at that sort of price. And what life stories they were. A woman in a lime jacket and a pink hat fingered an Aubus-

son. "It was jolly tragic," she informed the man in the suit, "he had a hunting accident. He hit a tree. But he's made a full meotal recovery and how he's a trainer. Upstairs, three youngish women wore their old Ascot suits (tops and bottoms obviously recycled from different years) and eyed Phillip's gold and enamel bracelet emblazoned with the words "ROMA Amor" (the antiques world's equivalent of the 100NY badge). "I gave up smoking," said one, who bore an uncanny resemblance to a stick insect, "and I put on two stone here" (she pinched her waist). "here –" (the hips got a massage) " – and here" (upon which she slapped her rump).

Standing before the Andrew Edmonds gallery, which was selling subscribers' sets of *The Rake's Progress* for £4,000 (I almost wavered in my ambition to buy a car), three Armani Men ignored their bejewelled consorts. "Brilliant," said one. "Never been leaner, never been fitter, never been tougher, never been more aggressive. Everything." I shuddered and went to covet the Cezannes and Bonnards at William Weston. Two tweedy women and a bored-looking teenage girl were locked in conversation. "Well, we opened up for the day, though we kept them out of the bedrooms. We had two-and-a-half thousand people round, but they didn't spend much money," said the first. "Oh, what a shame," her companion tutted sympathetically. "And you must have worked like demons to set it up." "Yes. The place was a complete tip and we can't have made much more than £10,000 in the end."

They talk silly money at Bermondsey as well, of course. Phrases like "£400 the pair" and "£150 each" slip off the traders' tongues with the assurance of those who have successfully shifted brass folding rulers for £60. I didn't do too well on the wedding present front: I guess it'll have to be the list after all. Even in Bermondsey, there are few bargains to be had.

I did pause for a moment, though, over a pair of brooches. They were made of a fox's paw and a pheasant's foot set in silver and amber with little bits of tartaan. "How much are these?" I asked. I thought I might huy them to wiod up an animal lover. "£70 each," said the man. "What?" "That's real silver." "I'll think about it," I said, which is slang for "you've got to be kidding". I wandered on. Further down, a stray mid-morning dealer filled to the time before Grosvenor House by studying jewellery. He picked up a ring, squinted at it. "It's 14 carat, that, guv," said the Essex man behind the stall with breezy confidence. Dealer lowered his eyeglass, raised his chin and gazed at him imperiously. "Bollocks," he said.

Photographs by Brian Harris



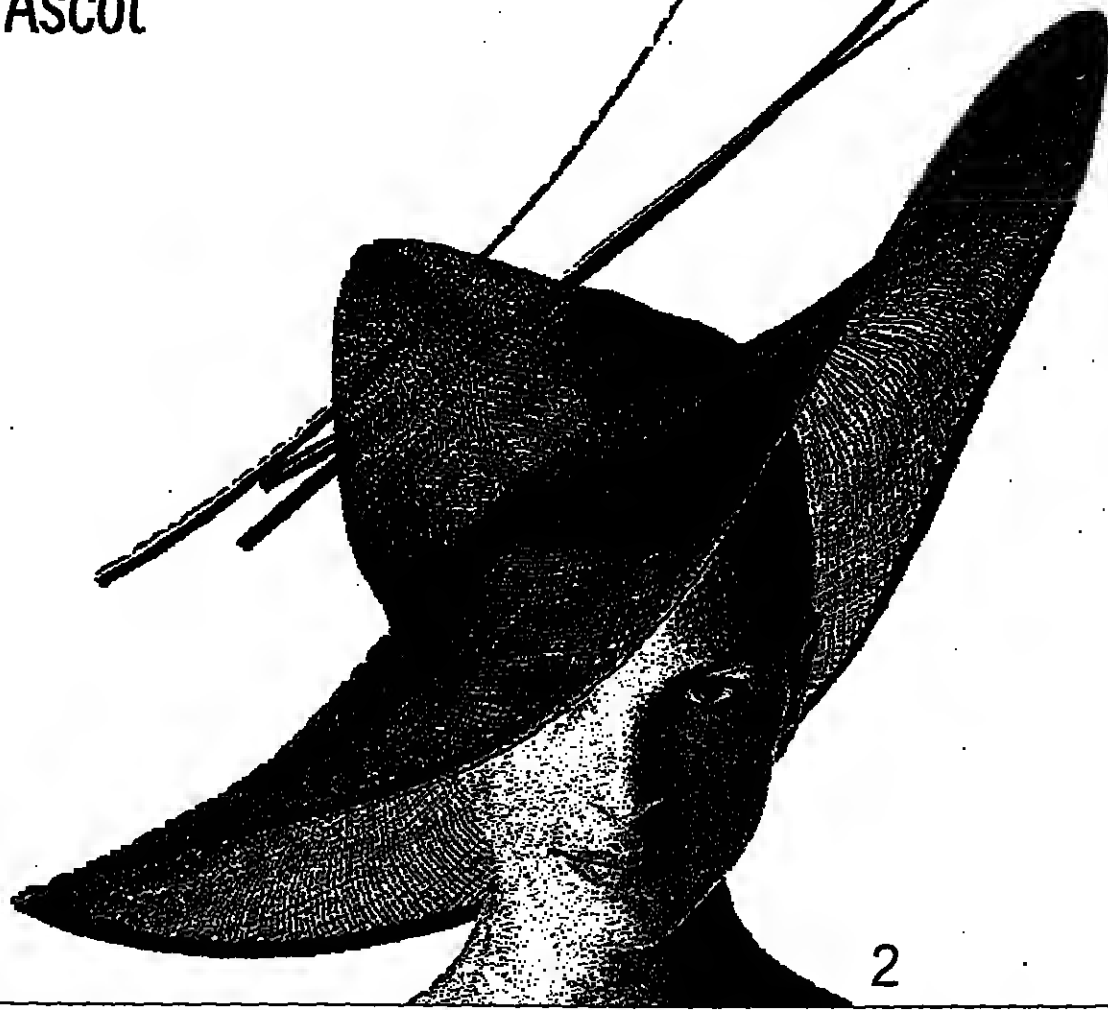
## shopping

## Six of the best hats for Ascot

**1** Stripy straw hat, £350. Move in the right circles wearing Lucy Barlow's black and stone stitched straw hat. Although by appointment only, Lucy's workshop-cum-showroom has a very friendly atmosphere. Lucy Barlow, 14 Portobello Green, London W10. Call 0171-968 5333.

**2** Couture picture hat, to order only. This stunning woven straw Treacy creation, with its fearsome feather spines, is guaranteed to turn a few heads at Ascot. Be warned however, the breadth of the brim and the angle at which it has to be worn makes a swan-like neck essential. By appointment only, 69 Elizabeth St, London SW1. Call 0171-259 9605.

**3** Red and black flame hat, £250. This fiery number comes from Herald and Heart Hatters' current collection. The main hat is made from black, stitched straw and topped with an explosion of scarlet sinamay. Herald & Heart Hatters, 131 St Philip Street, London SW8. Call 0171-627 2414.

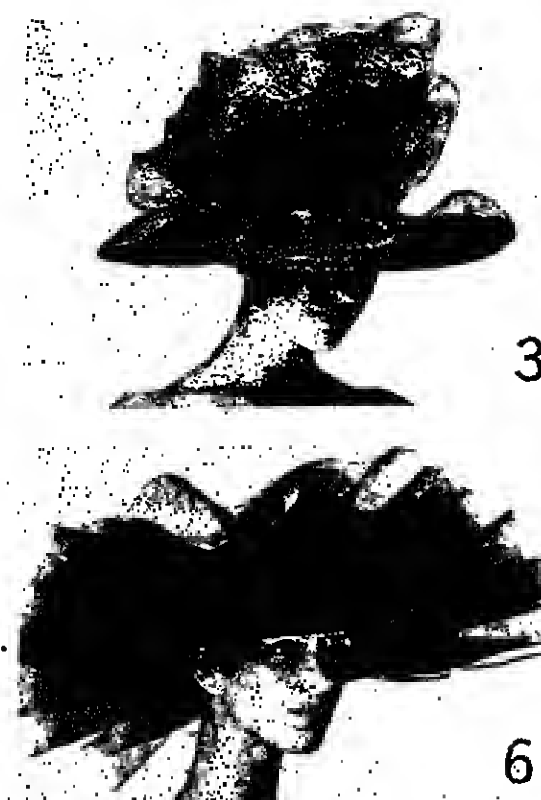


**4** Huge wide brimmed black hat, £530. Audrey Hepburn eat your heart out. Acres of black stitched straw decorated with a mass of strappy grosgrain ribbon makes for spectacular, if rather heavy headgear. Baily Tomlin, 38 Southwell Rd, London SE5. Call 0171-274 9488.

**5** Organdie and sinamay hat, £295. A turban-like swirl of organdie, trimmed with burnt ostrich quills, is finished off with a more traditional black sinamay brim. Philip Sommerville, no appointment needed, 38 Chiltern St, London W1. Call 0171-224 1517.

**6** The panther, £186. Although this black extravaganza didn't get the number one vote in the office, it is Stephen Jones' best selling Ascot hat for this year. The panther has a woven straw base hidden under swathes of ruffled crin. No appointment needed, 36 Great Queen St, London WC2. Call 0171-242 0770.

Stylist: Rose Hammick  
Photographer: Tony Buckingham



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**D & S TRAVEL**  
SUPPLIES LIMITED  
COMPANY NO 994083  
NOTICE PURSUANT TO THE  
COMPANIES ACT 1985  
SECTION 175 PURCHASE OF  
SHARES FROM CAPITAL  
Notice is hereby given that  
1. By a special resolution of the  
shareholders of the above-named  
Company passed on 31st May 1996,  
the payment out of capital of £30,000,  
for the purpose of the Company acquiring  
100 Ordinary Shares of £1 each from  
the following was authorized.  
Name: Ordinary Shares  
Clay Bury 100  
2. The amount of the permissible  
capital payment is defined by Section  
172, 171 and 173 of the Companies Act  
1985 as £30,000.  
3. The statutory declaration of the  
directors and the auditors' report  
required by section 173 of the said Act  
are available for inspection at the  
registered office of the Company  
situated at R. W. Fisher & Company,  
Aire House, 11-15 William Road,  
London NW1 12N.  
4. Any creditor of the Company who at  
any time within the period of five weeks  
immediately following 31st May 1996  
has a claim against the Company  
shall send a statement of his claim  
to the registered office of the Company  
situated at R. W. Fisher & Company,  
Aire House, 11-15 William Road,  
London NW1 12N.  
5. Any creditor of the Company who at  
any time within the period of five weeks  
immediately following 31st May 1996  
has a claim against the Company  
shall send a statement of his claim  
to the registered office of the Company  
situated at R. W. Fisher & Company,  
Aire House, 11-15 William Road,  
London NW1 12N.

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# Over there: the British shopping experience

In France they swoon for our vanilla scent; in Asia they fight for our padded bras. Sally Williams reports on high street names with export appeal



British beef may be off the menu on the Continent, but the British sandwich is a big hit. "Parisians love them," says Tracy Nelson, a spokesperson for Marks and Spencer, "which is surprising as France is not big on sandwiches. Neither is Spain, but the sandwich counter in our Madrid branch sells out every day."

Marks and Spencer has 344 shops in 30 countries. It is not the only British retail company to realise the potential of foreign markets. "More and more companies are now looking to expand abroad," says Clive Grant from Corporate Intelligence and Retailing and author of the soon to be published *UK Retailers Cross Border Activities*. Retailing used to be a very domestic affair. In any one city only a few per cent of shops would be owned by foreigners. But, as markets approach capacity – try and name a town which doesn't have a supermarket near it – companies are obliged to look elsewhere for profits. They can either diversify, which is risky, or go abroad.

Shareholder pressure, the attraction of higher profit margins and gaps in overseas markets are some other reasons why nearly 100 of the top 700 retailing companies in this

country, now have branches abroad.

According to Mike Fine, consultant with Management Horizons, a retail consulting firm, the "internationalisation" of the market place is nothing new. "It started with international sourcing – companies going overseas to get cheaper shirts, in the late Seventies," he says. "Then, on to the realisation that there was an international consumer taste – everyone likes McDonalds. Now, for retailers in the UK north America and western Europe – where the vast majority of international retailers come from – it's a process that will continue."

Already, Benetton (Italian) has 7,000 outlets in 100 countries. McDonalds (American) has outlets in 120 countries. And the Body Shop (UK) with 1,121 shops in Europe, the Middle East, Asia, North America, South America and the Pacific, means there is scarcely a corner of the globe where you cannot buy a bottle of Peppermint Foot Lotion.

Does "internationalisation" then mean that Stuttgart will have exactly the same shops as Milton Keynes – a justifiable conclusion since Milton Keynes has virtually the same shops as every city in this country? "Not necessarily," says Fine, "what will happen, is that the

big cities around the world: Milan, London, New York, Los Angeles, will increasingly have some of the same shops, but Paris will not look exactly like Chicago or Milan like London – home markets will always dominate."

The markets of the future, says Grant, "are Eastern Europe, Latin America, South Africa, the Pacific rim, and Turkey." Trading abroad, however, is not without its problems. "Investing abroad is risky," says Grant. "Mistakes have been made by people rushing in, not researching the market and making fundamental errors." Dixon, for example, went to the States and bought a company called Stylo. "The US economy turned down. Competition heated up and they had to pull out," says Grant.

But it is not just the giants of British retailing who have successfully spread their wings. Among Marks and Spencer, Laura Ashley and all the other quintessentially British companies that have colonised Paris in recent years, is a little-known corner of Britain: Alexandria Workwear, a company which specialises in uniforms for chefs, dinnerladies and cleaners. The Parisians, it seems, just can't get enough of white knickers, floral frocks and British overalls.

## TieRack

329 outlets in 26 countries

Vibrant, loud and zany ties sell particularly well in Germany. Lemon ties are very popular in Belgium, French men prefer softer, autumnal colours: plum, deep orange and teal. European men are much more colour co-ordinated than British, choosing ties which actually match jackets or suits. Novelty Disney boxer shorts have universal appeal. The best-seller in Abu Dhabi is ladies' head scarves: a market dictated by religion. Apart from a small market for polyester ties in Canada, silk is the favoured material worldwide.

## MARKS & SPENCER

344 outlets in 30 countries

Hong Kong is one of the largest markets for cashmere wool coats. Asian women also prefer embellished, patterned or embroidered jumpers over plain lambs wool or Shetland.

Loose-fitting denim dresses did not sell well in Spain, Spanish women thought them too frumpy. Likewise, locals complained that the mannequins in the window of the Madrid store needed to wear more gold jewellery. Traditional British tea-time products: scones and cream, crumpets, English tea and bacon

sell well throughout the world, although stores have to carry written instructions for how they should be cooked. Customers have been known to eat bacon, like ham, straight from the packet, not cook their Christmas puddings and eat crumpets raw.



1,121 outlets outside the UK

Vanilla is a very popular scent in France. Moisturisers and lip balms sell well in Scandinavia. Asian customers favour non-dry hair type shampoos. Aroma jars and other home fragrance products sell especially well in the USA. Also, Americans prefer flip-top or screw-top bottles. Fake tan is particularly popular in Germany.

## KNICKERBOX

39 outlets in nine countries

Because Asian women are less curvaceous than European, bras have to be custom made for the Asian market. Padded, with adjusted wings and apex to accommodate a smaller cup capacity, the largest size is a 34B. In the UK it is a 36D. Red is a very important colour in Spain, but it has to be just the right shade: Flamenco Red. Lilac products do not sell at all well in

Scandinavia: it is the colour of mourning. Not one unit of the Copenhagen like knicker range sold.



366 outlets in 29 countries

The American market is very focused on bed linen, with Cornflower Stripes being the most popular. The Acapulco floral print dress sells particularly well in the States. British women, on the other hand, prefer the Acapulco skirt.

## HMV

231 outlets in seven countries

Senior British HMV executives visiting outlets in Japan were baffled to find their slick, state-of-the-art stores covered with hand-written post-it notes: sales assistants were offering their thoughts and criticisms on the music. The executives huffed and puffed about the stores looking like church bazaars, only to discover that in Japan, to give something personal – opinion included – is highly valued. Notes still appear, but are now printed. Most consumers in Europe when they enter the HMV store, walk to the right. Australians, for some unknown reason, walk to the left. Merchandising has to be reorganised accordingly.

# Over here: the best of British, with a European flavour

Why drink Calvados when you can buy apple brandy? By Hamish Scott

There was a time, still embarrassingly recent, when the British were notoriously suspicious of all "foreign" food. Attitudes are very different today. Foreign holidays, exotic cookbooks and the competitive demands of entertaining have transformed the British larder, replacing fish-paste with sun-dried tomatoes. Unconstrained by national traditions in the kitchen, we plunder other countries for their recipes and raw materials.

British food producers are increasingly responding to this change by offering home-grown alternatives to many European foods. Some examples, such as Welsh mozzarella, are no more than cheap and cheerful copies, but there are also cases in which British versions of European standards are so well-crafted and delicious as to satisfy even the most demanding Frenchman.

Oysters were a common feature of the British diet until pollution, over-fishing and disease virtually wiped out native stocks. Most oysters farmed today, both in Britain and in France, are Pacifics, which are harder and faster growing than the native British variety. An exception to this rule is the Duchy of Cornwall Oyster Farm in Port Navas, near Falmouth, where Len Hodges has, with the help of some judicious "seeding", encouraged the return of natives to the Helford estuary. It is not only customers at Mr Hodges' quayside shop who share his belief that these are superior by far to the farmed Pacifics so popular in Brittany, smart restaurants in France and Spain are creating an insatiable demand for native Cornish oysters.

Edible snails were introduced to Britain by the

Romans although, unlike the French, we have long ceased to regard them with much relish. In parts of the west country, however, they were gathered for the table in quite recent times and Nicola French, at Beechfield Farm near Langport, now runs one of England's few surviving snail farms. *Petit gris*, collected in the wild, are fattened up in poly-tunnels on a diet of green salad for sale to restaurants and to locals with a taste for fresh escargots.

An ideal accompaniment to Somerset escargots might be garlic from the Isle of Wight, where Colin Boswell at Mersley Farm produces 100 tons of bulbs each season. The days of British prejudice against garlic are long over, for as a nation we now consume more than 2,000 tons a year, most of it imported from France, Spain, California or even China. Though Mersley Farm still remains the only commercial grower in this country, they already export bulbs to Paris, where they are sold by Marks and Spencer. Indeed the Isle of Wight is so proud of its exotic harvest that a Garlic Festival is held each August, attracting more than 30,000 visitors last year.

English ham is traditionally cooked after a few months of curing, in contrast to continental air-dried hams, which are eaten thinly sliced and raw. Richard Woodall, whose family have been producing bacon, ham and sausages in Cumbria since 1828, was Britain's first butcher to experiment with the methods used in Parma and Bayonne. His hams are cured in salt and saltpetre, along with a few herbs and spices, then hung up to mature for at least a year. The longer they are left, the better they become, according to Mr Woodall, whose one regret is that he must watch



his plump and juicy hams slowly shrink to one fifth of their weight during the long drying process. Mr Woodall also make a fine pancetta and he has recently discovered an unexpected market for his dry-cured bacon. The Belgians love to eat it raw.

Air-dried ham is also made by Amanda Streatfield and her husband at Denhay Farm in Dorset. The cure they use is more elaborate than Mr Woodall's, with apple juice and honey added to the brine, and their hams are oak-smoked in the manner of Westphalia. La Grande Epicerie in Paris recently became Denhay Ham's first European outlet.

British cheeses have enjoyed a huge revival over recent years and respectable versions of

camembert and brie are now produced in England, particularly in Somerset. For those who like some pungency and tang, however, there are hand-crafted Scottish cheeses that can rival any to be smelt across the channel. Bonchester, made from unpasteurised Jersey milk, ripens to the melting richness of a perfect camembert, whilst Lanark Blue, from ewes' milk, is more than comparable with Roquefort. Rawmilk cheeses are however treated with suspicion in this country. In a recent, protracted battle with health and safety regulations it took expert evidence from French scientists to save Lanark Blue from official condemnation.

When it comes to choosing English wines to accompany such food, Panshurst Seyval Blanc or

Somerset apple brandy  
Photo: John Lawrence

Lamberhurst Fumé would be perfect with the snails or oysters. Matured in old oak casks, either might impress a Frenchman, so long as he was not allowed to see the label. In years when the Sussex climate is sufficiently forgiving, Lamberhurst also make a red wine from a blend of French and Russian vines. As one of England's largest and best-established vineyards, Lamberhurst are now starting to attack the European market through an outlet appropriately sited in the Belgian town of Waterloo.

Whilst the French may favour malt whisky as a digestif, an excellent alternative to Calvados is Somerset apple brandy. Distilled in old French stills and matured in wooden vats, Julian Temperley's Somerset Royal has a fresh clean taste of apples, whilst his Five Year Old is as velvety and subtle as mature cognac. Later on this year he will be launching Britain's first "eau de vie" onto an unsuspecting market. This innocently clear liquid is so potent that a single glass could silence any argument about the quality of British food and drink.

The Duchy of Cornwall Oyster Farm: 01326 340210; French's Escargots: 01458 252246; Mersley Farm: 01983 865229; I.O.W. Garlic Festival, Island Partners Ltd: 01983 863411; Richard Woodall: 01229 717386; Denhay Farms: 01308 422770; Bonchester Cheese: 0145 0860635; Lanark Blue: 0189 981 0257; Panshurst Vineyards: 01892 870255; Lamberhurst Vineyards: 01892 890844; Somerset Cider Brandy Co: 01460 240782.



## shopping



## bazaar

## Checkout Bjorn Borg, 70 Sloane Ave, London

What is it? Not the Seventies tennis champ's fan club, but a Swedish-owned "underwear palace" in Loodoo. There's nothing below the belt about this: it's licensed to use Bjorn's legendary name. Deliciously cheesy promotional postcards show Svenska sirens Inga-Britt and Ulle giving nerdy Uffe a good birching. "A sauna gives the Swedes an opportunity to 'pusta ut' (take it easy)," explains a caption.

The shop's stock? Sporty, no-frills 100 per cent cotton undies for guys 'n' gals in black and white or cheeky apple green, sunshine yellow and burnt orange. A smorgasbord of polo shirts, shades, and shoes. Racy zip-front Lycra scuba trunks for the meo and snakeskin bikini for the women. There's oot a towelling headband to be seen.

Who shops there? Tara Palmer Tompkinson and Ringo Starr rub shoulders with repeat buyers and curious tourists, including Swedes, according to one of the many flaxseed-baired staff. Also, meo after "UPC" (unlimited package control) - the £20 classic white men's trunks with a lovehandle-taming elastic waistband are the shop's bestseller.

Best buys: For girls: low-cut, visible-panty-line-proof briefs, (£10.95). For boys: black leather loafers (£85), chunkier than Patrick Cox Wannabes but no less elegant.

Don't buy: Day-glo wetsuit-style cozzie stamped with a dirty great "Bjorn Borg" signature - unless you want to look like a stray Home And Away surf dork. Mail order: 0171-581 0150

## Good thing

Bi-plane shelf, £130 to order

These shelves are just one design in Dream Team's children's furniture range, which includes shelves, cupboards and chairs. Their brightly painted, sea dragon shelf is perfect for storing the kids' videos, and the rocket cupboard complete with fins makes a fun toy chest. A piglet headboard (£120 approx) and a piglet chair from £65 are the latest additions to the range.

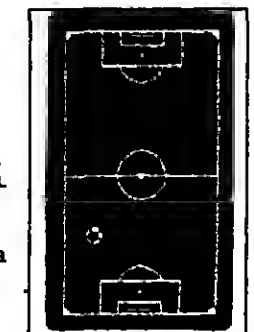
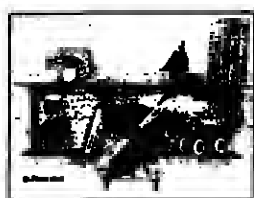
Dream Team Design, 01488 608807

## Mad thing

Football pitch doormat, £12.49 incl p&p

The national sport has invaded even the most mundane areas of our lives. Now you can not only eat and sleep football, but you can also wipe your muddy shoes - or footie boots - on a replica of the hallowed turf.

Catalogue Development Centre, 01271-866112

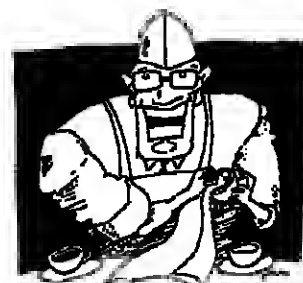


## The thing about... chirpy shop assistants

If you have ever had parents, you will remember shopping. Or, more specifically, the grumbles about the shop assistants. The phrase "In my day, shop assistants were meant to be polite" was repeated with a ritual significance only matched by "Isn't it sad about the elm trees?"

The thing about shop staff is that they used to know their place. And their place was behind the cash till getting on with the important business of telephoning. The phrase "Can I help you?" was purely rhetorical. Waiting staff, too, had the art of avoiding diners' eyes down to a tee. It took minutes of training to work in the leisure industries, and they took pride in their skills. Everyone aspired to the practised indifference of the staff at Woolworths.

No more. Now they aspire to the robotic charm of Disney-



land. The Americanisation of retail is spreading apace, and to the British shopper, accustomed to proper service, this is a development that breaches our comfort zones. The glazed eye, the fixed grin, the enquiries as to one's well being: they bring out an innate desire to say "Actually, I have a screaming hangover and I'd rather you didn't talk to me."

Just to point fingers for a moment, I'd say that the My Kinda Town restaurant chain, proprietors of Henry J Beans

and the Chicago Pizza Pie Factory, started undermining the fabric of our society with the phrases "No problem at all," "Is everything okay here?" and "Enjoy your meal." Now you can't buy a cup of coffee without being assailed by cheery familiarity: the otherwise admirable Seattle Coffee Company, who deserve love in buckets to these shores, obviously sustains its staff on a mixed diet of valium and cocaine. I wouldn't mind, but they're not sharing.

Is there not some middle ground? A world where you can buy things without either being curmudgeoned to death or contracting into lifelong friendship? America's other great export, after all, is serial order. Thank you for reading and have a nice day.

Serena Mackesy

Tel: 0171 293 2222

## classified • independent traders

Fax: 0171 293 2505

## Regain your flat stomach...

(... and achieve a trimmer, streamlined figure)  
PowerTek effortlessly and quickly combats the 5 causes of a fat, flabby and ugly lower abdomen  
Too much fat **IS NOT** always the main reason!

New research in the USA has revealed why women and men over 25 tend towards a flabby, fat stomach. The researchers also believe that they know how this can be prevented. They state that there are 5 reasons for a fat stomach. And, according to this study, these 5 reasons have nothing to do with superfluous fat.

You don't have to hide! You won't lose your stomach by suddenly stopping eating. It is now also stated that normal stomach exercises may almost be ineffective. They just lead nowhere.

Why? Because the stomach muscles are muscles which are not used during normal activities. They are "inactive" muscles. For this reason the stomach muscles cannot easily be reactivated. As opposed to the arm muscles - for example, when you lift a glass, the biceps is automatically used - i.e. also shaped and strengthened. Normal activity strengthens "active" muscles.

"Inactive" muscles - among them the stomach muscles - have been difficult according to the researchers, to be strengthened and shaped by usual methods. So "PowerTek" and "PowerTek" have had to be hidden under "anti-type" clothing.

**THE 5 MOST IMPORTANT CAUSES**  
The 5 main causes of a flabby, fat stomach are:

1. The anatomy of the abdomen with its innervation

2. Bad and shallow breathing habits

3. During pregnancy women often compensate for their large stomachs by wrong posture (leaning backwards, curved spine). And after childbirth some women retain this wrong posture

4. The lower stomach muscles are smaller than the upper ones

5. Other untrained and little used muscles - cause bad posture. Because of this the lower abdomen just "sags" down.

6. Bad and shallow breathing habits

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The Sheltons' garden is large, fertile – and full of problems and potential  
Photo: Guzelian/Peter Byrne

## How do you tame a rampant garden?

Brambles are threatening to take over the Sheltons' borders. And then there's the bog...

Our rectory, a lovely well-built 1930s house, has a back garden measuring 64ft by 210ft. The part nearest the house is mostly lawn (the parish has provided a motor mower); the bottom 66ft is a mixture of bramble, nettle and fruit trees, ideal for children's dens, but also for trips to casualty.

There is a lot of amphibian life in the garden, mainly due to a section of the lawn – mostly moss – which is normally wet and, after heavy rain, can be ankle deep in water.

Our helpful churchwardens have driven back the borders, but they are still madly overgrown. The diocese (the property owner) is in seemingly endless correspondence with the County Council concerning drainage into a filled-in dyke at the bottom of the garden. Time, money and gardening prowess are sadly limited, but a parish strawberry tea in wellies doesn't seem quite the done thing.

The letter was signed "from a drowning rectory's wife", the wife being Diana Shelton, who lives at the rectory in Waltham, near Grimsby with her husband Ian and their three young children, Michael, Megan and Matthew.

Their garden showed every sign of enjoying the rich soil that makes this corner of north-east Lincolnshire such a productive area. Huge bram-

bles reared out of the shrub border on the right-hand side of the lawn. Even huger ones were threatening to take over on the left, where three big hebes had been hard hit by the coldest winter seen in these parts for a long time.

The winter and spring had been relatively dry, but I could see by the clumps of rushes that the ground on the left-hand side wanted to be quagmire more than it wanted to be lawn.

Anglian Water had recently been to the rectory to install a new sewer junction behind the garage, but the Sheltons, who had hoped that this might solve the problem of the bog, had been told that it was likely to make things worse. The old, cracked sewer had probably been absorbing some of the surface water and draining it away. The new one wouldn't. The water authority was as puzzled as the Sheltons about where this water was coming from.

The garden, being large and fertile, held great possibilities for keen gardeners and a previous incumbent had left the makings of a good shrub border on the right-hand side. But the Sheltons are not keen on gardening, and parishioners would hardly thank Ian Shelton for spending time hacking his brambles rather than christening babies. In between mothering, Diana Shelton teaches maths, so she does not have much time for the garden. But she

ANNA PAVORD



Workshop

hated the feeling of "everything being out of control".

Of the two areas that worried Mrs Shelton, the problems of the left-hand border seemed far more pressing. At the back, I suggested she might harden her heart, reach for some brushwood killer (such as SBK) and spray the brambles. They are bullies and need to be treated as such.

With the brambles out of the way, the grass could be allowed to grow long between the fruit trees. The children would perhaps appreciate the wilder aspect of this part of the garden (you can't make a decent den in short grass) and the grass could be cut just twice a year.

In the left-hand border, about 16ft wide, there is little left except rubble from an unidentified building, a laurel and the battered hebes. A small

JCB seemed to be the right tool to reach for. It could scoop up the rubble, hook out the useless laurel and the dead hebes, grade and smooth over the ground ready for sowing lawn seed in September and scoop out a trench down the length of the border to take a land drain – if Anglian Water or the diocese decide this is what is needed.

Grassing over means more mowing – the most boring job in a garden – and this is not the way a keen gardener would resolve the problem, but the Sheltons have enough on their plates without another shrub border to look after. If they can't get anybody to agree to lay a land drain (they are tenants, so can't make those decisions), then they could plant a couple of willows. These will soak up a great deal of water and if they keep them pollarded, (which means cutting out some of the main stems at the end of winter each year), they can stop them getting too big for their boots.

I wouldn't choose a weeping willow for this position. Its habit means it couldn't be pollarded and it would quickly get too big. I'd go for types such as *Salix alba sericea* with striking silvery white leaves. Or *Salix alba vitellina* 'Britzensis', the scarlet willow with leaves that are pale yellowish grey. It is at its best in winter when the new shoots are bright orange-red, glowing in a January fog.

On the right-hand shrub border,

brambles are threatening to engulf some good plants. The brambles are intertwined with the shrubs so spraying isn't an option. But they could cut the brambles back to their growing point and paint SBK on to the new shoots when they emerge.

Some of the plants there, the laburnum and the purple-leaved cherry, needed no attention. Others did. The variegated dogwood *Cornus alba* 'Elegansissima' is grown as much for its winter bark as its summer leaves. The bark is brightest if you take out a third of the old stems each year in early spring.

There was another hebe in this border that had been knocked back by winter cold. I would tidy it up by cutting out all the dead growth now and also attack the huge laurel that was overhanging a viburnum. The viburnum was by far the more important of the two shrubs. The best way to cut back a laurel is to run your hand down the branches you want to get rid of, to find the point where they join the trunk, or a bigger branch. Cut them off at the junction.

I got excited about the rejuvenation of the shrub border. Too late, I noticed a sense of overload descending on Mrs Shelton, though she was much too polite to say so. I should have come with my pruning saw, rather than a load of hot air. Perhaps some kind parishioner will oblige.



CUTTINGS

Tools, garden antiques, sundials, books, prints, paintings, cards, trellis, English terracotta pots, and a wide range of plants from specialist nurseries will be on sale at Jardinage, Chelsea Old Town Hall, Kings Road, London SW3 this Thursday (11am-8.30pm). Admission £3. If you can't make the sale this week, make a note of the next which will be on 26 September.

The fine East Gardens at Hatfield House, Hatfield, Herts will be open during the whole of the Midsummer Festival of Gardening, to be held at the house next Saturday, 22 June (10am-6pm) and Sunday 23 June (10am-5pm). The gardens, beautifully planted by the Marchioness of Salisbury, provide an unparalleled setting for the festival, which includes a horticultural display set up in a large marquee. Thirty nurseries will be offering plants for sale and there will also be lectures and gardening demonstrations throughout the weekend. The main entrance gate to Hatfield lies immediately opposite Hatfield railway station. Admission to the show, £4.90.

Barrington Court, the National Trust's Edwardian garden in Somerset, is the first stop in Stephen Lacey's nationwide tour, to celebrate the publication of his recent definitive book, *Gardens of the National Trust* (National Trust £29.99). Mr Lacey will answer visitors' questions and will also give a short talk on planting design. The session starts at 10am. Tickets are £8, which includes admission to the garden and house. To book, or for further information, call 01460 241938.

### WEEKEND WORK

Cut back broom when it has finished flowering, shortening flowered shoots to within a couple of inches of the old wood. Dead head lilac and cut back *Clematis montana* if it is threatening to engulf other shrubs. Take out some of the old wands of growth on *Rubus tridens* to encourage fresh growth from the base of the shrub. Shear over clumps of aubrieta and arabis to remove dead flower heads. Work over alyssum bushes, cutting out old flower stems.

Watch out for suckers on roses. They always spring from the base of the shrub and the foliage often looks different from that of the parent plant. Pull them off before they get too dominant. Loosely tie in sappy new growths of climbing roses so they do not get beaten about or snapped by wind. Old stockings or tights are ideal for this kind of job.

Cut back the foliage of early flowering *Iris unguicularis* so that sun can warm the rhizomes. Sycamore seedlings are springing up faster than dragons' teeth. Remove them before they get too firm a hold. Prune out all green shoots on variegated shrubs such as ivies and trees such as the variegated sycamore. Green shoots have more vigour than the variegated ones and can quickly take over the entire plant.

Pinch out flower buds from shrubs that you grow mainly for their foliage, such as senecios and coleus. Herbs such as chives also benefit from this sort of treatment. Cut back the fading flower heads of spurge such as *Euphorbia polychroma*.

## Top of the pots

Jim Keeling is a craftsman with a mission. By Caroline Donald

Next Sunday, as part of the National Garden Scheme, the villagers of Whichford in Warwickshire will be opening their gardens to the public. Among those on show will be Jim Keeling's "paradise garden".

The cows had got in the night before I paid a visit, but luckily little damage was done. The effects of the freezing rain earlier in the year were more marked: "I hate being able to see the ground," said Mr Keeling, as he showed me round a delightful courtyard. Still, we concurred, the solution would be to fill the spaces with strategically placed pots.

This shouldn't be difficult, through the wall, is Jim Keeling's very own "country pottery", which he claims is the largest in Europe. All the terracotta pots are hand-thrown or moulded: from simple traditional horticultural ware such as long toms, seed pans and plain flower pots, to exuberant urns, Ali Baba jars and a pot so large that you could set up house in it (it costs not much less than a house).

Jim Keeling is not just a man who throws pots, he thinks and cares deeply about them. "Being a craftsman is about the clay first and foremost," he says. "But then it leads you on to all these other things such as the relationship between the external and the internal. Aesthetics is obviously about that as well."

Mr Keeling sees himself as part of a great tradition, that of the English country potters who each produced millions of flower pots before their trade was all but wiped out in the 1950s by the advent of machine pottery. He served his apprenticeship at one of the last surviving such potteries, A Harris & Sons at Wroesham, where throwing 1,200 small pots was considered a normal day's work.

"There's a particular way of working in a traditional country pottery," he says. "You work very fast, are not too



Jim Keeling's pots: part of a great tradition

fussy, and you work as a team."

Each of the pots turned out by Whichford is stamped with the date that it was made and the name of the thrower, of which there are about 10. "I've been in charge of design up to now," says Mr Keeling cheerily. "But it's not quite as straightforward as that because the more skillful the team gets, the more input they have. A pot design may have started out looking one shape but a year later I can't help noticing that it has changed." He chuckles. "That is the way it should be."

Such a fluid outlook underlies Whichford's success – the stand is always humming at the Chelsea Flower Show and the pots are exported all over the world.

"As long as I have a skilled workforce," says Mr Keeling, "we can turn out a variety which will put us completely out of reach of mass production. This is the way forward in the crafts but it requires real dedication to training skills and a refusal to compete with machine-made stuff."

He also refuses to make compromises in his designs. There may be Greek, Roman and Renaissance motifs

among Whichford pots, but these are, he says, integral to English culture. "You must never desert your home market. If you work in the export market, the designs given to you are outside your culture, and you are taking the heart out of craftsmanship."

And he is passionate about craftsmanship, past and present: "For every country potter since about 1670, flowerpots were how they earned their bread and butter. Yet there is not a single entry in the Victoria & Albert Museum catalogue, out of so many hundreds of millions that were made. They've all been smashed up." Perhaps now that the experience and craftsmanship that goes into producing a hand-thrown or pressed terracotta pot is such a rare commodity, it is time for the V&A to make a purchase from Whichford for its collection, as a skill saved for the nation.

Whichford & Ascot Gardens, near Shipton-on-Stour will be open for the NGS on Sunday 16 June from 2-6pm. For a Whichford Pottery catalogue, call 01608-684416

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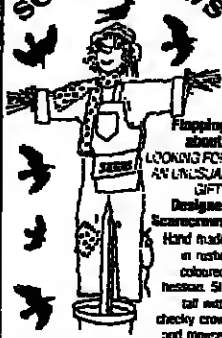
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## country dartmoor

## Wild trout in a perfect, miniature world

Dartmoor offers extraordinarily cheap fishing. It is also one of the last parts of south England where the rivers are unstocked. By Andrew Brown

At six in the morning on Dartmoor the world was held in a cool grey bubble with a black river running through the middle of it. There were no sounds but the Cherrybrook River whispering to itself as it picked its way across the moor. No cars would be along the road for hours; the only living things in the world were me and the trout.

Unfortunately the bigger trout were still asleep. For a couple of hours I worked my way up and down a perfect miniature river, catching nothing but perfect miniature trout. My hotel room key was longer than some of the fish I caught before breakfast that morning. Later, the river would wake up and produce trout of a more comfortable size. However, in the very early morning, the whole world seems shrunk to a Lilliputian scale.

The Cherrybrook itself is hardly larger than a stream. In spring and early summer, it can almost be crossed in Wellington boots, rather than waders. Its deepest pools are little more than waist deep and it is often no more than a couple of yards wide. But it behaves like a proper river. It has rapids, loopy babbly shallows full of trailing weed, and deep curves undercutting peat where the monster fish lurk. And there are monsters: one man caught a three-and-a-half pound wild trout here, which would be a matter for congratulation even on the Hampshire chalk streams. On the Cherrybrook, the fish must have looked a bit like the beast that ate Noah.

To gain a sense of remoteness

from the quotidian world, and closeness to primal monsters, is one of the main reasons for fishing. This is quite unrelated to the size of the quarry. It is a function of their wildness. Wild brown trout are now almost impossible to find in the south-east of England, and are little valued where they are found, compared to fat stocked fish. Dartmoor offers the last remaining accessible and affordable fishing for them in southern England.

It is extraordinarily cheap: the Duchy of Cornwall land on the moor costs £3 a day to fish, or £12 a week. By comparison, fishing on a reservoir costs about £20 a day; a gravel pit stocked with driftable rainbows of anything up to 20 pounds can easily cost £40 a day; while a day on the River Test can set you back £300. There is clearly little demand for naturally grown brown trout in wild rivers.

In fact the moor does not look as if it is fishable at all. The West Dart river is swift and glamorous, running across deep shelves of rock in a salmoony pools, or plunging through rapids. It is absurdly photogenic; I have four times been kept off favourite stretches by film crews. But its beautiful reaches have very little vegetation in them, and so little fly life for the trout to feed on. Just once, however, I was broke by something large and intelligent which grabbed a dry fly and then set off down the nearest rapid.

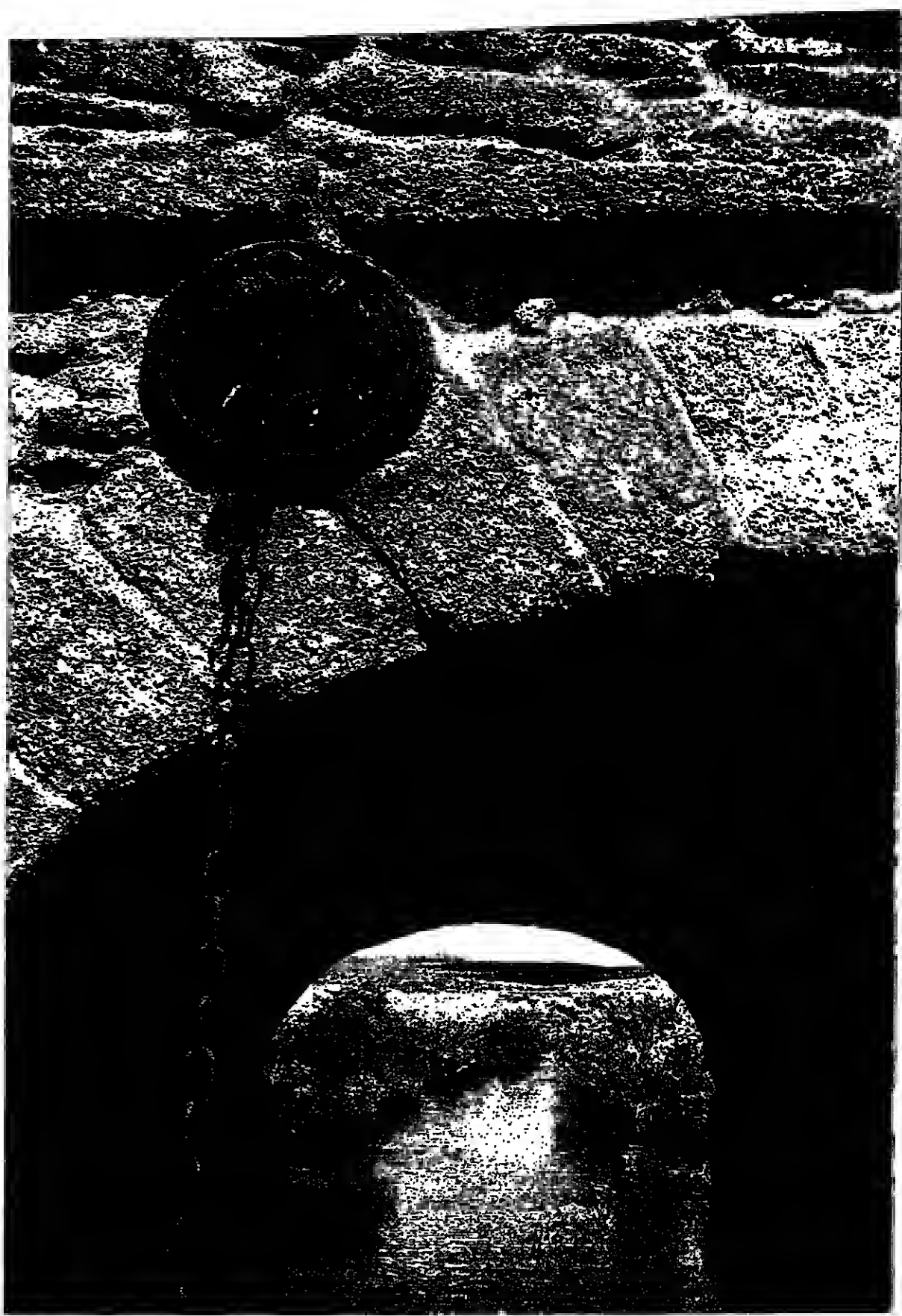
The East Dart is smaller and more intimate than the West branch of the river. It is said to hold the best trout fishing on the moor, but has too many

walkers for my taste. Moorland fishing is best conducted without an audience, and with a lot of room for backcasts, since the trout live in symbiosis with the surrounding gorse bushes: the trout get protection and the gorse bushes nourishment from the flies and bits of skin and clothing that fishermen leave in them. The trout, though shy, are easy to fool and will take almost any small dry fly, but the gorse bushes demand great caution and elaborate equipment to circumvent. Probably the best way to approach them is to wear thigh waders and move up the middle of the river with a long rod. This can look absurdly over-elaborate to walkers who believe you are contending only with the trout.

And then there's the Cherrybrook. For my part, I'll stick to the wild and miniature world here.

Duchy of Cornwall fishing permits for Dartmoor can be obtained from The Forest Inn at Huxworthy or the Post Office at Postbridge (you also need the statutory NRA fishing licence).

Dartmoor is surrounded by lovely fishing hotels, but these are not ideal if you are fishing the moor - they tend to concentrate on the salmon and sea trout fishing nearby. If you want a good central location for Dartmoor wild trout fishing, try the Cherrybrook Hotel, Two Bridges, Yelverton, PL20 6SP (01822 880260). This is a converted farmhouse in the middle of the moor, no more than 10 minutes' drive from any of the rivers.



Marc Hill

photograph: Apex

## Invasion of the moorland

'Letterboxing', an activity peculiar to Dartmoor, is taking its toll on wildlife. By Mike Prestage

Painstakingly pacing out the distance given in a cryptic clue, letterboxing veteran Pat Clatworthy arrives at a small clump of gorse and starts to search. To no avail. Even the leading aficionados of the pastime sometimes fail.

For 142 years walkers have searched out the tiny containers - or letterboxes - that are now hidden all over the 365 square miles of wilderness that makes up the Dartmoor National Park.

The letterboxes are hidden under rocks, in holes in the ground, near landmarks - and occasionally in pubs. They contain a rubber stamp, which enthusiasts collect in a personal book to show they have found them.

Letterboxing was begun by Dartmoor guide James Perrott in 1854 who

placed a bottle at the remote Cranmere Pool and circulated clues as to its whereabouts. Dartmoor's peculiar type of treasure hunt had a slow start. Perrott's "letterbox" remained the only one until around 1932. By 1969 there were 13, and eight years later just 32. However, since then the number has mushroomed and there are now 3,500 to 4,000 - nobody is exactly sure - with thousands of enthusiasts hunting for them.

Pat Clatworthy, who has collected 22,000 of these rubber stamps, loves it. "There is a wide cross section of people who take part. You can get a nine-year-old talking happily about boxes he has found with a doctor or solicitor. It also gives the chance to visit parts of the moor

that are off the beaten track."

Sam Mulligan, a 45-year-old HGV driver from Newton Abbot, says he first became interested in letterboxing and his wife visited Dartmoor simply to walk their dog. "The attraction is that you get out on your own into some of the most remote areas."

Such popularity, though, is taking its toll. Rather than follow well-laid paths clearly marked by the park authorities, letterboxers prefer to go it alone, using compasses and ordnance survey maps.

The park authorities are objecting. The invasion of remote and often environmentally sensitive sites is of increasing concern, especially since birds such as the golden plover and the ringed ouzel have been badly affected, their

nesting areas disturbed by enthusiastic letterboxers. As a result, this summer, devotees of what is becoming a craze face a revised code of conduct.

At the moment, anybody can put a letterbox out and give clues to a few other people as to its whereabouts. A more formal arrangement also exists with a letterboxers' Bible - a catalogue of Dartmoor letterboxes and a list of clues - that is published each year. The national park wants less ad hoc placing of boxes and a more regulated system. The authorities also want to draw up new rules to place a time limit on boxes and to provide guidance on where new boxes should be sited.

The letterboxers, though, are as unhappy as the authorities. At the

moment the ultimate sanction of limiting the number of boxes has been held in abeyance, but even so the new rules are only reluctantly being accepted.

Pat Clatworthy, the conduit between the park authorities and letterboxers, explains: "We've always had a good relationship with the park authority, but the truth is they don't like the unofficial nature of letterboxing. They like everything to be regulated, but the fact our pastime isn't is a great part of the attraction."

She isn't convinced by the park authority's argument over damage caused by numbers. She maintains that although thousands of people take part, few are on the moor at any given time. "Tourists like to have a go, but the number of die-hard

enthusiasts is much smaller. Even so, the 100 Club, which issues a badge to those who have amassed a century of boxes, has 11,000 members.

The word "club", though, is a misnomer - there is no formal organisation, and no regular meeting area. On the Sunday the clocks change, however, letterboxers traditionally meet at the Prison Officers' Club in Princetown to swap clues and discuss exploits.

The lack of formality lies at the heart of the park authorities' concern. Jeff Haynes, assistant park officer, explains: "We see letterboxing as an appropriate activity within the national park, but we wanted to look at how we could effect rather more control than has been the case in the past."

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## 'I'm not going near them,' said Mr X

No varroa around here, touch wood. The parasite that attacks bees doesn't seem to have made it to our neck of the woods. On the contrary, things are humming, and swarms are whizzing in all directions.

Bees crises always seem to break at awkward moments. Our most recent started at 7.50 one evening, just after I had sat down with a pint of beer. A call came from the village: a swarm had settled in Mr X's garden. "I'm not going near them," he said. "Will you take them away?"

Since the bees were probably mine, I felt morally obliged to help. At least two swarms had gone from my hives during the past couple of days, and this could easily be one of them. The snag was that I had no vacant hive in which to house a new colony - but luckily I knew of one along the lane, belonging to a neighbouring farmer, John.

Leaving my pint half-drunk, I threw some gear into the car and drove down. Mr X, hovering in his porch, pointed out the swarm in the top of a plum tree: an oval lump bigger than a rugby ball, but out in the easiest of positions. What you need is a clear space beneath the swarm, so that when you give a sudden twitch to the branch round which the bees have clus-



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tered, they drop into your skep all together.

The fascinating thing about a swarm is its dryness and lightness. The massed bees (maybe 15,000 of them) look as moist and heavy as if they were coated and stuck together with treacle. In fact they are bone-dry and light as feathers, and when you twitch the branch, they fall with a slippery rustle.

Standing on top of a stepladder, craning awkwardly through the tree, I held my skep beneath the swarm as best I could - and shook. About two thirds of it fell into the box; the rest landed on a sheet which I had spread over the grass below, or lodged on other branches.

Back on the ground, I turned the skep upside-down, with the bottom open, and propped up so that stragglers could rejoin the main tribe.

Inward migration confirmed that the queen was inside, but it took nearly an hour for all to be gathered in. Then at last I was able to close the skep and drive off.

Three minutes later, with dusk falling, I pulled up outside John's house and scrambled up a steep bank to make sure his empty hive was serviceable. Curses! It was empty no more. A swarm had found it and taken up residence during that afternoon. There on the flight-board was a heap of old wax chipmunks - proof that the new arrivals were busy spring-cleaning.

Now what? Back home, a rapid rout-about in the garden shed yielded up the rudiments of another hive: brood-chamber, or bottom unit, some combs, a crown-board, a galvanised lid. Hastily improvising, I assembled these in a corner of the orchard - only to realise that I had no base-board, an essential component.

By then it was 9.50, and almost dark. The swarm was still fizzing in the back of the car. I sped to the workshop, found a piece of block-board two feet square, and quickly carpentered up a rim of half-inch beading round three sides of it, so that the brood-chamber could sit on the rim, leaving the fourth side open as the bees' entrance.

With a serviceable hive in being,

I laid a sheet of plywood at an angle, so that it sloped up to the doorway, and at last there came the critical moment of dumping the swarm at its new front door. (There is always a chance that the bees will take against the structure and push off somewhere else.)

One shake of the skep, and out they tumbled in a tawny flood that spread right across the four-foot board. After only a moment's hesitation, the leading scouts began scurrying in through the entrance, and by some form of communication undetectable to a human they drew the whole swarm after them.

Somewhere among them was the queen, and I knew that she was being escorted by her closest retainers, which would be all round her - ahead, behind, above and below - in a solid phalanx, keeping her warm and bearing her bodily forward. But by then it was so dark that, even with my face only three or four inches above the marching troops, I could not make her out.

At 10pm I at last returned to my beer - and never has the second half of a pint gone down better. Soon I lowered a oother, secure in the knowledge that even if further swarms broke out to torment us, they could not do so before the morning.

صلى الله عليه وسلم







## arts reviews

## COMEDY

Bob Downe, Cochrane Theatre

Any US comic who can make his entry to "Yankee Go Home" is OK by James Rampton

It sometimes seems that Americans are taking over the British comedy circuit in the same way that they're taking over British privatised utilities. That wouldn't much matter if they were all as good as Rich Hall. Twinkling under beaming brows and bushy eyebrows, Hall is a refreshing change from our home-grown stand-ups who search for that mythical common ground with references to *Thunderbirds* and Chopper bikes. Any American who comes on to a London stage to the sound of "Yankee Go Home" obviously has a keen sense of self-mockery. "What kind of desperate loser would come to a show on a night like this?" he asked, as he immediately felt the heat and slung his leather jacket in a heap on the stage. "I wouldn't have come to see me on a night like this."

Hall's knack is to come at you from so far out of the left-field that he's almost off the pitch. Early on in his show at the Cochrane on Thursday, he decided to sing a romantic song for a couple in the front row out on their first date. So, naturally enough, he whipped out a copy of *Love* and started singing what he claimed were random lines from it to the accompaniment of an electric organ. "Ford Escort, 376,000 miles. As new. Needs windshield ... 30 metres of Number 4 grit sandpaper. No time-wasters, please ... Sing along if you know the words." Not the sort of routine you'd expect from a "why are relationships so difficult?" raconteur.

Prowling the stage in a blue T-shirt and shabby jeans and taking sips from a can of Irn-Bru, Hall has mastered the art of the inconsequential. "You know what I'm saying?" he wondered at one point. "Good, because I've no idea." Like his Wild West forebears, however, he is very quick on the draw when he has to be. Discovering that a member of the audience was from East Grinstead, he immediately launched into a contemplation of one of life's great mysteries. "There is no Grinstead, is there? Don't you ever wake up in the morning and think, 'Where is Grinstead?'"

And if all else fails, Hall, a writer on *Late Night with David Letterman*, has a handy stockpile of good, old-fashioned gags to draw on. (He told the millionth of his career on Thursday and by way of celebration proceeded to devour a slice of cake with a candle in it.) "Do you know how many Vietnam veterans it takes to screw in a lightbulb?" he asked quietly, before breaking into a manic shout. "You don't, 'cause you weren't there, man." A healthy reminder to all those Brits who believe Americans are born with an irony bypass.

Sprn, tonight Cochrane Theatre, Southampton Row, London, WC1. Booking: 0171-242 7040

## THEATRE Jude the Obscure, Lyric Hammersmith, London

Mike Alfreds strips bare Hardy's tale of marital woe and thwarted ambition and risks farcical overload in the pursuit of tragic simplicity. By Paul Taylor



Method acting: Geraldine Alexander as Sue Bridehead and Martin Marquez as Jude Fawcett. Photo: Stuart Morris

In terms of general tone and comportment, *Jude the Obscure* and *Private Lives* have about as much in common as *Blithe Spirit* and *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*. What, then, is director Mike Alfreds up to putting his dramatisation of Hardy's grim novel in rep with Coward's flighty comedy?

Watching Alfreds' stark, stripped-down evocation of *Jude*, you realise that there's a method in the madness of Madness and Method, the company that has brought these works together. Like Coward's Elyot and Amanda, Jude, the stone-mason who dreams of studying at Oxford, and the emancipated, compulsively contradictory Sue Bridehead have a deep, volatile affinity for each other that their marriage to quite unsuitable partners complicates and confirms. But whereas Coward's theatrical egotists can defy convention with arrogant impunity in the age of the gay divorcee, Jude and Sue are brought low by Victorian bigotry in a book that questions the marriage tie from a number of angles.

These similarities and differences hit you because of Alfreds' spare, diagrammatic staging of *Jude*, the whole novel brought to life by the same four actors who will next week appear in *Private Lives*. One intractable problem the adaptor faces is that, compared to the satisfyingly economic and stylised symmetries of the partner swaps in the Coward, the chronic vacillating in the Hardy, which seems realistic enough on the page, veers towards wearisome farce on the stage because of the necessary plot accelerations. Then again, despite the involving intensities of the Mahler music that underscores moments here, a performance style whereby the actors slip out of their main characters to narrate,

offer authorial pronouncements, or to enact minor figures, keeps you, in my view, at a slight distance from the turmoil.

There are certain features that the staging throws into splendid relief. The high wooden Gothic window frames that get whirled around sharply emphasise Jude's outsider status in the Christminster (Oxford) he has romanticised, while the fact that, at critical junctures, Sue is so often stationed behind a window brings out how she needs the safety of a barrier between them before she can be passionate with Jude. I wasn't sure about the decidedly queasy-looking puppet who represents both the hero as a boy and Jude's son, Little Father Time, since the two have quite different modes of fictional existence. But the uncluttered look of the piece allows for stage pictures of keen lucidity, as when the bed on which Jude is dying is juxtaposed to the bed on which the neurotically repentant Sue has sacrificed herself to married propriety.

The performances of Geraldine Alexander, Martin Marquez, Abigail Thaw and Simon Robson are commentaries on, as much as embodiments of, the characters but expertly convey the brittle, frigid, calculating flirtatiousness of Sue, the writhing humiliation and anguished perseverance of Jude, Arabella's ripe animal cunning and the depressed desecration of Phillotson. It will be fascinating to see how this quartet fare in the rather more glamorous world of *Private Lives* and in *Flesh and Blood*, the new Philip Osment play that will complete the repertoire.

Booking: 0181-741 2311. To 27 July

## PHOTOGRAPHY Offside! Manchester

Jane Richards realises that a football video doesn't have to mean Cup highlights

Mark Wallinger's fastidiously constructed blue and black tracings of football photographs from newspaper sports pages must have a compelling appeal for the avid fan – to see Eric Cantona sketched in mid-tackle must offer endless opportunities for tactical analysis. But what do such drawings have to say for the rest of us?

This kind of line-drawing confirms my worst fear – that football is second only to trainspotting in its tediousness. But, for that reason alone, *Offside! Contemporary artists and football*, an exhibition commissioned by the Institute of International Visual Arts for Manchester City Art Gallery, is curiously compelling. The artists – from Britain, Argentina, Columbia and Mexico – explore the visual and didactic messages transmitted by the football experience as it goes into orbit for Euro 96. Even if it's an experience you'd rather not be part of, it's still an education.

Glaswegian artist Roderick Buchanan suggests that the football fan has the ability to feel at home in any European city because a football pitch is the same the world over. Buchanan's message is conveyed by standing slap-bang in the middle of four empty pitches and slowly revolving his camera around the regimented ground. On four TV monitors are pitches in Manchester, Nantes, Glasgow and Budapest, but you have to stand there for some time to spot the difference.

Nick Waplington's four large-scale colour team portraits are tacky blow-ups of collectible sticker cards framed in high street-style gold frames. The series is titled *Best of British*, but it's an ironic title – the portraits are of foreign nationals in British teams (Rösler, Klinsmann, Cantona and Ginola).

There's something about the line-up iconography of uniformed footballers, with their set expressions and their hands held rigidly behind their backs. Footballing pin-ups are not like film star pin-ups – more an identity parade. This is the rough end of glamour, something that Freddy Contreras exploits in his rows of gleaming red high-heeled Vivienne Westwood shoes fitted with aluminium football studs. You can almost smell the sweat on the changing-room walls.

Crispen Jones's lovingly simplistic large-scale photograph of a battered football given by Captain W P Nevill to one of his platoons at the Battle of the Somme stands out. Nevill offered a prize to the first platoon to kick its ball up to the German trenches during the first wave of the assault near Montauban. It's simply a beautiful image with a delicious tale of European rivalry to match.

Offside!, Manchester City Art Galleries to 1 September

## TV REVIEW Scotland v England (C4). The programme that sweated blood to get two countries to talk to each other on the eve of conflict. By Jasper Rees

Today brings the most emotionally fraught football match played on our island for 30 years etc etc. To celebrate the event, and butt in on Euro 96 like sizzled gatecrashers, Channel 4 gave us Scotland v England, the pub debate.

When the channel's high-minded founders came up with the idea of a station that would cater for those whose voices are not usually heard on television, it might not have been foreseen that Friday night on Channel 4 would eventually metamorphose into pitted night. *Scotland*

*England*, broadcast the night before the game, required its viewers to be so befogged with booze that they wouldn't notice that it had got its own title wrong (England v Scotland, surely?)

A noisy, testosterone-fuelled exercise in triumphalist jockularity, an excuse for cheerfully ironic jingoism, this had Stuart Cosgrove's pawmarks all over it. Cosgrove is the controller of arts and entertainment at Channel 4, but he also moonlights as a professional Scotsman. He once, for his sins, wrote an enter-

taining book about Scottish football's saints and sinners – the Presbyterian teetotalers and alcoholic ne'er-do-wells who have somehow rubbed along in the national side. You could tell the dice were loaded against the home team when Gordon Kennedy, representing Scotland, entered flanked by stirring bagpipers. Nick Hancock got a couple of Morris dancers. Morris dancers never fail to crop up when someone is trying to make a point about the meagreness, the tameness, of England's folk iconography.

The best running joke of the proceedings belonged to *Father Ted*'s Dermot Morgan. Though referee, in the spirit of Celtic fraternity he flagrantly supported the Scottish cause. In fact most of the sharper barbs went to Hancock. Even though he didn't write his script, Hancock has a wry personal line in sarkiness that makes words put into his mouth sound like his own. He enjoyed the idea that the three-foot high Hadrian's Wall kept the Scots at bay for hundreds of years, and that Robert the Bruce took tips on bat-

tle tactics from an insect. He also quashed the legend that disdaining underwear when dressed in a kilt is somehow manly. "We've got no pants" has always seemed a hollow boast.

Generally, though, subtle wit spent this encounter on the subs' bench (in the real contest it won't even get as near the pitch as that). There was copious use of the words "shit" and "crap", usually a good sign that the rhetoric is not in the Ciceroian class. In the mythical beast section, Kennedy claimed that while

Scotland can field the Loch Ness monster, England can only come up with the Beast of Bodmin. Hancock omitted to make the obvious rejoinder that while Nessie is probably fictional, the Cornish cat is probably real, and therefore altogether more awesome. If only we could say the same for the animal in the England midfield (mentioning no names).

Needless to say, Scotland walked all over the opposition in a rigged contest. A channel with a remit to cater for minorities could allow no other result.

## Next week on the arts pages

**MONDAY** Meet Celeste Dandeker – a choreographic case of anything they can do, CandoCo Dance Co can do too  
**TUESDAY** That Neil Morrissey, he's a [expletive deleted] lad  
**WEDNESDAY** The heat and beat of Bahia's *candombe* cult come to town, courtesy of the Bando de Teatro Olodum, Paul Simon's favourite boys from Brazil  
**THURSDAY** Stanley Kubrick – dude or rube?  
**FRIDAY** Who needs a well when you can have lottery cash on tap? Lillian Baylis's people's palace joins the re-build queue

Some seats now available

## A Little Night Music

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Judi Dench "Superb"

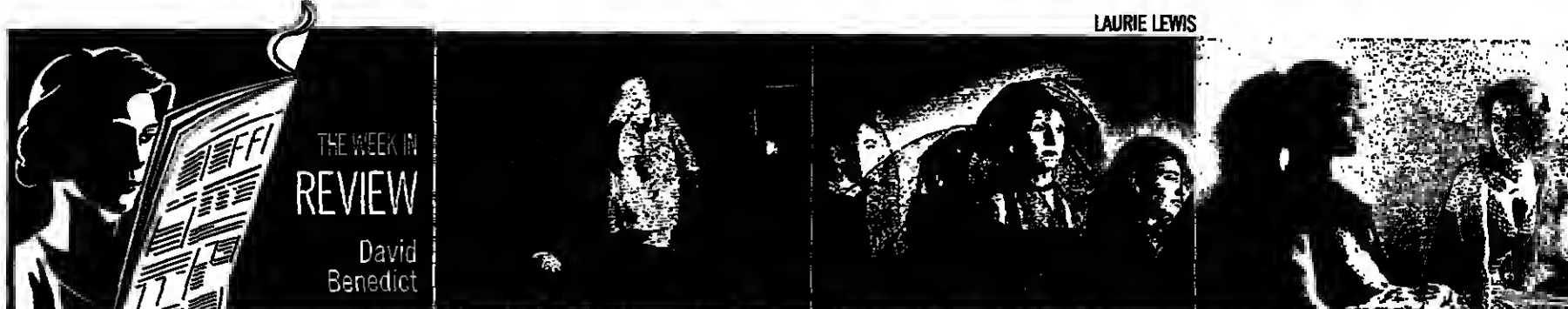
Patricia Hodge "Magnificent"

Siân Phillips "Mesmerising"

"Sean Mathias' triumphant revival"

A Little Night Music  
by Stephen Sondheim  
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|                      | THE EXHIBITION<br>OFFSIDE!  | THE OPERA<br>DON CARLOS   | THE FILM<br>AMERICAN QUILT  |
|----------------------|---|---|---|
| <b>overview</b>      | Manchester City Art Galleries present photos, drawings, scarves, flags, videos, films, stickers, translated chants and other sports culture debris for those living their Euro 96 quota.  | Verdi's powerful meditation on private passions and political expediency, staged in French, by Luc Bondy, sung by Karita Mattila, and this month's vocalists: Roberto Alagna.   | About to be married (maybe) Winona Ryder listens to, and learns from, a quizzing circle. Directed, written, produced and mostly starring women: Bancroft, Burstyn, Kate Nelligan et al.   |
| <b>critical view</b> | "Curiously compelling", thought Jane Richards (above), "you can almost smell the sweat on the changing room walls." The Guardian wondered if "these exhibitions are for people who know about art, or people who know about football, or both?" The Telegraph, however, liked Football Fever's collection of games and puzzles: "visually inspiring", but otherwise found this exhibition of two halves "positively waters the works on show are often slight and contrived." | Edward Shackleton found Alagna "not in the best of voices", "poised Mattila's 'glorious' but read the production's slow burn 'a safe, sound, but hardly sweeping proposition'. The Guardian begged to differ: "This outstanding Don Carlos is all about: superlative teamwork." The Times was grandly unimpressed: "I thought Bondy's drearily designed production... smothered to an unacceptable degree. We are used to better here." | "Ryan Glibbey wasn't expecting much but had a good time: 'The movie feels snappy and also substantial... in a genre where love is blind and unconditional, the uncertain landing has a faintly subversive scent.' "Worked out with sympathy but surprisingly little dramatic force" carped The Guardian, echoed to the rafters by The Times: "Beautifully stitched but short on significance... where the film triumphs is in its casting." |
| <b>on view</b>       | Offside! at Manchester City Art Galleries (0161 236 5244) till 1 Sept. Football Fever at Manchester Central Library (0161 234 1900) till 27 June.   | At the Royal Opera House (0171-304 4000) 13, 17, 25-28 June at 6pm, 22 June at 5pm and 4 July at 6pm.   | 15 certificate, running time 116 minutes. At the Empire, Leicester Square, London, and on general release across the country.   |
| <b>our view</b>      | A load of new balls. Only left to excite non-fans to fever pitch, though attendance will make for smart dinner party talk.  | The original French title gleams as does Alagna, but a decidedly mixed start to the Royal Opera's second Verdi Season.  | Sentimental but agreeable addition to the women's picture boom. Check out the powerhouse performances.  |



PHOTOGRAPHY

# The rise of the blue-eyed outlaw

Jay McInerney, once the hip Big Apple brat-packer, now has his sights on bigger themes. By John Walsh

*The Last of the Savages* by Jay McInerney  
Bloomsbury, £15.99

Around the turn of the Nineties, you could have been forgiven for assuming that the writers of New York's "Brat Pack" had decided to deal only in a single plot: an inverted morality tale, in which a group of rich, callow and high-fashion Manhattan sophisticates chat idly together while some scene of corruption, cruelty or murder is perpetrated in their midst and they barely notice. The characters could be young and zomboid (*Less Than Zero*) or clever and studious (*The Secret History*), employed and wasted (*Bright Lights, Big City*), unemployed and wasted (*Story of My Life*), rich and successful (*American Psycho*) or class but brainless (*A Canine in Manhattan*) – but they all seemed to partake of the same sterile zeitgeist.

Jay McInerney was notable among them for his spot-on mimicry of New York party conversation. Valley-girl vapidity and coke-snorter's etiquette; but when *Brightness Falls*, his last novel, began with a post-Yuppie Manhattan dinner party interrupted by the arrival of a street lowlife, you began to wonder: is there anything else these guys can write about?

I'm happy to report that McInerney's new novel offers a far more ambitious arena for his narrative skills – nothing less than three decades of Stateside history, in which the changing image of America is embodied in the existential shape-shifting of the main characters.

The narrator, Patrick Keane, is an Irish-Catholic middle-class Eng Lit fan from a New England mining town whose high-school roommate is Will Savage, the cool, bearded, blues-loving scion of a Memphis dynasty of right-wing Southern entrepreneurs. From the start we know we are meant to admire Savage – with his extemporised lectures on the musical roots of slavery, his wad of racketeering money, his way with girls – as Keane becomes (slightly implausibly) his best friend. We know because the book starts with four instances of people asking about him, thus landing him squarely in the realm of mythology. And there are his eyes, variously described as "a brilliant supernatural blue, as startling as the sudden flash of the light on top of a police car", then as "bright blue verging to violet, like an acetylene flame", then as "raptorish".

As Patrick gets more preppie (he makes the lacrosse team, he befriends the "elitist jocks"), Savage gets wilder, gradually acquiring the trappings of every countercultural snob you ever encountered in the early Seventies: hash, acid, beat poetry, Hermann Hesse, gurus, mantras, CIA conspiracies, you name it. Patrick visits the family homestead, enduring Will's excruciating backchat with the Mammy-like servants and checking out the raw blues talent in dingy local beer parlours. He also encounters Will's manipulative and bigoted daddy, Cordell, and falls for a sexy sophomore called Lollie Baker, who is destined to reappear at key points in the story and should be played in the movie by Uma Thurman. Will falls in love with a black girl, Patrick gets blooded on a duck shoot, and between the southern-Gothic bedouinism of Memphis and Sixties college life in New England, McInerney pretty well covers the waterfront for baby-boomer nostalgics.

But where is this story bound? Everywhere you look, there are identities being shed and acquired, oppositions aching to be synthesized: the preppie who wants to be a hippie, the white boy who



McInerney: a spot-on mimic slides into predictability

Photograph: Times magazine

wants to be black, the Southern patriarch who co-opts the Yankee intruder, the pressure of history on the impulses of the present, the homosexual panic of the American jet, the freedom generation heading for Vietnam... McInerney slides the counters around with skill and there's a frisson of excitement halfway through the book as you sense a cataclysm drawing close. Will Patrick break free of the law-school rut he seems destined for? Is Savage going to revert to southern type and join the Klan? Will they go to war?

The quality of his prose keeps sliding and changing too. Sometimes you reel with dismay at the stodgy cod-Mandarin of the narration: "I couldn't even imagine a girl yielding to me, except under the influence. Never mind that she was dating my friend's older brother; I was able to conjure away such minor logistical problems. But sobriety seemed insurmountable." But at other times, McInerney is back on his best. *Bright*

*Lights* form, as when regarding little Jimmy, an accordion-playing cousin: "Tiny as he was, my cousin seemed at times merely a passive appendage of the respirating instrument, a freakish child attached to a primitive life-support machine, trying to eke out another day on earth."

Amazingly, McInerney goes for a long, downward slide into predictability. Patrick goes to Yale and gets ever more stuffy. Savage hits the intellectual hippy trail from Ecuador to Ladakh and becomes a record-company mogul, his marriage to a feisty black girl subject to rollercoaster swings. And for 150 pages, we're given a chronicle of interesting times – Martin Luther King, race hatred, death, arson, moon landings, Edward Kennedy – in which the characters check in and out, acting typically. The past comes to haunt the story in an 1861 diary, detailing the execution of a troublesome black, but its relevance to 1971 is hardly explored. It's revealed that Patrick has been

oursing a homosexual crush on Will Savage all along, and the book ends with a clever *coup de théâtre* involving sperm and the titular family line, but by then the so-what factor has taken over.

Jay McInerney is a writer of immense charm. His novel pulls you geotly into its folds, surrounds you with agreeable characters, amusing dialogue and pacy jump-cuts. But *The Last of the Savages* can't help being a big disappointment. Derivative in effects – the my-brilliant-buddy theme nods towards umpteenth major American fictions, from *Gatsby* to *On the Road*; its big-house idyll derives from *Brideshead*, while the climactic scenes with Will Savage crazily ensconced in a tower could have come from a dozen Hammer movies – it ends up being an inconsequential family saga rather than the feat of imaginative synthesis that seemed on offer. For all its chameleon skill, it never quite decides what it really is.

## Child life

Esther Freud on a Fifties table

*The Orchard on Fire* by Shena Mackay  
Heinemann, £12.99

Shena Mackay's new novel is about the powerlessness of children, their ability to keep a secret and the adults who abuse them. It is 1953, Coronation year, the year of Stalin's death and the ascent of Everest, but for April Harlecy, aged eight, it is the unforgettable year that she meets Ruby, her first, best friend.

Mackay introduces us to April, 40 years on, making do for friendship with an irritating upstairs neighbour. She is a schoolteacher now, divorced and childless, clearing a space for herself in an overgrown London garden. Mackay, whose most passionate prose is reserved for nature, takes April back to Stonebridge, the village of her childhood, immersing us with relish in the small-time quiet of the country, "the hot still breath of cornfields and the took-took-took of huns." On the surface Stonebridge is a children's heaven, willow and alder, a water vole on a green island of crow's-foot in midstream, and the orchard of the title is "a dark-green and purple-blue paradise where bloomy plums dropped from the low trees into your hands." April and Ruby make a camp here: in an abandoned railway carriage, adopting "the low hoot of the owl" as code. It is a private place to glory in their friendship and to stay safely out of reach of Ruby's bullying parents – that is, until Mr Greenidge appears.

In Mr Greenidge, Mackay has created a wonderfully sinister character. Jovial and modest, long-suffering and sly, with an invalid wife and a salami sausage of a dog called Liesel. On first meeting Mr Greenidge, April wonders if she's seen him before, and from that moment hardly a day passes that we don't come across him. He loiters with his dog in Lovers Lane, ambles past the school, and calls to April with the low hoot of the owl, so that she and Ruby are forced to switch to "the lone cry of the peewit" to outwit him. Mackay captures perfectly the passion and humour of their friendship, the shared books, treasures and jokes. But against this atmosphere of lightheartedness, of fairy-lights and teasakes, a small, sad drama is being played out.

April is invited to the Greenidges on Sundays to play with Liesel and cheer up the housebound Mrs G. "Bless me, I've gone and forgotten the sugar!" – and while April searches for it in the unfamiliar kitchen, Mr Greenidge comes up behind her and presses his body against hers, tickling her neck with his salt-and-pepper beard. "You won't tell will you?" And, of course, April is too polite to do so.

Mackay undercuts the warmth of April's family life with a real and creeping dread. Her parents, Betty and Percy, are cosy people with a period language of their own who fail to guess the cause of their daughter's distress.

For all the riotous descriptions of nature, the over-packed images too full of adjectives, this is a subtle book. Its themes are simply and beautifully constructed and the beguiling atmosphere of a Fifties childhood lingers on after the last page.

On April's return journey, in middle age, she passes the Greenidges' old house. "Sometimes, in memory, that pink quilted bed was as innocuous as a rose, and I think, what Mr Greenidge did wasn't really so bad." But with her next breath she remembers how he corroded her childhood with fear, anxiety and deceit, and we are reminded of the ability of children to push their suffering to one side.

## Saints and sinners in silk

Susie Boyt on the trail of riches and beauty from Liverpool to New York

Valerie Windsor's second novel, *Saint and Warrior*, is the memoir of a woman convicted of murder, who writes to us from her prison cell. The narrative is interspersed with weekly conversations between the heroine and her prison psychiatrist, her work in the prison library and occasional visits from members of her family and her solicitor, who is putting together an appeal on her behalf.

From her earliest beginnings, Sandra Bognall recognises that she has star quality. The women who gaze and ooze at her in her pram declare her a beauty queen, destined for the films like that Elizabeth Taylor. Constantly hearing her angelic looks associated with truth and goodness, infant Sandra, who has inherited her African father's height and bone structure and her Irish mother's luminous complexion and sparkly eyes, hatches an ambition to become a saint. She pictures the people flooding to admire the "translucent beauty of her soul" shining through her billowing robes. This fantasy is rudely shattered when, aged 11, Sandra accidentally kills her little sister.

The suppressed guilt that this incident produces (Sandra receives no blame, only comfort for the loss of her sibling) is set up as the explanation for the direction of the rest of Sandra's life, the years of passive, aimless living, culminating in the murder of her husband in her thirties – perhaps a final attempt to win some recognition for the part she played in her sister's death.

Some of the more extreme events in this novel do not quite ring true. Sandra's twenties, in which she makes the transition from nervous patient in a nursing home to Kathy Kuriakids, Page Three girl, the national pin-up

*Saint and Warrior* by Valerie Windsor, Viking, £13.50

*The Cast Iron Shore* by Linda Grant, Picador, £15.99

that most Falkland heroes preferred, seems odd, because I would have thought Sandra lacked the tenacity necessary for that level of celebrity. Her marriage to the international art collector, Dysart Stevens, complete with villas and Upper East side apartments, seems a little trite as well as unlikely: he the passionless aesthete, she another beautiful thing for his collection. When Dysart commissions numerous artists to paint his new wife, and hangs the pictures in a room, transferring his affections gradually from his wife onto the paintings, it does seem as though the author is taking us through a set-piece.

As the child Sandra longs for glamour, sainthood and supermodeldom, so the author seems to require a passage of gracious living in her novel, for fear it will become too ordinary. Yet Windsor is at her best when dealing with ordinary things. In a book that is divided between fairy-tale, nightmare, and a conventional story of growing up, it is the *Bildungsroman* elements that are most effective: the curd and vicious rivalry between Sandra and her elder sister Boverley; the growth of her adolescent passion for Billy Fox in his transit van; the intense discomfort she feels in Billy's parents' house, which is all peach and bleach. Sandra's subsequent associations with a series of kind but shady father figures convincingly define her as a girl who is lost and hurt, trying to find a world where she can live numbly, and not have to risk having any feelings.

*The Cast Iron Shore* by Linda Grant is a daring and unusual novel. It tells the development of its glamorous heroine against a study of some of the most important struggles of the 20th century, bringing issues of race, equality and prejudice within its scope. It is also a book that is deeply obsessed with fashion. Sybil Ross's childhood is lent a powerful glamour by the fact that her Jewish father is a furrier. She brims with pride at the sorts of conversations that go on in her house: "I'll think about a coat for the coming season."

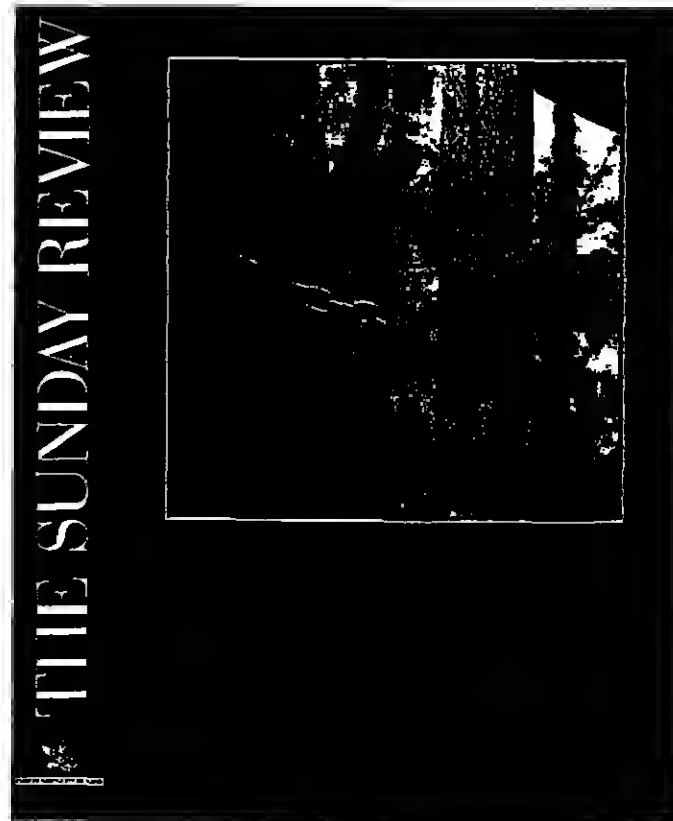
"No, she's too young for fox. It's a middle-aged woman's fur."  
"Persian broadtail?"  
"Too sophisticated. Chinchilla."  
"Divine," my mother exclaimed. "Witty, young and chic."

Sybil's mother is obsessed with clothes, using them like a drug to disguise the pain of her life. She takes day trips from Liverpool to London, cruising the dress shops, fantasising about her life as a rich London lady and speaking like a magazine: "How soon the fitting room chic disappears if the material is not good." The fashion details are mesmerising: a mauve suede glove here, a ballerina-length gown there, a coral-pink tweed jacket, a pair of Mirasilk stockings. In fact, in a book where the main characters are so disciplined about eating, the emphasis on clothes comes to seem like the gorgeous descriptions of food that contemporary novelists often favour.

Yet Sybil has a guilty secret – her mother is German. As a half-Jewish girl she holds the enemy within, and this division is offered as the reason for her dissatisfaction, her restlessness. After a romance with a Jewish man is thwarted by the discovery of her true parentage, Sybil embarks on a long romance with Stan, a bisexual, snappy-dressing Liverpoolian sailor whom she eventually follows to New York. There her fashion knowledge and good looks land her jobs in a series of department stores, where both she and Stan make much use of her staff discount.

One New Year, when Stan is away, lured to the dance halls of Harlem, Sybil falls for Julius, a black American activist and "autodidact" whose outlook is severe (his romantic code is "if you have an itch – scratch it"), and who teaches Sybil the shallowness of her ways. He educates her in his philosophy, has her wrestling with her own superficiality, and introduces her to the Communist Party when McCarthyism is at its height.

This is the part of the novel I found least attractive. Sybil's education and subsequent hardships, although not unconvincing, are a huge wrench from what we have come to expect, but then Grant's novel is very ambitious in its range. It takes us from department store to political rally, from dance halls to a life in exile, atmospherically recreating wartime Liverpool, post-war New York, and ending with an elderly Sybil reviewing her lot in London in the 1980s. It is chiefly memorable, however, as an intelligent investigation of the different choices available to a beautiful woman drifting through life during a period of great world change.



The forbidden forests: an exclusive report by Geoffrey Lean on the stealthy privatisation of Britain's woodlands

Steven Berkoff, stung by the reviews of his book, bites back

Ian Jack, editor of 'Granta', defends his controversial choice for the Best of Young American Novelists

IN TOMORROW'S INDEPENDENT ON SUNDAY



# The Puccini of cinema grows up



Is he the architect of emotional cathedrals, a visionary technophile exploring the eternal verities? Or is he a saccharined philistine, peddling comic-strip sentimentality? J.G. Ballard, a one-time collaborator, defends the reputation of Steven Spielberg

Steven Spielberg poses a huge problem for film critics and cineastes. Despite his immense success, with several of the highest-grossing films of all time, his momentous themes and mastery of the film medium, they remain convinced that a deep flaw runs through his entire work. This flaw seems easy to define – a compound of sentimentality, over-flamboyant spectacle, and too close a reliance on the rhythms and style of the comic strip.

Yet the films endure, and clearly grow richer with age, vehicles of breathtaking power and glamour that cruise effortlessly through our imaginations like a fleet of gold Cadillacs. The qualities that the cineaste see as weaknesses I see as Spielberg's strengths, and as the reason why he is one of today's most important film-makers, the producer-director who single-handedly saved the Hollywood film when it threatened in founder in the Seventies.

Besides, sentimentality and spectacle have a valuable place in the arts, as in the operas of Puccini – though there are puritans who feel slightly queasy at the thought of *Tosca* and *Madama Butterfly*. In many ways Spielberg is the Puccini of cinema, one of the highest compliments I can pay. He may be a little too sweet for some tastes, but what melodies, what orchestrations, what cathedrals of emotion...

Spielberg's problem with the critics, I suspect, is that he has always been too American, dedicated to the values of a provincial America – in fact its heartland and ideological engine – they preferred to ignore. A few years ago, at the Hollywood premiere of *Empire of the Sun*, I was amazed by the hostility that American journalists showed towards Spielberg. One even asked me why I had allowed him to film my novel – one of the strangest questions ever put to me, and with a scarcely concealed sub-text.

These American journalists came from New York, Boston and Chicago, while Spielberg's roots seemed to be set deep in a Norman Rockwell suburbia of soda fountains, beauty parlours and daytime TV, a Fifties vision of the good life still aspired to by most of the planet's population, but one which makes Spielberg's metropolitan critics profoundly uneasy. Perhaps they realise that too much of American culture is based on the sentimentality, naivety and showy self-confidence that they recognise in the mirror of Spielberg's films.

Curiously, Spielberg's childhood was not especially happy. His parents were divorced in his teens, and a series of wrenching family moves led him from small-town New Jersey to an Arizona suburb, and eventually to anti-Semitic northern California. He was gawky and unpopular, but his father's 8mm Kodak camera saved him.

At the age of 14 he made *Escape to Nowhere*, a 40-minute war film for which he recruited his mother, sisters and friends, and followed this, while still at school, with *Firelight*, a full-length science fiction feature that his father screened to a paying audience in a specially rented cinema. Later, while nominally a student at a Long Beach college, he spent his spare time haunting Universal Studios, and his sheer persistence led to a contract as a director of TV movies.

With *Duel*, one of the best-ever made-for-TV films, he displayed most of the qualities present in his subsequent blockbusters: the absence of stars or glamorous roles, the suburban characters and locations, the down-playing of dialogue and dramatic complexity in favour of a relentless, through-the-windscreen view of the road ahead.



It is, however, Spielberg's apparent shortcomings that most concern John Baxter in his absorbing book, *Steven Spielberg: The Unauthorised Biography* (HarperCollins, £18). They seem to give him a nagging headache that one can sense on almost every page. Baxter is a shrewd, witty and very readable writer who has produced superb biographies of Fellini and Ken Russell, directors with something of Spielberg's bravura talents.

But Baxter is clearly uncomfortable with Spielberg, who unsettles him by thwarting his best and worst expectations. Baxter points out that, by the late 1970s, *Jaws* and *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* had brought Spielberg a fortune of some \$200 million. But while traditional Hollywood moguls rolled around in stretch limos and dined at Ma Maison and Spago, Spielberg lived frugally, drove a rented car and dressed in jeans and trainers.

In Baxter's eyes, this behaviour merely reveals Spielberg's perpetual adolescence. I would compliment him on his indifference to convention as he pursued his unique vision. Baxter repeatedly emphasises that the imaginations of Spielberg and the Movie Brats – Lucas, Scorsese, Coppola et al – were entirely fed by the films they had seen in childhood, an accusation he wouldn't dream of levelling at, for example, a novelist who had passed his formative years in the library.

Film, for most of this century, has been a far more serious medium than the novel, and the Movie Brats and their encyclopaedic knowledge of film from the Lumière brothers onwards compare favourably with today's film students, for whom the original *Die Hard* and *Terminator* represent all the history they feel they need to know.

Baxter quotes an unnamed colleague who says of Spielberg: "He has all the virtues – and the defects – of a 16-year-old", and refers to him as the Peter Pan of movies, the Boy Who Wouldn't Grow Up, who preserved himself in an artificial adolescence. But boys who won't grow up soon find themselves in remedial institutions, and do not control the giant entertainment and media conglomerates that increasingly set the pace of the world's economies.

The Spielberg I first met on the *Empire of the Sun* film set in 1987 struck me as highly intelligent, hard-minded and wholly adult, a visionary who accepted that the age of sophistication is over and that the benevolent technologies that govern our lives are happy to welcome the era of the naïve. Throughout his films Spielberg is using the global entertainment culture to explore those constants of our everyday lives that we all take for granted – the wonder of existence, the magic of space-time, and the miracle of consciousness and childhood.

Were it not for Spielberg's high-concept cinema and the huge audiences and revenues he attracted, the Hollywood of the 1980s would have been stranded among the disappointments of late Kubrick, Coppola and Cimino, sustained by little more than the empty *Star Wars* spectacles of George Lucas. The resistance to Spielberg expressed by Hollywood's old guard only confirms their grudging debt to him. Given that Hollywood is a company town, and that in company towns everyone respects the man who signs the cheques, it is significant that Spielberg had to wait until *Schindler's List* – the least Spielbergian of his films – before receiving his first Oscar.

## Punch-drunk and disorderly

Gordon Burn steps into the ring with a laconic memoirist and a slumming professor

Ben Watt of the pop group Everything But The Girl once wrote a song called "Boxing and Pop Music", whose lyric summed up the appeal that "the sweet sciences of bruising" has traditionally had for aspiring low-lives of all backgrounds and ages, and all neurotic boy-outsiders: "Lying in bed on a weekday night, listening to the title fight, from a town the radio said was Atlantic City. Branches brush the windows, the hour is early morning, and Frankie's beating hell out of the champion."

Keening, nostalgic, poetic and yet "manly", it is the kind of song that would find favour with Thomas Healy, a fight fan who, like all fight fans, has a romantic streak as broad as Sauchiehall Street running through him. In 1975, for instance, when he is out of work, demoralised and still trying to find his form as a writer, Healy borrows £15 and trudges through the dark and rain to see Mohammad Ali's third fight against Joe Frazier – "The Thriller in Manila" – in a cinema in the middle of Glasgow. "I had no money for a taxi fare, much less a hefty bet... And my shoes were leaking, letting in. You could hear the squeak each step I took, as if I were walking through a puddle."

Healy was born in 1944. Ali is two years older. In 1965, Healy and his mother were the last tenants living in their close in the Gorbals; it was due for demolition, the water had been cut off, the windows had moved in, and the Ali-Liston return

### A Hurting Business

by Thomas Healy, Picador, £14.99

On The Ropes: Boxing as a Way of Life by Geoffrey Beattie, Gollancz, £16.99

fight was shown live on television. "In the kitchen, a coal fire. I caught against the windowpane, and my mother sat up with me. In her nightgown. About three in the morning." In September 1966, Healy travelled to Frankfurt to see Ali vs. Muhammad Ali. Two months later he was in the Glasgow Odeon watching Ali against a fighter called Cleveland "Big Cat" Williams. "I was sat next to a guy I knew. He was a big-time hood. Very dangerous. Not a man you would want to know."

Joyce Carol Oates once proposed that, far from boxing being a metaphor for life, life is a metaphor for boxing – "for one of those bouts that go on and on, round following round... again the bell and again you and your opponent so evenly matched it's impossible not to see that your opponent is you."

Thomas Healy's has not been an uneventful life. *A Hurting Business* opens with him travelling on a train from Glasgow to Manchester; he has been drunk for several days; he has broken his hand in a pub brawl – "My opponent...

had done time, some years for murder." Shades of "Sammy" Samuels, the blinded ex-con in James Kelman's Booker-winning *How Late It Was, How Late*. (And particularly in the non-boxing, autobiographical/confessional sections of *A Hurting Business*, Healy's writing will take comparison with Kelman and the best of the other Scottish brutal realists.)

But sometimes over-programmatically – a writer sticking too anxiously to his brief – Healy measures out his life in world heavy-weight champions, to the point where the reader has some sympathy with the girlfriend who asks him why he doesn't go and live with Joe Frazier.

The inevitability of one champion succeeding another gave coherence and pattern to an otherwise drifting life. After Ali, though, and the advent of cable and pay-per-view, the titles in all boxing weight divisions proliferated. Not surprisingly, Healy looks back to the Ali years for his bearings: "We grow old, and I tracked my time, the stages of my life, with the career of Ali."

The most meaningful relationship in Healy's life seems to have been with a Doberman called Martin, his working partner in Doberman Security. "I had had Martin since Larry Holmes, when Holmes was champion in April of 1983." Riddick Bowe is the champion on the October night, 10 years later, when Healy takes

Martin to the vet to be destroyed. There is something eroticized and touching (something Ackley-like) in his relationship with the dog. Interestingly, a number of the young comers and old punchies in the American writer Thom Jones's first collection of snarls, *The Pugilist at Rest*, drew solace from the dumb company of Staffordshire terriers and boxer dogs.

Ring Lardner discovered the energising qualities of rough vernacular language in the Twenties, and there are strong echoes in both Jones and Healy, of Lardner's "uneducated", uncompromising pug narrators.

Authenticity of language is something you might expect to find in *On The Ropes*, which largely consists of interviews with street flotsam and near-delinquents, the gym rats and chancers and "characters" – Mick "The Bomb" Mills, Ricky "The Brick" Stackhouse – of Brandon Ingle's fisticuffs academy in Sheffield. Unfortunately, Geoff "The Prof" Beattie (he is Professor of psychology at Manchester University) proves to be an easy touch, whether it's buying the blarney or a bit of "snide" Armani in a nightclub toilet.

Ring Lardner's best-known story, "Champion", still has more to tell us about sporting heroes than Gavin Evans's *Prince of the Ring* (Robson), 280 pages chronicling the wit and wisdom of Prince Naseem Hamed, the champion known as "Naz".

## The spy who came out from the pub

Michael Arditti on a genre-defying tale of warring brothers with a European sweep

Fraternal rivalry has been a fictional mainstay from Aeschylus to Jeffrey Archer. Julian and Raymond Whyte, the protagonists of Robert McCrum's new novel, represent an attractive addition to the genre. Not simply a rich man and a poor man but a pragmatist and an idealist, a liberal and a communist, and a bachelor and a married man, they provide a neat study of the contrasts in European personal and political life since the fall of the Berlin Wall.

Julian, a provincial lawyer and, significantly, a part-time coroner, is pleased by the news of Raymond's return to England after nearly 30 years in the GDR. He has hitherto lived a placid bachelor existence to the time-honoured rhythms of Sussex village life. His well-ordered precision is expressed most clearly in his narrative voice, reminiscent of Graham Greene's retired bank manager, Henry Pulling. Like Pulling, his world is torn apart by exposure to his more exotic relative, although with less benign results.

Raymond arrives home with little luggage but a great deal of psychological and political baggage. He also brings his third wife, Kristina, and their two young children. Julian's hopes of an extended family life are, however, dashed by his unexpectedly passionate feelings for Kristina. Like many men whose romantic experience is limited, he confuses love with obsession. His probity, professionalism, even his bank bal-

### Suspicion

by Robert McCrum

Macmillan, £15.99

ance are compromised. But his newly awakened emotions lead him to uncover an unsuspected infidelity during an inquest.

The locus of the novel is the village, with a focus even narrower than the three or four families favoured by Jane Austen. Until the crucial final section, the only significant character outside Julian and Raymond's households is Julian's former girlfriend, Susan. Only once do the characters stray beyond the Sussex boundaries. But, within these provincial confines, McCrum is able to portray a much broader European struggle. Raymond and Kristina's domestic drama provides a microcosm of the collapse of communism and the loss of political ideals. Raymond's work as an informer for the Stasi is depicted less as a betrayal than a series of grubby compromises, the most tawdry of which is his revenge on his wife's lover.

This is an act from whose consequences he is not immune, even in England. Although it is the exiles who instigate the plot, McCrum's main subject, as in much of his work, is Englishness. On one level, this is seen in the richly detailed background of rural life, from flora and fauna to bunt-

ing and evensong. The book's four movements subtly reflect the changing seasons. Key events are set against popular festivals: Valentine's Day, Guy Fawkes Day, Halloween. Even the village pub and the village shop are made to represent sources of tradition and health from which Raymond and Kristina remain alien.

And yet, beyond this, Julian's increasing corruption shows that the acceptance of the English brother owes more to an accident of geography (living on an island rather than in a divided city) than to any inherent moral superiority. Indeed, when he proclaims man to be a moral animal, Julian argues from a purely negative base: his need to be punished. His air of civilisation is shown to be a veneer; in the company of his fellow coroners, he enjoys official slide-shows of sexual asphyxiations and watches a police video of the Lockerbie disaster for fun.

Robert McCrum's achievement is to question ideologies and subvert moralities, by setting a John Le Carré drama in the world of Barbara Pym.

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## A wild and crazy Why

E Jane Dickson discovers that 'esse est percipi' can be fun

The Solitaire Mystery

by Jostein Gaarder

Secker, £15.99

Life, Jostein Gaarder repeatedly reminds us, is "a crazy adventure". Readers who are quiveringly sensitive to the word "crazy", with its secondary, Scandinavian meaning of blithe and blameless heartiness, should be warned that they may find the tone of *The Solitaire Mystery* distressing.

Like *Sophie's World*, the 1995 publishing smash that turned Gaarder, a former philosophy teacher from Bergen, Norway, into an international guru, this new novel is aimed at "young adults" and rests on the premise that "learning can be fun". *Sophie's World* was a marvellously accessible exposition of Western philosophy linked by a narrative so shamelessly rudimentary as to be incidental. The structure of *The Solitaire Mystery* is considerably more evolved, but scarcely more rewarding.

Hans Thomas is a precocious 12-year-old, who journeys from Norway to Greece with his father in search of his mother, who has abandoned family life in order to "find herself". "Why did she have to go away to find herself?" asks Hans Thomas. "My advice to all those who are going to find themselves is they ought to stay exactly where they are." If this seems a startlingly gnomic pronouncement for a 12-year-old, it is considerably easier on the gorge than Hans Thomas in winsome mood, when he plans to "give Dad some peace of mind as a Christmas present".

On their way across the Alps, Hans Thomas is given a magnifying glass by a mysterious dwarf. The glass enables him to read a tiny book which he finds inside a sticky bun. Events in the sticky bun text, an extended allegory of Bishop Berkeley's theory that the world exists only in our perception of it, reflect Hans Thomas's own experience, while his sentimental education is completed by cultural pitstops. As a teacher, Gaarder is enthusiastic. In his hands, contingency is worked up into something like a miracle: "The chances of one single ancestor of yours not dying while growing up is one in several billion," Hans Thomas is told. "Life is one huge lottery where only the winning tickets are visible."

Gaarder's literary style does him no favours. "Rainbow Fizz" is a sloppily modern name for a drink developed in 1790, and the triumphant conclusion that "we are all dwarfs, gushing with life" just doesn't sound very nice. The central imagery of playing cards, magic drinks and messages in buns is almost certainly Gaarder's homage to Lewis Carroll, but somehow these images lack dimension and momentum in their new setting.

Gaarder is the least cynical of philosophers. His arguments are all to demonstrate that we are miraculous beings in an infinitely interesting universe. In an intellectual climate fugged by irony, *The Solitaire Mystery* shows that it is possible to be both high-minded and big-hearted. As an introduction to moral philosophy, that is surely enough to be going on with.



Sunshade, rug and windbreak: a lively alfresco tea at Osborne House, Isle of Wight, 1887 with "Grandma". Queen Victoria at table with grandchildren and great-grandchildren, and attended by her two newly arrived Indian servants, Mohammed Baksh (far left) and Abdul Karim (left). Victoria's habit of cultivating friendship with her servants drove her household mad. Within months Karim was teaching her Hindustani, helping with her correspondence and being permitted to tempt her with curries. Shushila Anand's *Indian Sahib: Queen Victoria's Dear Abdul* (Duckworth, £16.75) charts Karim's spectacular rise from khitmagar (servant) to Munshi (teacher) and finally to the Queen's Indian Private Secretary.

## There must be more to life than stereotypes

Louise Doughty reads a volume of stories that suddenly breaks out the ordinary

I wonder who decides the order in which stories appear in collections — the author, I presume? *Another Kind of Cinderella* makes it all the more odd that the least interesting tales seem to come first. Angela Huth's new collection gives the immediate appearance of a writer on automatic pilot, turning out oat little tales of disappointed lives that lie quite flat on the page.

The first, the title story, is a predictable tale of a provincial violinist who spends his spare time tending his frightful widowed mother and fantasising about the heroine in the local pantomime. It seems inevitable that his name should be Reginald.

Stereotypes abound throughout this collection: elderly actresses are eccentric; social workers are heartless busybodies; Irish people are nice, cute and not very bright. A young man at Oxford wears "pale, baggy trousers of crushed linen, as if he'd just discovered Brideshead". Despite the

### Another Kind of Cinderella

by Angela Huth

Little Brown, £15.99

differences in ages and class between the various characters, there is a feeling that they all live in the same world, a world of tea and cake and unfulfilment. In a telling scene, a woman feels obliged to accept the attentions of a man she finds unpleasant merely because she is hungry. "In return for a drink and a sandwich, she was prepared to put up with almost any kind of company." She is a barrister.

It is only when we get to the fifth of 11 stories, "Laughter in the Willows", that Huth's real qualities begin to shine through. It is no coincidence that this is also one of the longest stories. The opening sentence is typical: "It was Isabel Loughland's second summer up

at Oxford and in her own mind she was a failure." For the first few pages the story seems no different from those preceding, but gradually, a sense of the sinister creeps in. What emerges is a genuinely frightening ghost story, the resolution of which leaves the reader chillingly reassured.

Another tale, "Alternative Behaviour", also uses a stereotype, this time in the shape of a rebellious New Age daughter who dyes her hair and swears and forces carrot juice down the throat of her dying father — but again, there is an interesting narrative undertone. Although she appears to side with the parents, Huth leaves the question open to the end: which is going to turn out worse for the old man, raw liver or chemotherapy?

All of which seems to suggest that Huth is most comfortable when she has a narrative to deal with. She is adept at moving action forward. She seems less at ease with evoking mood,

unless it is the wash of failure that colours most of her characters' lives. An exception is "To Re-Arrange a Room", a vivid snapshot of a man casting his mistress and her belongings out of his flat before his wife returns. Huth is very good indeed at showing the way in which possessions are evocations of an individual's character, even — especially — if the effect is unintentional.

This quality is also evident in "The Wife Trap". A middle-aged woman visits her ex-husband 17 years after their divorce and ootes the "plastic blinds at the window, a torn shade on the overhead light, a Formica table patterned with ribbons and roses of crude yellow and blue". The reader shares her sense of superiority, until it becomes increasingly clear that the wife has a few problems of her own. The narrative is punctuated by what she will later report to a neighbour — and truth and delusion swiftly diverge, as they so often do in real life.

All you need to know about the books you meant to read

by Gavin Grimley



### THE WOODLANDERS (1887) by Thomas Hardy

Plot: This time "Hardy country" is Little Hintock, an isolated and claustrophobic woodland community. George Melbury's daughter Grace is promised in marriage to Giles Winterbourne, a stolid timber merchant who is faithfully devoted to her; but Giles is adored by Marty South, a young girl who does odd jobs with logs. When Marty learns of Giles's betrothal she lops off her hair to sell to the local barber. Grace returns from finishing school and is now refined. Her father thinks she is too good for Giles and Grace is pushed towards the socially superior Edred Fitzpiers. They marry, but Fitzpiers takes up with the other outsider in the book, Felice Charmond. She is a champagne-swilling temptress who wears a wig made out of Marty's hair. George Melbury assaults Fitzpiers, who flees to the continent with Felice. Grace renounces a relationship with Giles. Fitzpiers returns, having quarrelled with his volatile mistress. Grace runs away from him, taking refuge in Giles's hotel. Although it is cold and wet, Giles upholds propriety and spends the night outside in a nest of twigs. He dies of hypothermia: a broken heart. Grace and Fitzpiers leave for the city, resuming the marriage made in the ante-room of hell. Marty is left to mourn.

Theme: The "immortal puzzle" of "how to find a basis for sexual relation" (*Hardy's Preface*). All the characters are isolated fantasists who have immense difficulty communicating.

Style: As ever with Hardy, there are some disconcerting shifts from the lyrical to the horrific; but the narrative voice maintains its puzzled tone and seldom lapses into coercion.

Chief strengths: The countryside escapes being sentimentalized because Hardy senses the evolutionary struggle that charges both landscape and character. "On older trees still than these, huge lobes of fungi grew like lungs. Here, as everywhere, the Unfulfilled Intention... was as obvious as it could be among the depraved crowds of a city slum."

Chief weaknesses: Giles is good, but he is rather a wet lettuce. His fidelity to Grace can seem a facet of his chronic absence of empathy.

What they thought of it then: Some journalists found the Charmond-Fitzpiers relationship a little "distasteful", but the reviews were favourable and *The Woodlanders* proved to be Hardy's biggest hit since *Far From the Madding Crowd* (1874).

What we think of it now: The least appreciated "major" Hardy novel. It lacks the nostalgic tug of his early work and is not as marmoreally "tragic" as the later stuff. Hardy himself, however, thought it his best story.

## Ways with words: a literary feast in Devon



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For four years, Darlington Hall in Devon has been the site of a literary festival that combines eminent and block-busting authors, cutting newcomers and seasoned veterans, specialists and generalists, journalists and media stars, all in a setting of ancient rustic tranquility. It's called Ways With Words.

The fifth annual festival takes place over the last week of August and has attracted a glittering throng of authors from across the literary spectrum. Over 100 writers will perform, declaim, discuss and answer questions about their art, and rub shoulders with book lovers from all over the country. A packed programme features the authors of the latest works of fiction, biography, philosophy, politics, poetry, rock music, sport and science.

Ben Pinchett will discuss the problem of writing a sensible book about the Queen. Ray Monk will explore the soul of Bertrand Russell and Michael Holroyd presents new light on Augustus John. Novelists Clare Boylton, Julie Myerson and Helen Dunmore admit to being women behaving badly. John Leachester and Barbara Trappie discuss food, sex and appetites with John Walsh, Giles Smith and Richard

Williams examine the literature of rock 'n' roll. Matthew Engel and Angela Neustatter look for evidence of ethics in the modern press; find out how to get published. Plus Ned Sherrin, Hilary Mantel, Doris Lessing, Joan Brady, Anthony Clare, Ruth Rendell, Polly Toynbee, Roy Hattersley, Nicholas (Howe) Whistler, Evans, Louis de Bernieres, Terry Waite, John Cole, PD James, Adam Phillips, Marina Warner and many more. Full details are available in the festival brochure, available at the address on the entry form.

As co-sponsors of the Festival, we are happy to offer Independent readers a discount on a package that includes seven nights' accommodation at Darlington with full board - plus a "Rover ticket" that allows them entrance to all the events in the medieval Great Hall. Accommodation (singles or twins) is in the east wing of the medieval courtyard of the Festival site. Higher Close features single student rooms opposite the courtyard. Rover tickets can be purchased on their own, at a discount. If you want an unforgettable week of literary debate, reading and meeting your heroes, complete the attached form while there are still places available.

### Audiobooks

1001 Arabian Nights read by Joan Collins

84 Charing Cross Road read by Rosemary Leach, Frank Finlay and Elizabeth Mansfield

Joan Collins is more voluptuous than virginal as Shahrazad (sic) in *1001 Arabian Nights* (Spartan, 2hrs 30min, £7.99) — but she is just wonderful, a purring panther with a hint of musk. Judging from these lubricious and fantastical tales, the ingenious story-spinner must have had something of a past.

Helene Hanff is a different sort of charmer. The letters between her and the staff of 84 Charing Cross Road (Road, 3hrs, £7.99) are a classic correspondence, full of human warmth and a love of English literature. They work very well read aloud.

Christina Hardyment

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# Southern comforts

Candida Lloyd travelled through Georgia, from the gracious mansions of Savannah to the surprisingly welcoming jungle swamps (provided you sleep in the trees)

When you're standing in one of Savannah's 22 squares surrounded by trees dripping with Spanish moss and beautifully restored colonial houses, the United States can seem a surprisingly refined and civilised place. At the heart of the city is the two-square-mile historic district. This was the master plan of General James Oglethorpe, who sailed with 114 men, women and children from England - many of them debtors - to set up Savannah in 1733 as a protective buffer between Spanish Florida and the northern English colonies. The series of public squares was designed to provide areas of fortification as well as meeting places. As the port boomed on the back of the cotton industry and the slave trade, grand houses emerged.

They survived the Civil War, but as the cotton industry collapsed, the city and its 18th- and 19th-century homes became dilapidated and unloved. That was until the 1960s, when the good ladies of Savannah took over and set up a project to restore the buildings.

Today, the district has a European feel, with cool squares and intricate iron balconies surrounded by curtains of tree moss. A relative of the pineapple family, the moss is reportedly edible, although after munching a mouthful, I think it's on a par with that other great Southern delicacy - grits.

Several of the restored homes are



open to the public. The Davenport House was the first home to be reclaimed. Its owner, a master builder named Isaiah Davenport, was considered only moderately well off, yet his list of possessions pinned on the wall includes "nine negro slaves". Much more upmarket is Owens Thomas House, built between 1816 and 1819 and designed by William Jay. It has an internal bridge joining the two sides of the house, fake Greek pillars, a domed ceiling that is an optical illusion (it's actually flat and square) and several false doors.

But the best thing to do in Savannah is wander the streets, stopping occasionally for iced tea. Outside the historic district are several run-down, predominantly black, neighbourhoods, although some are being restored. Savannah was the port of entry for many of Georgia's slaves, and its black history is retold in several museums and tours.

For a glimpse of the darker side

of city, any would-be visitor should read *Midnight in the Garden of Good and Evil*, John Berendt's brilliant bestselling novel, which gives details of murder, jazz, cross-dressing and class war.

In July, the city will be packed with sailing types who have come to watch the Olympic yachting events. As the city fills up, the cost of accommodation will soar, so and you may want to escape.

For a very different experience, head for the magical Hotel in the Forest. Here guests sleep 20ft up among the trees. There is a choice of about six tree-top houses - each with insect-proof wire mesh on three sides. The decor is basic - an electric fan and light, double mattress, and side table. A late-night visit to the loo involves a precarious climb down a wobbly ladder and a woodland walk. But going to sleep to the sounds of the forest and waking as the sun streams through the leaf tops is amazing.

There are also a small number of bunk rooms, showers, wood-chip toilets (the contents of which are recycled in a disturbingly fertile vegetable patch) a kitchen and several common rooms. But best of all is the glass room. The 25ft octagonal wooden structure has sliding glass walls and two swinging rope chairs hanging from the rafters. On one side is a natural pond with an island, while the forest sweeps around the other sides. Built into the wooden

deck outside is a jacuzzi.

If this is not native enough, an hour away is the Okefenokee Swamp, home to 20,000 alligators. The owners run boat trips from a visitors centre, where a large lady with a pith helmet gives talks about snakes. During an hour tour of the narrow waterways cut out of the mangrove swamps I spotted three bears from the deep. Our guide assured us that no person has ever been attacked by an alligator. However, there have been several incidents in which dogs have been left tied to a tree only for their owners to return to find the ragged remains of a lead. So don't take your pets to the swamp.

Savannah can be reached from the UK with a single change of plane at one of several US gateways. Major Travel (0171-485 7017) has a July fare of £475 on British Airways/USAir from Gatwick via Charlotte, but availability is limited. You could instead get a charter to Orlando and rent a car for the 350-mile drive to Savannah - see opposite. For accommodation in Savannah try Bed and Breakfast Inn, 117 W Gordon St (001 912 238 0518) - it has a range of great rooms, including a converted stable, from about £25 to £60 a night. The Hotel in the Forest is nine miles west of Brunswick on US-82 (264 9738); \$10 a night.



At the heart of Savannah are the grand houses of the city's boom days

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## The Florida bargain this summer

By Simon Calder and Chris Armond



The main street in Key West, Florida. Robert Harding Picture Library

Freddie Laker virtually invented Florida as a holiday destination for Brits, when his Skytrain service to Miami began in 1982. So after the collapse of the original Laker Airways, it is only right that his familiar red-and-black DC-10s should be among the flotilla of aircraft heading west-south-west to the Sunshine State this summer.

His flights to Orlando from Gatwick, Manchester and Prestwick are competing in the marketplace with Virgin Atlantic's new route from Manchester, and a host of charter services – far too many, in fact, for the demand. So fares have fallen to levels unknown for a decade.

Stories over the past few weeks about holidays to Florida for under a tenner are somewhat wide of the mark. As Jeremy Skidmore remarked in his recent Inside Track column in these pages, extras for airport and security taxes, personal insurance and other charges on the car rental are where the agents make their profit, bringing the total price up to around £200 for a fortnight's fly-drive.

Bookings are firmer in July and August, so bargain holidays in the height of summer are likely to be harder to find. But for now, a rental car in Florida is yours for the taking.

The main players for Florida fly-drives include Airtours (01706 260000), First Choice (0161-745 7000), Thomson (0990 673310) and Unijet (01444 459191); or look at the latest advertisements on ITV Teletext.

The question is – where to head when you land? Here is the Independent Traveller's hour-by-hour guide from Orlando International Airport. Note that the charters serving the airport at Sanford, 20 miles north, will add around 30 minutes to most of these journey times.

**30 minutes:** Assuming you can navigate the maze of toll roads and expressways from the airport, then downtown Orlando has plenty going for it. Attractions include streets that are actually designed for walking around: a city park that involves no theme beyond being a peaceful, pond-side venue for a picnic; and, if you prefer not to drive, the hub of Orlando's excellent bus network.

From here you can easily reach International Drive ("I-Drive") to locals and people who have been in Orlando for at least an hour), where those without accommodation should be able to find a room without too much trouble or expense. All those planeloads of Brits have yet to soak up the surplus of vacancies over vacationers. In January (much higher season than now), I paid \$30 (£20) per night for a large double room.

**1 hour:** Make a Bee Line along the Expressway of that name to Spaceport USA, the launch site for what remains of America's

space effort. An astronaut built from Lego welcomes you a rather tired Visitor Center, which is the hub of some worthy audio-visual presentations about the space race.

Once the bus trip around the launch sites begins (you are not allowed to wander off on your own, in case you trip over a Saturn V rocket) any tedious evaporates. Even when no preparations for launches are under way, the audacity with which a tranquil slab of coastline has been transformed into earth's terminus for the moon is astonishing.

**2 hours:** Drive straight through Tampa on Interstate 4. Florida has more exciting cities than Tampa, and furthermore you actually get a fine view of the downtown area from the freeway that carves through it.

Keep going across the Howard Frankland Bridge to the sprawling, flat peninsula that supports the city of St Petersburg. With Tampa Bay on one side and the Gulf of Mexico on the other, this is a city of two halves. Its Russian namesake may boast the Hermitage Museum, but the Salvador Dali Collection (on the Bay side) bestows Florida's St Pete with a cultural dimension lacking in similar-sized cities.

Once on the Gulf shore, you can almost feel the envy of Miami Beach residents. What it lacks in Art Deco density, St Pete's Sand Key makes up for in splendid solitude and stunning sunsets.

**3 hours:** When other towns in the state are having to make do with claims like "West Palm Beach – South Florida's Least Crowded Customs Gateway", the epithet "oldest city in the United States" is bound to draw the tourists. So the Spanish colonial heart of St Augustine has lots of visitors and a surfeit of two restaurants.

Yet this Atlantic resort is an essential stop for anyone waiting to get to grips with Florida beyond the theme parks – and to understand the European settlement of America. Wandering around soon after dawn is ideal, before the day-trippers reach town and while the cafes are busily squeezing their fresh orange juice (and probably sundrying their tomatoes). At the Castillo de San Marco, you could almost be in Havana – but don't tell anyone.

The United States no longer has a tourist office in London. So start by calling the Florida Division of Tourism (0891 600555). For more specific information try the following: the Keys (01564 794555); Palm Beach (0181-681 7762); Marco Island (0800 891411); Naples (0800 962122); Orlando (0171-243 8072); St Petersburg (0181-651 4742); and Tampa (01494 881552).

### How to enjoy your Florida fly-drive

Don't forget your licence. It's amazing how many people do. An eagerly anticipated fly-drive holiday becomes a rather frustrating fly-sit.

**Splash out on a first-night taxi.** If your flight arrives late at night, get a taxi to the hotel and pick up the car in the morning. Better than getting lost as you try to find your jetlagged way in the dark.

**When it rains, it pours.** Oil rises to the surface of the roads, creating mini-skidpans. Slow down and keep your distance, or stay off the road. Seek white-knuckle rides in the theme parks, not on the freeways.

**Keep to the limits.** After 22 years of restrictions, Americans have grown used to driving a lot slower than 70mph. Police enforce speed limits with a passion.

**There's no such thing as free car hire.** Budget for extra costs, anything from top-up insurance and airport charges to environment tax.

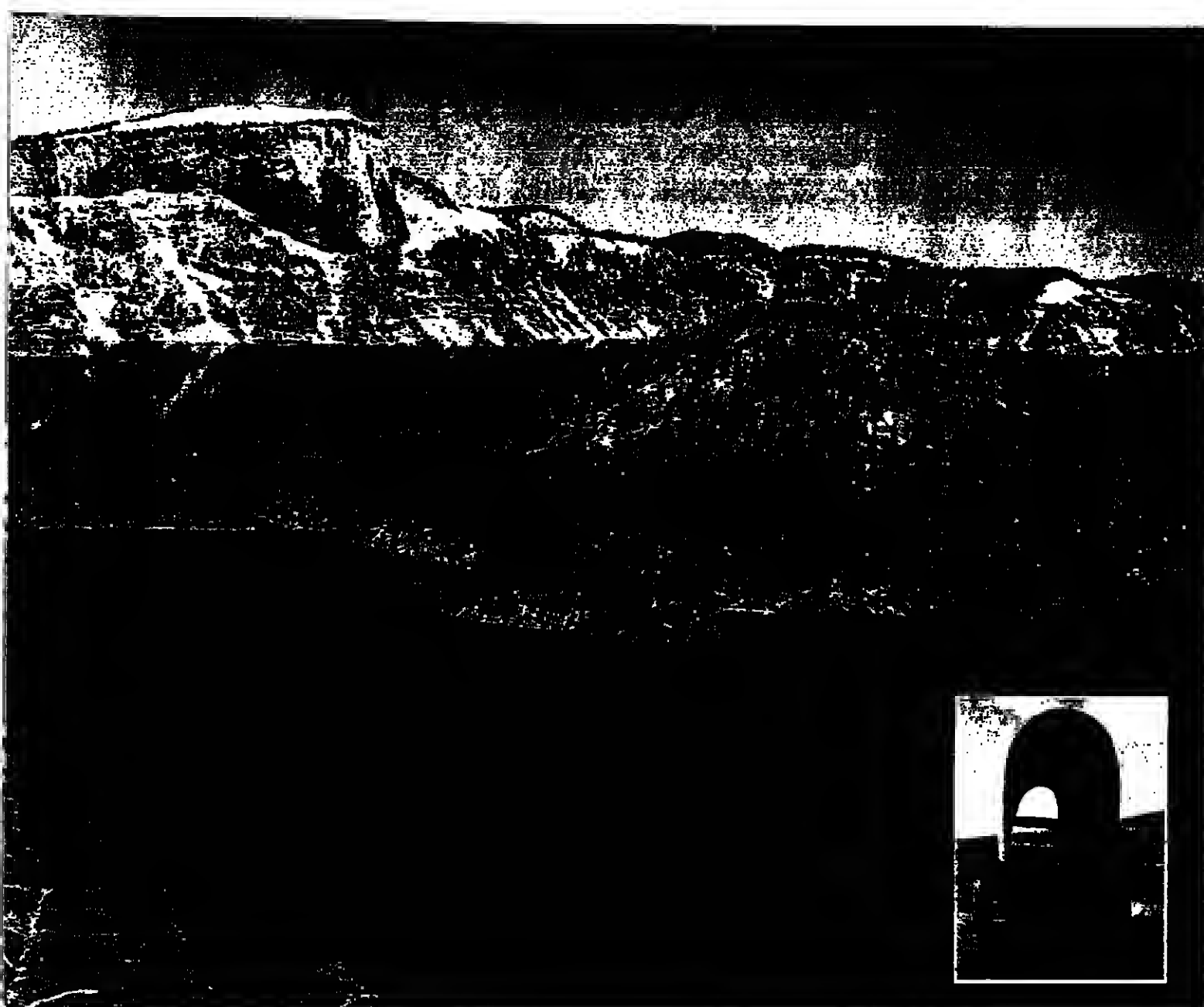
Yes – it is like the movies. On Florida freeways you can legally overtake on either side. Watch your nearside mirror.

**The only thing worse than being bumped is being robbed.** If another vehicle strikes yours from behind, do not pull over at once but continue to a well-lit and populated location such as a gas station.

**Are you being watched?** You wouldn't dream of leaving valuables on show when you park, which is why some criminals employ young kids to watch from a distance and note where precisely you conceal your camera.

**Park front first.** Florida cars have number plates only on the back. So the law says that when you're parking you need to display your only (rear) licence to any passing police, so drive in front first.

**Enjoy.** Read maps, use common sense and have fun. America, after all, is designed for the car.

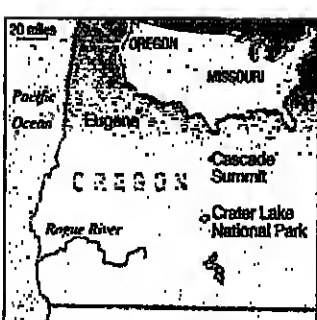


Crater Lake, formed 7,700 years ago by the eruption of Mount Mazama. Inset: a solitary covered wagon at the Oregon Trail Center

Photos: R Harding, J Hendershott

## 'Half horse, half alligator, reckless, fearless' – discoveries on the trail to the promised land

Judith Hendershott retraces the route of the pioneer settlers



The stern portrait of my great-grandmother hangs in the stairwell of my Loodoo home. She was, according to family legend, a formidable woman, six feet tall, widowed with 12 young children to raise in the wild Oregon country.

Great-grandma Phipps crossed the Oregon Trail from Missouri to the Pacific twice: as an infant in 1857 when she was kidnapped by the Indians and bartered for one of her father's cows, and in 1875 when she helped her widowed father drive the mule train across the prairie steppes. That autumn she reached the southern Oregon valley of the Rogue River – inhabited by Rogue River Indians – and married my great-grandfather. Together they built a large homestead, which I used to visit during childhood summers.

A hundred and twenty years later, my 81-year-old father and I retraced part of her journey, criss-crossing the Oregon-only segment of the Trail – this large state accounts for around 500 miles of the Oregon Trail. We did not trudge on foot 10-20 miles per day but instead drove 300 miles per day in our sleek Japanese automobile, looping round the state. It took the pioneer settlers four to six months to walk the nearly 2,000 miles from Independence, Missouri to the "promised land" in western Oregon. It took us five days to drive over high mountain passes, precipitous bluffs, bone-wrenching volcanic flows, and searing sagebrush plains.

Near our campsites we encountered rattlesnakes, deer, coyotes, cougars, eagles, bears and biting flies. We wanted to experience the sort of life and the variety of terrain and animals those hardy pioneers encountered.

We set out from the western terminus of the Oregon Trail in the Willamette Valley town of Eugene, founded by pioneer Eugene Skinner, and headed south to the Gold Rush country of the Rogue River,

near the California border. Here in the well-preserved frontier town of Jacksonville you feel as if you are on the movie set of High Noon – but it's real. In the Pioneer Cemetery are buried Protestants, Catholics, Jews, and Indians, mingling in death as they never did in life.

From here the Trail heads east and north to the Cascade Mountains. This is Twin Peaks country: deep, dark silent woods. We pitched our tent in a public campsite and settled down for the night. Little did we know that there was a loggers' Jamboree (a sort of Highland Games) in the nearby tiny community of Prospect: at 2am we were woken by the sounds of "visitors".

Worn out by their exertions in axe-throwing, tree-cutting and chainsaw-brandishing competitions, a drunken crowd had decided to resolve their feuds in our neck of the woods. Not for nothing did a 19th-century writer describe these mountain men as "half horse, half alligator, tipped with snapping-turtle, reckless, fearless and law-despising".

Our next stop was Crater Lake National Park. This enormous stretch of water was formed around 7,700 years ago by the cataclysmic eruption of Mount Mazama. Indian legend tells of the explosion which caused the collapse of the volcano: shamans in historic time forbade Indians to view the lake, and trappers and pioneers did not find it until 1853 when it was discovered by gold prospectors.

From the mountains the Oregon Trail leads to the High Desert country, an immense arid plateau which is mostly populated by cattle, horses and rattlesnakes. Human settlements are sparse here, but one of the most interesting is Sumpter, once a metropolis of about 4,000 bawling gold miners, card sharks, renegades, gunmen and ladies of the evening. In its heyday there were 16 saloons, an opera house, six restaurants, seven hotels – and six churches. At one time there were more

than 2,000 Chinese miners living in the vicinity; in the nearby town of John Day you can visit the Kam Wah Chuog Museum which served as a general store, office of the Chinese herbal doctor, Chinese temple, and opium den. Tourists from the City of London might like to visit the oow-uninhabited mining town of Bourne – its richest mine and best hotel were owned by a London family called the Barings, who made it a practice to clear the dining room of miners before eating.

We finally reached our goal – the actual wagon tracks made by the pioneers – in the north-east corner of the state, near the Idaho border. Outside the town of Baker City, on a sagebrush-covered bluff called Flagstaff Hill is the Oregon Trail Interpretative Centre, an historical time tunnel beckoning visitors into a stunning recreation of life during the Great Migration. It overlooks an immense plain called Virtue Flat, which the pioneer settlers crossed in their Conestoga wagons.

A well preserved segment of the Oregon Trail is set between the Rockies 1,000 miles to the east and the Cascade Mountains several hundred miles to the west. From 1840 to 1870 nearly half a million pioneers travelled the 2,000 miles of Oregon Trail. Over time the wagons, animals and settlers broke down the sagebrush on Virtue Flat and the dusty earth became imprinted by sets of parallel rust cut deep by the wagon wheels.

At the Center, opened in 1992, you see life-size recreations of trail, accompanied by pungent sounds and smells. Interspersed with the "living" tableaux are informative video films and hands-on displays. Outside, there is a trail of more than four miles around Flagstaff Hill, which leads to a series of viewpoints and historic sites travelled by the emigrants.

The loop starts nearly a mile high and descends 372 feet – not for the faint-hearted. In summer the heat is intense:

there is not shade or water on the trail. Visitors are warned: "Insects can be bothersome and ticks can be dangerous. Stay on the trail. Be alert for scorpions and rattlesnakes". There are several levels of difficulty and the routes are clearly marked. I opted for "difficult" and set off on the two-hour hike towards my goal: a solitary covered wagon down the hill on the plain. During the course of my walk I was overtaken by a golf buggy driven by an employee of the Center, asking me if I was "all right" and offering me a drink of ice-cold water. Overland emigrants, of course, had no such luxuries. Descending past the Hard Rock Lode Mine and Panorama Point, I finally reached the lone covered wagon at the foot of the hill. It sits in the ruins of the original Oregon Trail, near the granite marker which Ezra Meeker, a pioneer of 1853, created.

Our "trail" home to the Willamette Valley took us across the McKenzie Pass of the Cascade range. My great-grandmother and her father came this way in 1875 over the black lava beds, the remains of a volcanic lava flow from 6,000-8,000 years ago. A bleak sight it is, the black slithering stuff in hardened waves, funnels, ridges and canyons. Here and there is a scrawny pine tree clinging to life. Visible on the edge of the 20th-century road are the remains of the first road to cross this God-forsaken place, the ruins of the old wagon road, used by the pioneers. One can only imagine the gritty endurance of these intrepid people, braving wind, snow, wild animals and Indians, in order to establish their homes in the "promised land".

For travel in July (high season), flightbookers (0171-757 2000) is quoting £518 on Air Canada from Heathrow via Vancouver, while Airline Network (0800 727747) has a flight from Gatwick on TWA via St Louis for £542 return. These fares include tax.

## 'Not every tandem passenger makes a full contribution to pedalling'

Britain's charter airlines are, mostly, excellent. But my asking last week for details of charter flights where not everything had gone quite according to plan resulted in a veritable overbooking of stories, such as this one from Mike Stace of Enbridge, recounting a trip to the Canary Islands last summer.

"On the outward trip it was quite fine. On arrival in Tenerife the captain announced that we had landed in La Palma (we hadn't) and got the local time wrong by an hour. The cabin crew, on the other hand, hoped that we would have a pleasant holiday in Paphos. But the real excitement came two weeks later.

"When I phoned to reconfirm the flight, I was greeted by a taped message which told me without much conviction, or any comment on the change, that the departure was at 10pm rather than 6pm. At 8pm we

joined a huge crowd and queued for an hour to be halted a few yards short of the check-in desk when the check-in clerk discovered that the plane had fewer seats than he had expected. We had been bumped.

"Passenger pressure persuaded the airline rep that she'd better phone England for advice, which she did from a public pay phone. She then revealed that the plane was indeed smaller than she had expected, but that another was on its way. After closer questioning from the waiting crowd it emerged that this was not an extra plane but one booked to leave at 1.30am with a full load of passengers. We asked how to avoid being bumped off that one, too.

"There ensued a full and frank discussion in English and Spanish, from which a plan emerged. We were sent to a check-in at the other end of the airport indicated as



SIMON CALDER

being for Munich. This may have been a clever ploy to put the passengers for the 1.30am off the seat, but I suspect that no one knew how to work the electronic display: the 10pm flight details had been on bits of cardboard wedged on to a sheet of hardboard.

"Until midnight, we passed the time playing two games feeding off a group of Australians who'd been

drinking since 9am, and repulsing the more inquisitive passengers for the 1.30am flight. Suddenly we were checked in at break-neck speed, encouraged to run back through the airport to the departure gate and told to sit anywhere on the plane. Experience had taught us that now we might be playing musical chairs so people needed a clear view of a destination seat before they could be persuaded to swap seats to allow parents and children to sit together.

"We took off at half-past midnight – one hour early. So there had been no chance to load the baggage. Some luggage went on other airlines to Gatwick, ours went to Milan."

If that sort of thing is enough to persuade you to holiday at home, you might be tempted to travel by Holidaymaker – a special Saturday service from Scotland and the north of Eng-

land to various South Coast resorts. The first of the summer schedule departed for Devon from Glasgow last Saturday at 9.30am. Or at least it would have done, if someone had chosen to connect a locomotive to the train. Eventually one was found, but not before we waiting passengers had had nearly an hour clipped from our holidays.

The subject of motive power is close to the heart of anyone who rides a tandem. Having spent a fortnight getting used to my new vehicle, I am not yet convinced that every pillion passenger makes the appropriate contribution to pedalling power. So action has been taken, in the form of a sign attached to the machine. If you see a tandem bearing the request "Is she pedalling? Toot if she's not", I hope you will oblige.



## travel europe

## Downhill all the way: the other face of the Alps

By Malcolm Smith

As the summer sunshine melts the last of the snow on the highest peaks of the Schilalp – above Murren in the Bernese Oberland – yellow arnica, little black vanilla orchids, elegant white St Bruno's lily and many more flowers appear. Both the winter snow and the summer flowers have their aficionados. You could, though, be forgiven – if the quantity of ski holiday brochures are anything to go by – for assuming that skiing is overwhelmingly more popular than Alpine walking.

Yet in the Austrian Alps the tourism split is 40 per cent in summer and 60 per cent in winter. In the Swiss Alps, roughly 12 million non-Swiss occupy hotel beds in summer and 9 million in winter.

Skiing is the audacious alpine holiday newcomer. When Dr Paulcke, a German physician, and a young apprentice named Branger – both from the then Swiss summer resort of Davos – bought Finnish skis at the Great Exhibition in Paris in 1889, no one could have guessed what their purchases would lead to.

Within a few decades, the high peaks that had once been the reward of a half day's climb could be skied five times before lunch. But it was not until the 1960s that purpose-built ski resorts attracted mass winter tourism and winter holidays started to rival the summer tourist trade.

Today the Alps have more than 40,000 ski runs and 14,000 ski lifts. Austria's runs alone, if joined end to end, would circle the globe. Building more and more pistes, plus the attendant cable cars and hotels – and roads, water and electricity supplies to service them – is, according to many conservationists, damaging the fragile alpine environment and jeopardising the summer alpine tourist industry.

Dr Jim Thorsell, Senior Advisor for Natural Heritage at the Geneva-based International Union for the Conservation of Nature, points to the stark contrast between the purpose-built resort of Cervinia in the Italian Alps and Zermatt in Switzerland, each on opposite sides of the Matterhorn.

"Cervinia," says Dr Thorsell, "is architecturally insulting. The slopes have been bulldozed excessively to re-cootour them so that, in summer, they look ugly. Large areas are devoid of vegetation and the soil is eroding. Power lines make it even worse."

The developments at Zermatt, on the other hand, are much more sensitive to the local environment, and downhill ski runs haven't done too much damage to the vegetation.

The Austrians are probably the most concerned about over development. In Vorarlberg Province, no new ski developments, nor extensions to existing facilities, are allowed. In Tyrol Province, the environmental implications of any developments have to be thoroughly assessed, though there is no ban on new facilities if their impact is minimal.

Other Alpine Austrian Provinces have also tightened their downhill grip.

In the Swiss Alps, too, new developments get the go-ahead less often. In the Bernese Oberland, summer tourism is more valuable than ski revenues, so developments which disfigure Alpine vistas are taboo.

Forest felling to create more pistes is not allowed in the better cared for parts of the Alps. Spruce forests are natural avalanche barriers. Where they have been felled, huge sums of money are having to be spent constructing barriers on steep mountainsides to protect villages below.

Cows, complete with bells, still graze the high meadows in summer, yet many former dairy farmers have exchanged cheese making for more lucrative ski-tuition jobs or for running boarding houses and shops in villages lower down the slopes.

In the Swiss Alps, less than 10 per cent of the resident population lives in the mountains. A century ago it was 25 per cent. In the Italian Alps many farms have been abandoned.

So the traditional Heidi image is under threat. So, too, are the colourful Alpine meadows.

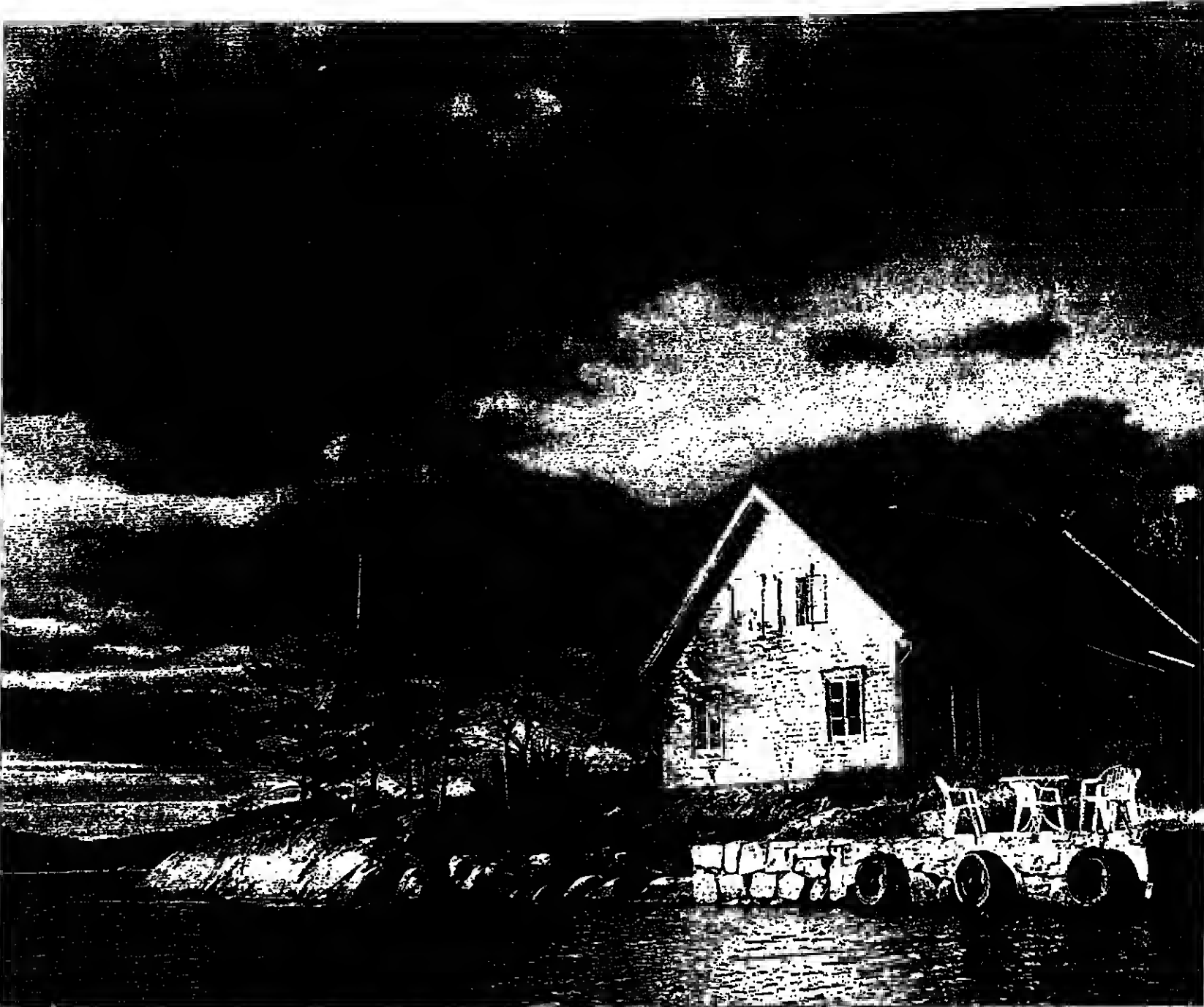
Abandoned, many of them lose their superb colours as scrub – which grazing formerly kept in check – encroaches. Insects, including many gorgeous butterflies, are also declining. And avalanche risk increases when meadows are abandoned. "Uncut meadows are more slippery, especially in spring when a large, wet flow avalanche occurs," says Dr Walter Ammann, Head of the Swiss Federal Institute for Snow and Avalanche Research. "This is because the snow bends the long grass over and can slip off it. Cut meadows have a short vegetation stubble to which the snow grips," he adds.

The highest government subsidies, to help keep farmers up in the mountains, are paid by the Swiss. A 45-hectare Alpine farm (the average size) gets around £20,000 a year. Few farmers would otherwise consider staying on. A similar French Alpine farm might get half that. Little wonder that the village of Tour in the Chamonix Valley now has 30 dairy cows (all on the single remaining farm) yet in the 1940s had 250.

In a recent speech, Prince Sadruddin Aga Khan, Chairman of Alp Action, drew attention to the Alpine Convention, signed in 1991 by the six Alpine states. This recognises a common responsibility for the protection and sustainable development of the Alps. Unless this spirit of co-operation is enhanced, unless Alpine farmers are better supported, and until environmental awareness of the impact of more and more ski facilities by some governments is increased, it isn't only the spectacular Alpine scenery which will suffer. Tourism revenues will plummet faster than a slalom.

## A weatherboard cabin by the fiord

When in Norway, do as the Norwegians: head for a summer sea house. By Hilary Peyton



For the rental price of a cabin you often get a boat thrown in – which in Norway's watery environment is a bit like having free car hire

Photo: Hilary Peyton

We gave up pointing out our dream hide-aways after a few days. They were everywhere, most of them hidden behind the trees. There was a blue gingerbread cabin set in a glade of rustling birch, perched above a rocky shore I particularly liked. And a rambling old house of ochre weatherboard on a narrow inlet. And even one built on an islet no bigger than a tennis court.

It is customary for Norwegians to have a "sea house" for the summer – small cabins along the pine-clad slopes of a fiord or on a small island. These cabins can be rented for no more than the price of a country cottage here, often with a boat thrown in. The locations are breathtaking. One lazy Sunday afternoon drinking home-made fig wine with some friendly locals, I asked my friend Petter where he sailed his boat – a traditional yacht moored at the jetty. "Here," he said, looking surprised. "Why go anywhere else?" It was hard to disagree.

I had sailed on a yacht to Norway as crew, and it had been my intention to return immediately by ferry. I had imagined the country would be cold, damp and expensive. I came home a month later with very different impressions.

We made our landfall at Stavanger and, after a few wet days, sailed south on the advice of local people, to the area between Farsund and Kristiansand on Norway's southern tip. It's a gentler landscape than the fiords further north, and the climate is more reliable, on a par with southern England.

The ribboned coastline, with its countless islands and inlets, is stunning, and the colours here are a constant marvel. It must be the clear northern air that gives such a jewel-like intensity. Fields and pastures green and gold, distant mountains deepest blue.

Perhaps we were lucky: for most of our stay last June the sun shone throughout the long days. In the early dawn the glassy water bears a perfect, unbroken image of the wooded shores. We would watch fishermen across the fiord sinking catches into the cool water to keep the fish fresh. Norwegians love their seafood and you can buy it straight from the boats relatively cheaply. Food and drink, though, are generally very expensive – roughly double our prices.

And when people go shopping, for much of the time they go by boat. Indeed, boats are the equivalent of cars in this environment, and boathouses are like garages.

These are dotted along the waterside, pretty old weatherboard buildings, often painted ox-blood red. The traditional boats many of them house are like a throwback to the last century: gleaming with varnish and full of faded nets, crab pots and fish boxes.

On the whole, the inland waters are well sheltered and it's safe to head off with a picnic and choose your own deserted island for a day (where it is quite acceptable to land). Motor boats can be rented for between £10-20 a day or at weekly rates.

If you fancy somewhere less remote there are some wonderfully unspoilt villages (20 or so houses around a bay) and small towns to explore. At times these look almost painfully picturesque, but they are saved from being too chocolate-box twee by the rugged landscape surrounding them. Flat space is hard to come by along the waterside and the old houses are built higgledy-piggledy up the rocks, with fretworked eaves and balconies and tiny sun-trap gardens.

In many of the little towns, the old way of life on both land and sea is detailed in some fascinating local museums. For the most part these are refreshingly unstuffy – not a glass case in sight. There are some wonderful implements on display, made of wood and iron, worn with hard use.

Then, my particular favourites, there are the sepia-tinted photographs of craggy-faced seafarers – which might encourage you to try your hand at fishing. Even I had some success with £5-worth of basic gear from a hardware store – after watching small boys pull large fish from the harbour waters it seemed silly not to have a go.

If you want to venture further afield, the bus services are excellent and slightly cheaper than ours. There are also frequent ferries between the bigger islands and the mainland. And from Kristiansand you can take a day-trip to Denmark – a cheap shopping jaunt for Norwegians.

The Norwegians themselves were ever-friendly and welcoming. They smile a lot, are nice to their children and never seem to lock their bikes. With only about 4m people in a country bigger than ours, I guess all that space makes for a calm life – when the sun shines.

Color Line (0191-296 1313) sails between Newcastle (North Shields) and Stavanger. Maersk Air (0171-333 0066) flies daily from Gatwick via Copenhagen to Kristiansand for £203. Norwegian Tourist Board: 5 Lower Regent Street, London SW1V 4LR (0171-339 6255)

## DEPARTURES

Mid-June is traditionally when the best bargains for cheap flights to Australia expire, but in a soft market with plenty of capacity some deals are being extended into July. For example, to qualify for All Nippon Airways' cheap fare to Sydney you must leave the UK before 10 July. Until then, you can get a Heathrow-Australia flight, via Tokyo or Osaka, for £604 through Airline Network (01772 727272).

If you can depart for Australia by 30 June, Bridge The World (0171-209 9000) has an enticing deal that includes southern Africa. For £714 you can fly London-Harare on British Airways, hop across to Sydney on Qantas and fly home direct. Johannesburg and Perth are also available (with some variations in fares and taxes). In July the price leaps by £350.

The next time that cheap fares are likely to be widely available is late October and early November. In previous years, Austtravel (0171-734 7755) has filled the inbound journeys on the first few flights of its charter series by offering a fare of

£599, flying out on scheduled carriers and back to the UK on Britannia charters. This pattern is likely to be repeated for 1996. One advantage is that you can choose from a wide range of arrival and departure points in Australia.

From this week, Scotland becomes closer to Northern Ireland. P&O European Ferries has launched its new Jetliner fast ferry between Cairnryan and Larne, reducing the journey time by more than half to just one hour. The company has a series of day trips based on the new service, with excursions to the Giant's Causeway, Derry and the Mountains of Mourne for £18 each (bookings can be made on 0990 980888).

The SeaCat service between Stranraer and Belfast (0345 523523) continues to offer a £15 day return fare for the 90-minute trip, but capacity on the route will increase greatly from 7 July – when Stena Line (0990 707070) introduces the HSS fast ferry. A day-trip ticket costs £24 return (increasing to £27 on Saturdays).

The Settle to Carlisle railway line is offering a special summer day fare from various northern-England stations, including York, Newcastle and Durham. You pay £25 (children half-fare) for unlimited travel to, and on, England's most beautiful and fragile line. The deal does not apply on Fridays and Sundays.

Luton becomes the hub of a new European flight network from Wednesday. The new airline Debonair is starting services from the Bedfordshire airport to three European cities. The lowest return fare to each – including tax – is shown in brackets: Barcelona (£99), Düsseldorf (£87) and Munich (£107).

Other routes are due to start up later in the summer, which will include Copenhagen, Madrid and Newcastle. You book direct on a free phone number, 0500 146200, or through a travel agent. EasyJet (01582 445566) offers connections to Luton from Aberdeen, Edinburgh and Glasgow, with fares starting at £29 each way plus tax.

Villas in Tuscany, Provence and the Algarve are being rented out to customers tendering "reasonable offers" to the tour operator, International Chapters (0171-722 0722). The company still has spare fortnights at some large and classy villas, which would normally cost £5,500 to £8,600 and sleep up to 14 people. Prospective tenants for these properties can call International Chapters and make a bid.

"The one certainty about holidaying with friends is that you never know what will happen. Family dynamics are unstable at the best of times. Multiply them by two or more, mix them up in a new environment, toss in all the expectations of a holiday, and you end up with a cocktail so volatile that it should come with a health warning."

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PHOTOGRAPHY

# Ridge over untroubled water: a walk in the Malvern Hills

By Clive Fewins

**Y**ou don't need an anorak and climbing boots to enjoy the vast open spaces around the Malvern Hills. Much of the 3,000 acres of common land is grassy sward on the lower slopes of the nine-mile chain of hills, around which six settlements cling as if glued to the rock.

There are more than 100 miles of paths crisscrossing the Malvern hills. Though steep, the hills are small in area – a total of only about three square miles – which means they are compact, and highly distinctive in outline.

As you approach from the Severn vale, the scene is unforgettable: the buildings of Great Malvern, dominated by the magnificent 11th-century priory church, hugging the side of the hill that rises steeply behind them.

The Malverns are not only composed of some of the oldest rock formations in Britain, but they produce some of the purest water in the country, which analysts have consistently found to be virtually mineral-free.

*The Malvern Water, said Dr John Wall, is famed for producing just nothing at all.*

So goes the rhyme about a local man who studied medicine at Oxford and who is credited with being the founder of the "water cure" that brought prosperity and people to the town between 1840 and 1880. In the 1860s, in particular, thousands flocked to Great Malvern on the newly completed railway to take the water cure and walk the hills.

They were not as enthusiastic as present-day walkers – who frequently walk the entire ridge in a day and return by bus or taxi – but as part of their cure they took early morning walks after their first treatment and before breakfast. They usually walked to a delightful little spot in the hills called St Ann's Well.

It is still very much in business as a place of refreshment. It lies at the top of a steep climb up a narrow road that is thankfully banned to motor vehicles and is a key point for those ascending the hills from the eastern (Great Malvern) side.

The well house adjoins St Ann's Well café. This is an odd-shaped little building of local stone with a pitch pine-lined interior. It manages to retain a distinctively Edwardian feel despite the wholefood menu (served between April and October) and Irish jig recordings which have replaced the German band that played for the water cure patients.

I parked my car in St Malvern and walked for 10 minutes up the steep St Ann's Road, immediately gaining nearly a third of the 900 feet I was going to have to climb to reach the Worcestershire Beacon, at 1,395ft, the highest point in the Malvern chain.

Twenty minutes later, and after a quick coffee at St Ann's Well café, I was on the top. From this point it is

said you can see 14 counties on a clear day. The steepness of the slopes, and comparative lack of deep side valleys, as well as the many well-maintained footpaths means that you can usually see exactly where you are heading for. Navigation is rarely a problem on the Malverns.

The lower slopes include the 170 acres of Malvern Common, with the Three Counties Showground beyond. They provide gentle, after-lunch strolling country for car-borne picnicers. If you are driving try to avoid the sheep, which is difficult at this time of year. They wander haphazardly over the open land – and the roads – and give the grass a new-mown look.

If meandering sheep drive you to distraction, head for town. Its genteel atmosphere must, I feel, owe much to the great and the good who came here in its heyday. Elgar, of course, was one of Great Malvern's most famous residents – but not the only musical one. The Victorian soprano Jennie Lind lived for seven years in the 1880s in a house facing the ramparts of The British Camp, the Iron Age encampment that surrounds the summit of the second highest summit in the chain, the Herefordshire Beacon. Other famous names to have stayed frequently in Malvern include Charles Darwin, who underwent the water cure several times, Elizabeth Barrett Browning (whose parents lived nearby), Evelyn Waugh and George Bernard Shaw.

The spa years seem a far cry from today. The nearest equivalent now is the constant flow of visitors who drive long distances to fill up with a week or two week's supply of free drinking water. On the day I visited, people from as far afield as Bromsgrove and Bristol were filling up large plastic containers at two of the springs.

You can see several of these springs gushing out of the hillside if you take the splendid panoramic 10-mile drive around the hills. If you do this, be sure to make the short diversion to see the Holy Well, situated in the road of the same name in Malvern Wells. The water there has been bottled since 1662 and Dr Wall erected the first Malvern bath house here in 1757.

If you like tea at the end of your drive call at Lady Foley's Tearooms. These are at Great Malvern railway station, splendidly restored after a fire in 1987. The establishment is named after the flamboyant and influential lady of the manor who in the 1850s and 60s was largely responsible for the transformation of the little village into a fashionable town.

Her life – she had her own furnished waiting room on the London-bound platform of the station – is well documented in the plethora of local history books on sale in the town. The fare at the modern-day tearooms may lack the opulence with which her ladyship was familiar but at least it stays open till 6pm seven days a week – a rare treat for tea lovers.

Malvern Tourist office: 01684 892289



Photograph: Newsteam/Joel Chant

## Six of the best places to visit around Malvern

**1 Evesham** Now relieved of much of its traffic-carrying duties by a bypass, the medieval heart of this market town has the space it deserves. The 12th-century abbey gateway is particularly striking, as are the water meadows. Hungry travellers will be pleased to find that the town boasts the best collection of Balti restaurants outside Birmingham.

**2 Hereford** The overbearing cathedral appears rather too bulky for the human scale of the surroundings. But it is a real treasure trove, starting with the ancient Mappa Mundi in the brand-new exhibition centre, which opened last month. The cathedral's other great treasure is the Library, which has the largest collection of chained books in the world. The fund of knowledge has been preserved by chaining every one of the 1,444 books.

**3 Ledbury** A cobbled alley runs up to the church, past the 16th-century Butcher Row House which now houses the town museum. Some exhibits are fairly ridiculous – the first Kodak Instamatic camera, for example – but most are fun. The oddest is the "boot bath". This is a person-sized metal shoe on wheels. It was filled with water and trundled from door to door, enabling the poor to dunk themselves in it.

**4 Leominster** The priory is unique for having three naves, one built in each of the 12th, 13th and 14th centuries. As well as being a one-stop study of English church architecture, it features a ducking stool which was last used to immerse a scolding wife in 1809.

**5 Much Marcle** This village, four miles south-west of Ledbury, is notable for its yew tree (indeed, the index to a pre-war guidebook to Herefordshire ends with the entry "Yews, Notable" and a reference to the village). The churchyard is draped with a vast tree, shouldering the Norman church aside. So big is this ancient yew that a seat has been hewn from its gnarled old trunk. Inside the church you find some exquisitely decorated tombs.

**6 Upton-upon-Severn** For travellers, the greatest significance of this pretty riverside town is a store on the High Street: the Map Shop, at number 15. Though its immediate catchment area is not sufficient to sustain the stocks of weird, wonderful and wayward charts, it has a healthy mail-order business (call 01684 593146 for details). The Mappa Mundi is not yet in stock.

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something to declare

## Trouble spots

Advice from our woman in the Foreign Office on Europe

**Bosnia and Herzegovina:** Visitors should exercise extreme caution. Although a peace agreement has been signed and freedom of movement theoretically applies, security incidents still occur and the country cannot yet be declared safe for travellers. Cheques and credit cards are not accepted anywhere. Medical facilities are limited. The British Embassy in Sarajevo (tel 00 387 71 444429 or satellite 00 873 145 2244) can offer

only limited consular assistance.

**Corsica:** Yacht owners should seek advice from the harbourmaster on entering Corsican ports and should consider moving on if they do not obtain adequate assurances of security.

**Czech Republic:** Reports of racially motivated attacks on the local Romany population by skinheads are common – also isolated

(apparently racially related) violent incidents involving British nationals.

**Latvia:** There has been an upsurge of car theft. Pick-pocketing occurs on occasion. Travellers should take sensible precautions.

Travel advice is available from the Foreign Office on 0171-238 4503, <http://www.fco.gov.uk/> on the Internet, and on BBC-2 Cccfax page 564 onwards.

## True or false

'For all your rail travel requirements, call Rail Direct on 0800 450450'

**False.** Until this month it was, however, true: the InterCity information and reservations team could answer enquiries and sell tickets by credit card for train travel anywhere in Britain. But the freephone number was disbanded at midnight on 31 May, the latest casualty of the dismantlement of British Rail.

Life has become several degrees trickier and more expensive for the prospective train traveller. There are now nine separate numbers, and only one of them is free. National rail enquiries are dealt with by a local-rate number, 0345 484950. Tickets must be bought from the relevant Train Operating Company. So for a ticket between Swansea and Cardiff you

must phone a number in Plymouth; and for ScotRail bookings you call a local-rate number which gets you through to the non-Scottish city of Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

The complete list:  
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West Coast.....0345 991995  
Cross Country.....0990 136107  
East Coast.....0345 225225  
Midland Mainline.....0800 125 222  
Great Western.....01752 221315  
ScotRail.....0345 550033  
National Rail Enquiries.....0345 484950

## Bargain of the week

The latest salvo in the fares war between Spain and Portugal has been fired by Iberia (0171-830 0011). To counter Air Portugal's two-night city break to Lisbon for £152, the Spanish national carrier is selling Gatwick-Madrid flights for £94 return (including tax). The usual Saturday night condition applies, to reduce the appeal to business travellers.

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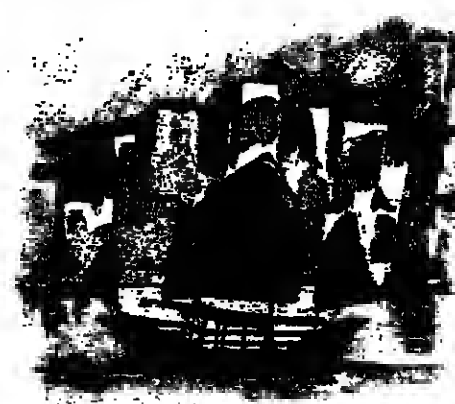
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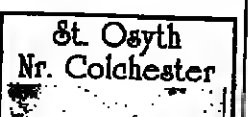
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THE INDEPENDENT

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# Would you pay someone to find you a home?

And would it pay you to do so? Two househunters give contrasting views

There are those who simply move house and there others who relocate. Relocation, an Americanism if ever there was one, is the sort of term applied to managers who are required to move to different towns, with all the details worked out by their employers. What happens, however, if you need to move to a different area to start an entirely new job? There are services that non-company men are prepared to pay for: agents will cut out the hard graft of househunting for a fee. Yet does this really take the pain out of the search, or do you end up paying someone for a job you could do equally well yourself?

Miranda Chalk knows all about the frustrations of looking for a home. She has had to think hard about where to find her family's summer clothes: it isn't a matter of what cupboard, but which suitcase in whose attic. Since leaving her five-bedroom house in Twickenham she and her family have been camping with friends and relations. She never imagined that eight months after deciding to move to Cirencester for her husband's job, they would still not have their own home.

After her husband, David, moved jobs as a marketing executive, she continued living in Twickenham, househunting at weekends when she and her two sons, Edward and Guy, joined him. Then her parents, who by coincidence had just moved to the Cirencester area, took pity on them. Like many families, she knows the strains will begin to tell if they all stay too long under one roof. So her life is one long house-hunt and in this part of the country five-bedroom houses of the sort she is looking for are in short supply.

Mrs Chalk, who used to be the director of a charity, did not want to take on a new job until the family was well dug in. She has since discovered that moving is in itself a full-time occupation. "There isn't time for anything else. I'm either waiting for an estate agent to ring or I'm looking at houses. It's like being on an emotional roller-coaster and it's exhausting keeping the momentum going."

It seems clear now, she says, that they should have started looking for property in earnest far earlier. But once the decision had been taken to move out of the London area, their



When the Chalks needed to move, the first consideration was finding a school for Edward and Guy (above). It wasn't a problem, looking for a new home is. John Lawrence

first consideration had been schools. This, more than anything else, provided the focus of their search.

Could Miranda Chalk have done anything that would have smoothed her move? A greater initial sense of urgency may have helped, she feels, but apart from that they have done it by the book. She had considered paying for a homesearch, however given that her difficulties are chiefly those of a shortage of houses in the area, it might not have been of any benefit.

However, for anyone without the inclination to read through wadges of house details, a homesearch agency has its attractions. Tim Donovan, whose work in international relations takes him abroad a good deal, was faced with his office moving out of London to Canterbury. He decided, though, he did not want to live in Kent

## PENNY JACKSON



"I thought I had six months, so started looking by myself in Pimlico, Greenwich and Blackheath. I was absolutely exhausted, because there was no time to do it properly. I was also nervous about buying because I was panicked into buying a flat in Croydon eight years ago which I couldn't sell. I bought it for £58,000 and my company

was prepared to buy it from me for £22,000. I didn't want to make the same mistake again."

After two months, Mr Donovan, went to a Homesearch Agent, Moving On. They eventually suggested his best option would be a house in Greenwich. "They would go and see about 10 houses a week and take me round two or three. They were good at pointing out little things I might not have noticed. They also found out where the biggest supermarket was and the best route to Canterbury. It made me feel more confident and I found a place after a month."

Tim Donovan paid a £500 fee and one and half per cent of his purchase price on completion. "It turned out to be an essential luxury for me," he says. "One of the most sensible things that I have spent my money on."

But what happens if the agent is unable to find the right house? The original registration fee generally covers a three- to four-month search period and it is important to check whether the agency will carry on looking. Some may require a further fee, but if that is the case it is usually deductible from the final fee. Nicholas Beaumont, director of Moving On, says that he charges only one fee and continues to the bitter end. "As long as you are doing a good job, clients understand if there is nothing suitable coming on to the market. My contract does not specify a period of time and I try to see clients through until they do find something they want."

Association of Relocation Agents  
01273 624455, Moving On  
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## Househunter

Pirton Grange, Shillington, Beds



For anyone who wants to put clear water between themselves and the rest of the world, a house with a moat is for sale in Hertfordshire. Pirton Grange, near Shillington, Bedfordshire, is thought to have its origins in the 15th century, and the smoke blackened roof timbers suggest it may once have been a Hall House. It is in need of complete restoration but is unique in that virtually nothing has been altered in the past 100 years. The installation of electricity and a bathroom were the only changes of note. The Hanscombe family let the house in 1878 until 1952, when it was bought by the tenants. It has about two acres of grounds with a gatehouse, old bake house and dairy. It will be sold at auction on 12 July, and is expected to go for well over £200,000. Agents are Jackson-Stops & Staff (0171-589 4536).

## For what it's worth

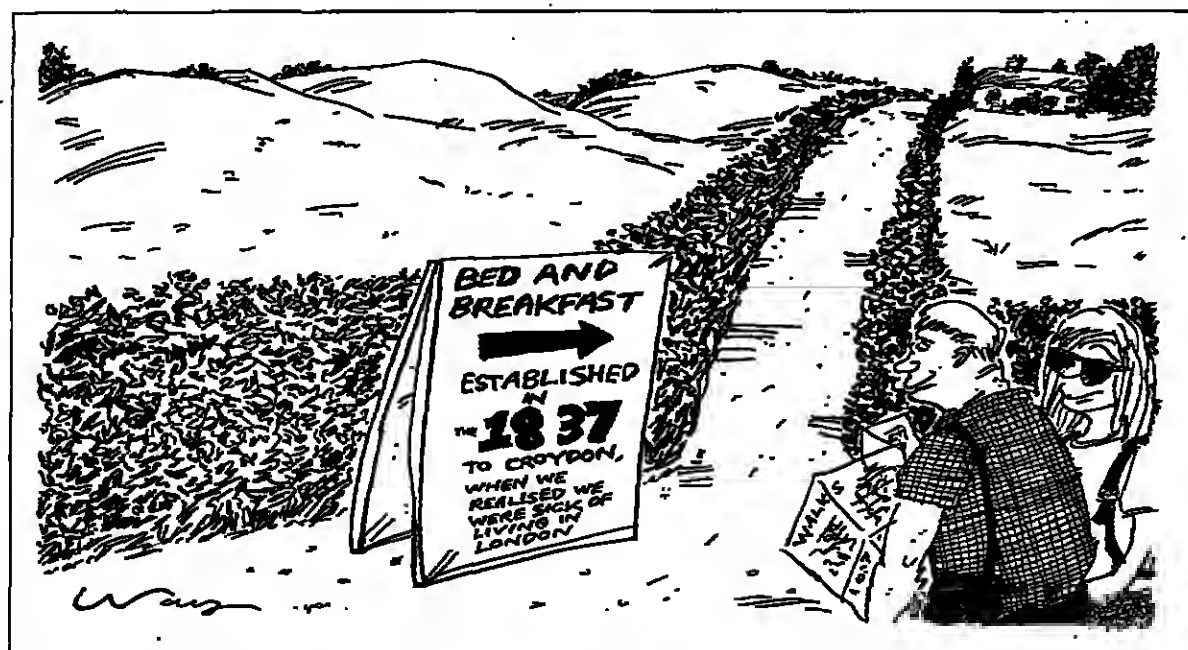
The growth in rented accommodation over the past few years has seen a mushrooming of letting agents, not all of whom are well versed in the complexities of regulations and tenancy agreements. What do you do, for example, if as a landlord your house is trashed by the tenants, or as a tenant your landlord refuses to hand over the deposit at the end of the tenancy? If the agent is a member of the Association of Residential Letting Agents (ARLA) you can at least use their arbitration service.

At the association's annual conference last week, members were told about new competency tests they will have to undergo by the end of the decade. Malcolm Harrison, of ARLA, said the public wanted to use people with recognised qualifications. "The landlord has to be happy because we are dealing with his prized possession, and tenants must be happy because they need to know if things go wrong in their home they will be put right."

A "green" heating system could be on the cards for someone hesitating over the extra cost of an energy-saving boiler. Anyone installing a condensing boiler before the end of November can claim £100 from the Energy Saving Trust, a non-profit making environmental organisation. Cashback hotline: 0345 023005.

# A comfortable living from bricks, mortar, bacon and eggs

At least that's how the Hoskins found the B&B experience. By Peter Lis



Originally, we said we couldn't take hokes with earrings but, as it turns out, we've had all sorts, from hikers to backpackers. Four years after taking the decision to relocate from Croydon to Burton in Derbyshire, Alex and Patti Hoskins are living the middle England dream of running their own bed and breakfast house in one of Britain's most picturesque regions.

Both are former teachers: Patti was a lecturer in Human Development for 10 years and Alex retired last July after 20 years in education, the last 11 as a headteacher.

"It's an old cliché: we both wanted an alternative way of earning money so that we could escape the rat race. We were fed up with seeing concrete all the way from Croydon to Enfield, and taking 30 minutes to travel three miles. We chose Burton primarily because we enjoy walking in the countryside but also with the idea that once the last of the kids had left home we would be able to go into business."

The conversion from family home to business premises eventually cost the best part of £10,000 and three years' disruption to accomplish. In addition, there are substantial on-going maintenance,

advertising and insurance costs to be budgeted for along with daily expenditure on food, cleaning and laundry bills.

"The English Tourist Board was immensely helpful. They took us through all the planning regulations and other start-up routines as well as telling us that it takes on average four years to achieve a reasonable turnover."

Undeterred, the Hoskins opened Stoneridge for business on Patti's birthday in May 1995 and, thanks in part to last year's long hot summer, they are set to be in profit after only one year's trading.

But surely it's a daunting prospect, opening your house to complete strangers every evening?

"We've been pleasantly surprised. Having had no previous experience, we set out to create the kind of place that we would want to stay in ourselves - warmth and comfort were our priorities as well as making people feel welcome. Once we got going it came as something of a surprise to discover that we were perceived as being at the upper end of the market."

As any estate agent will tell you, the key factors in selecting a property for the B&B business are location, location and location.

"The sign outside has paid for itself

10 times over," says Patti. "And it helps that we've got the opera house just round the corner. The local tourist information office was the main source for most of our initial bookings. Nowadays, we are starting to get repeat business and word of mouth recommendations by previous customers are beginning to have an impact."

With the benefit of a year's experience and another scorching period in prospect this summer, the idea of making a comfortable living from the unlikely combination of bricks and mortar and bacon and eggs is one to relish. "Although we are tied to the house for the majority of the day, I don't find it stressful," says Patti. "If anything, a little more mental stimulation wouldn't go amiss."

Alex adds: "At the beginning I found myself walking round the town, looking at the tourists and thinking, 'Why aren't you staying with us?' Now we know not to panic when we have a slow week. It all evens out over the year."

For enquiries about setting up a B&B contact your regional tourist board. Patti and Alex Hoskins' B&B is at Stoneridge, Park Road, Burton, Derbyshire (01298 26120)

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## money

The simplest and most infallible recipe for making money from the stock market remains having a lot to invest in the first place and living a long time

Growth stocks or value stocks? Which are the better bet for making money over the medium to longer term? The debate has been going on for years, but there is no doubt which side is now ahead on points. In America, where they debate these issues far more seriously than we do here, the value school of investors – those who look for companies selling at bargain prices – has declared victory. A key piece of evidence that is now bandied about on Wall Street is some research by a well-known US academic, Eugene Fama. His research, reported in the academic *Journal of Finance* in 1992, found clear evidence that buying shares which were trading at a low multiple of their earnings or book value (the latter is what we in the UK tend to call balance-sheet net worth) was a proven way of making money over time. Glamour stocks, by contrast, those with fancy ratings, have been shown to produce less dramatic returns and often underperform the stock market over time.

The reason is that, however good the companies with the fancy ratings may be, there is a limit to how much money investors can make from them once the prices have soared so far ahead of the reality. Read the academics' papers and the evidence seems pretty conclusive.

Needless to say, the proponents of growth stocks have been fighting back as well. They now point to some research by another American academic, Jeremy Siegel of Wharton, who found that everything depends on the time frame you look at. His study looked back at one of the most notorious bull-market phases in Wall Street's history, the early 1970s, when companies of all sizes traded at what, in retrospect, quickly appeared to be ludicrous multiples of earnings and asset value. This was the era of the Nifty Fifty, when even the mighty IBM was selling at 30 or 40 times its earnings.

Yet, calculated Siegel, if you had bought all 50 stocks at their peak in December 1972, you would still have outperformed the market as a whole in the subsequent 20 years. It is striking further proof, if you need it, that you can prove almost anything you want with statistics merely by picking the right start and end date. The plain man's conclusion in this is obvious. It is the common sense one that no method of stockpicking works infallibly all the time, and that trying to turn a theory into successful investment practice is much harder than it looks on paper. Usually it takes quite a long time to get it right – and even then you have to know when the world has changed and

## JONATHAN DAVIS



## Investments

it is time to stop. The simplest and most infallible recipe for making money from the stock market remains having a lot to invest in the first place and living a long time. Meet those two criteria and it is a piece of cake, whatever the academics may say.

Following my recent pieces about the likely impact of a Labour victory on the financial markets, I see that even the *Spectator* has now proudly decided to commission an article examining how investors might make money under a Blair government. Their pundit, Mark

Archer, a director of Baring Asset Management, shares my view that there is little left to play for in the stock market ahead of the next election, but reckons (like Stephen Lewis, whom I also quoted recently) that buying gilts at 9 per cent on the eve of the poll could well turn out to be a shrewd move.

The premise is that if Labour wins, Gordon Brown will want to make his first Budget as tough as possible, to get the hard decisions out of the way early and to establish Labour's anti-inflationary credibility with the bond markets. This was hardly high on past Labour governments' agendas, but in today's closely integrated economic world, is now a *sine qua non* for any wannabe successful modern political party.

Recent experience in Italy, where the bond market has rallied since the left-of-centre coalition's election win, shows that the traditional mantra about Labour victories – bad for gilts, not so bad for equities – may not hold quite so well this time round.

The last two Labour governments were catastrophic for holders of gilts, producing substantial real losses. But now, says Archer, bonds may well outperform equities after the 1997 election. That is certainly possible, but I wouldn't

bank on it just yet. Life will certainly not be quite that simple, and if Labour wins, there is no guarantee that it will be either competent enough or determined enough to fulfil all its good intentions. Only the most fervent believe that the world has changed utterly and for good, and few doubt that there will have to be at least a couple of runs at sterling before Mr Blair has finished getting his furniture in place at Number 10.

But all this does underline the point that a Labour victory is already quite well priced into the markets. For those who prefer the wisdom of a Wall Street trader to the thoughts of a pukka merchant banker, there is also the additional evidence of the length of cigarette butts in London. They are getting shorter – an infallible leading indicator, said Victor Niederhoffer on his recent flying visit to the UK, of an impending Labour victory.

This is far more compelling evidence, but don't forget that it was only a year or so ago that everyone was saying that Bill Clinton had no hope of being re-elected. Now it is impossible to get decent odds against him doing so. Common sense and conventional wisdom may already be discounting the result of the next election, but the value bets are still to be found on the other side.

## A small, faltering step for the elderly

Government plans for a partnership with insurers to pay for long-term care have not been well received



The Government's plan for a partnership with insurance companies to promote insurance policies to pay for long-term care and help pensioners protect their homes from being sold is getting a general thumbs-down from the insurance industry, the pensioners' lobby in the shape of Age Concern, and professionals in the industry represented by the Continuing Care Conference.

The deadline for comments on the consultation document expired yesterday. The general view is that the document is a step in the right direction, but the proposals as they stand are not generous enough and will appeal only to a narrow slice of the market, mainly those with assets of less than £75,000. According to the Continuing Care Conference, the action group for the long-term care industry, they also place too much emphasis on protecting assets and not enough on the equally important issues of ensuring there are enough homes to meet the demand for care or that local authorities will have sufficient funds to provide a consistent quality of care needed throughout the country.

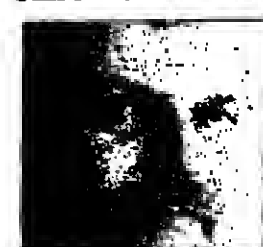
If the Government ignores these issues there is a real risk that the proposals will create a "fast track" to long-term care for elderly people funded by insurance, and further disadvantage those who rely wholly on state help. The proposals also fail to address the problem of providing financial help to encourage elderly people to stay in their own homes.

The average cost of residential care ranges from about £15,000 a year in the North to £20,000 a year in the South-east, and nursing care can add an extra £5,000 a year. Most people needing care will have a pension but typically will need another £10,000 a year to pay for care, even without little luxuries.

A man of 60 can buy a policy from Commercial Union now, paying a single premium of £8,855 or £62 a month to get £10,000 worth of cover a year (indexed to provide an extra 5 per cent a year to cover the expected rise in annual costs). It will pay out once he falls three of the six recognised tests for looking after himself at home. A woman would have to pay £16,472 or £77.70 a month and premiums needed to take out a policy rise with age to £9,346 or £86.10 a month for a man of 70 and £17,989 or £113.80 a month for a woman.

The Government's consultation document published on 7 May proposed that anyone who takes out a long-term care insurance plan which pays a set amount of money for a lim-

## CLIFFORD GERMAN



ited period of time if they need to go into a residential home or nursing home can protect £1.50 worth of assets for every £1 worth of insurance they bought.

Once their insurance is exhausted they would be able to claim state support at an earlier stage than at present, enabling them, for example, to protect their home from having to be sold to pay for care. According to CCC, the cost of buying £10,000 worth of cover for 27 months would be 36 per cent cheaper than a commercial policy, and also protect £50,000 worth of assets from being sold, but the savings diminish as the amount protected increases.

It means the Government scheme is attractive only to individuals with assets under £75,000, says CCC. Giving £2 worth of protection for each £1 of insurance would offer savings of 25 per cent and shelter assets up to £100,000, which would be more relevant to people in South-east England.

The Government's second option of protecting only £15,000 plus £1 for £1 insured for individuals after four years is attractive to no one, and if this time-related option is pursued the £15,000 protection should be £45,000 and the support should cut in after three years.

Scottish Provident also endorses a plan for £2 of protection for each £1 of insurance. Alternatively it wants a time-limited plan which will allow anyone who insures for three to four years of care in full to exempt all remaining assets from claims.

But the amount of cover permitted is not the only issue. The definition of who is eligible for residential and nursing care also needs to be standardised, or there is a real danger of disputes over when claims can be made.

There is an equal danger that if local authorities are not fully reimbursed by the Government for their inability to claim protected assets ring-fenced under the partnership plan they will reduce the standard of care they can fund or raise the qualifications before they agree to finance care.

There should also be a national register of partnership plans and a national

approval system in order to create the degree of consumer confidence needed in such a sensitive area.

Since the great majority of people who would find partnership insurance attractive have most of their money tied up in their homes, they will also need to take out equity release schemes which allow them to obtain the cost of the insurance premiums by taking out a new mortgage on their homes. The loan is only repaid when the pensioner needing care and any surviving spouse are both dead and the house is sold.

Respectable equity release schemes already exist but income withdrawal plans designed to generate extra income from house values in the Eighties had a chequered history. Stalwart, one of the specialist companies which offer equity release, has told the Government that pensioners will need maximum reassurance that any new schemes are safe and represent value for money. Stalwart also insists the Government will have to ensure that tax relief is available on such remortgages, however long they last, and that the annuity bought with the proceeds qualifies for full tax relief, which under present rules it might not.

Individuals who have not been able to purchase partnership schemes should also be allowed to purchase "immediate needs" annuities which start paying out at once, although in order to provide an incentive for taking out long-term care insurance early in life the level of asset protection for immediate needs annuities should be less than the recommended £2 for £1. CCC suggests the £1.50 worth of protection for each £1 of insurance bought should apply in this case.

One essential element in whatever plans are finally agreed is, however, likely to be in short supply. Stalwart insists the essential ingredient is simplicity. The industry still has some way to go in making the advantages of the plans comprehensible to the layman.

There is no doubt the need for long-term care is growing inexorably and the Government's willingness to finance it out of public money is shrinking visibly. The Labour Party is unlikely to come to the rescue of the growing army of elderly people who find themselves too well off to claim state benefit in full and too poor to pay for care out of their pensions. Only one person in five currently needs to go into a home and if the proposed partnership insurance plans do not look attractive they are unlikely to solve the problem because the public will not buy them. More work is needed, and quickly, to establish a consensus for action.

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## Open season for pickpockets and credit-card thieves

Don't get turned over at the turnstiles or accosted on the costas. By Tom Tjckell



Whoever emerges as the champion for Euro 96, credit card thieves will almost certainly be the other great winners over the next few weeks. For thieves it means the traditional summer holiday peak has started early.

The first pickings are already coming in as hordes of supporters fight their way in and out of the stadiums and then battle their way home on public transport. That is where the professional gangs appear.

In the evening, supporters will be celebrating a magnificent victory or drowning their sorrows, and will be half-cut lambs for the slaughter.

Cards also traditionally get lost or stolen on holiday. Last year Spain topped the league of card theft, with 87 per cent of missing cards turning out to have been stolen, followed by the Czech Republic, Portugal and Italy, according to specialist insurers Card Protection Plan. Barcelona was the riskiest city, followed by Florence, Madrid, Prague and Moscow.

When people notice cards have gone missing they often believe they have left them in their hotel and that they will turn up somewhere. That drives the giant insurers like the banks and building societies to despair. Barclaycard claims that one customer in four does not get round to reporting that his or her card has been stolen until at least 24 hours after noticing it has gone. Inevitably thieves run up most of their fraudulent spending within the first 48 hours.

Millions of people nowadays have more than one credit card. The spate of low-cost American cards from the likes of MBNA and People's Bank, charging perhaps two-thirds of the monthly

interest rates that Access and Barclaycard demand on unpaid balances, means the numbers are rising rapidly.

Apart from a multiplicity of credit cards there are debit cards and cheque guarantee cards (where they are not combined), store cards, charge cards and company cards as well, almost always stored together in the same wallet or handbag.

If they are stolen, there are, in each case, freephone numbers to ring to report the loss of each one, provided you can remember them or have them safe at home.

Cardholders who do not have the time or the temperament to keep track of their own details can delegate the responsibility, for a fee. Two groups - Card Protection Plan and Sentinel - will store all details and do all cancellations for you.

They will also store numbers for motor insurance, house and contents cover and the copies of the contracts themselves if need be. Sentinel's fee works out at £8 for a year to cover all the credit cards in a household, with £21 for a three-year contract and £38 for five.

CPP will levy an annual fee of £8 for someone on their own and £13 for a couple. People can choose between them but usually they buy them through a bank or credit card group, which will only offer one or the other.

A single call will trigger the swift cancellation of all cards at risk, and both CPP and Sentinel ensure their own freephone numbers appear on key rings, plastic cards to be kept at home and luggage tags.

Whatever may have happened to crime elsewhere, however, credit-card fraud is only half what it was five years ago. Banks now impose lower "floor limits" so that cashiers have to check with

the card companies' central computers that a particular card is valid for transactions worth, say, £50 and not £100. The process takes a couple of seconds.

That has certainly cut crime in stores and the supermarkets. Meanwhile, service stations can look into a computer base - and get an answer in a couple of seconds on whether cards have been stolen.

But card issuers still lost over £83.3m through card fraud last year - and 1.6 million credit cards went missing. In theory you have to pay the first £25 or £50 of any loss depending on the issuer, but charges are not imposed unless you are extremely slow in reporting losses or do something as crass as writing your PIN number on the card itself.

But even if penalties do not apply, you still have to survive without cards, and that is no fun if you are travelling around on business or pleasure.

More could be done to cut opportunities for thieves to make use of stolen cards, but British citizens are extremely reluctant to submit to having their pictures taken. The ultimate form of card security may however just be a twinkle, not in a scientist's but a customer's eye.

The iris in your eye may only be one of five colours, but the dots and patterns within it are unique. Ultimately the idea is that people using cards would look into a machine connected directly to a database and type in their PIN numbers. The machine would then decide whether the card and iris pattern went together.

All that is some way ahead - and in the meanwhile life and theft continue.

CPP's freephone number is 0800 330000. Sentinel can be contacted on 0800 414717



### LOOSE CHANGE

Investors still have until 24 June to register with a share shop and qualify for the special incentives when they buy shares in British Energy next month. With a postal strike in prospect, registering by phone might be prudent. The offer opens on 26 June, when the full price is also published, and closes at noon on 10 July. Just over 1.1 million investors had registered by 12 June, slightly more than Railtrack at the same stage, although the British Energy build-up will last a week less.

The first payment will be 100p a share for all investors, and the minimum application will be for 300 shares at £300. Investors who register and apply through a share shop

will be asked if they prefer a discount of 10p a share on the second instalment - also expected to be around 100p - which will be payable on 16 September next year, or a free one-for-15 bonus issue of shares at the end of July 1999.

The discount applies only to the first 1,200 shares bought and held until the second instalment is due. The bonus offer applies to the first 1,800 shares bought and held until July 1999.

An interim dividend of 4.6p a share net of tax will be paid in January 1997 followed by a final dividend of 9.1p a share payable in July 1997.

Birmingham Midshires has launched three new Elsas (equity-linked savings accounts). One guarantees the return of

capital plus 20 per cent over five years even if the FT-SE index falls. A second allows up to half the investment into a fixed interest account earning 8 per cent until next September. The third earns up to 1.5 times any rise in the index, with early redemption if the index rises 25 per cent after three years, and a 20 per cent return if the index falls. Minimum investment is £2,500.

BZW is launching a new FT-SE-Linker bond which matures in three years and will be listed on the Stock Exchange. It will deliver rises in the index in full, a capital guarantee if the index falls and could be charged to capital gains not income tax. Minimum investment is £2,000. Extreme mortgage discounts

are on the way out, according to brokers Chase de Vere, because the lenders have gained all the extra business they can handle. It is now offering a Lifestyle mortgage paying 1 per cent over the London money market rate, revised quarterly, no fees, daily interest calculation, no redemption fees after three years and the right to slow down or speed up repayments.

A new three year bond from Stroud & Swindon Building Society offers a fixed rate of 7.35 per cent until July 1999. Minimum investment is £1,000.

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## money

## Best borrowing rates

| Telephone                               | % Rate and period | Max adv %         | Fee | Incentive | Redemption penalty  |
|---|-------------------|-------------------|-----|-----------|---------------------|
| <b>MORTGAGES</b>                        |                   |                   |     |           |                     |
| <b>Fixed rates</b>                      |                   |                   |     |           |                     |
| Scarborough BS                          | 0800 590547       | 0.05 for 1 year   | 70  | 0.75%     | —                   |
| First Mortgage                          | 0800 080088       | 3.75 to 17/98     | 75  | £275      | —                   |
| Northern Rock BS                        | 0800 591500       | 7.49 to 1/8/01    | 95  | £295      | —                   |
| <b>Variable rates</b>                   |                   |                   |     |           |                     |
| Hinckley & Rugby BS                     | 0800 774499       | 0.00 for 9 months | 70  | £250      | Free valuation      |
| Halifax BS                              | 0800 101110       | 4.39 to 30/9/99   | 90  | —         | Free valuation      |
| Bradford & Bingley BS                   | 0800 252993       | 5.54 for 5 years  | 85  | —         | 6 mths free ASL     |
| <b>First time buyers fixed rates</b>    |                   |                   |     |           |                     |
| Bristol & West BS                       | 0800 100117       | 0.95 to 30/4/97   | 90  | £275      | —                   |
| Skipton BS                              | 01756 700511      | 7.65 to 30.6.01   | 95  | £295      | Free U&M free B+C   |
| Lambeth BS                              | 0800 225221       | 4.19 to 1/9/98    | 95  | £295      | 0.5% of adv rebated |
| <b>First time buyers variable rates</b> |                   |                   |     |           |                     |
| Principality BS                         | 01222 344188      | 1.00 to 1/7/97    | 90  | —         | —                   |
| Greenwich BS                            | 0181 858 8212     | 3.75 for 2 years  | 95  | —         | —                   |
| Halifax BS                              | 0800 101110       | 5.43 to 30/9/01   | 90  | —         | £300 & free valn    |

| Telephone                      | APR           | Fixed monthly payments (£3,000 over 3 years) |
|--------------------------------|---------------|--|
| <b>Unsecured</b>               |               |  |
| Direct Line                    | 0141 248 9966 | 13.90E                                       |
| Yorkshire Bank                 | 0345 181920   | 14.60  |
| Midland Bank                   | 0800 180180   | 14.90  |
| <b>Secured (second charge)</b> |               |  |
| Clydesdale Bank                | 0800 240024   | 7.40   |
| Royal Bank of Scotland         | 0131 523 7023 | 9.00   |
| Barclays Bank                  | 0800 000929   | 9.3/9.6 wef 1.8.96                           |

| Telephone            | Account     | Authorised % pm | Unauthorised % pm | APR  |
|----------------------|-------------|-----------------|-------------------|------|
| <b>OVERDRAFTS</b>    |             |                 |                   |      |
| Woolwich BS          | 0800 400900 | Current         | 0.76              | 9.5  |
| Alliance & Leicester | 0500 959595 | Alliance        | 0.76              | 9.5  |
| Abbey National       | 0500 200500 | Current         | 0.94              | 11.9 |

| Telephone              | Card         | Min %           | Rate %  | APR    | Annual | Int. free |
|------------------------|--------------|-----------------|---------|--------|--------|-----------|
| <b>CREDIT CARDS</b>    |              |                 |         |        |        |           |
| <b>Standard</b>        |              |                 |         |        |        |           |
| Robert Fleming/S&P     | 0800 829024  | MasterCard/Visa | —       | 0.8958 | 11.30  | nil       |
| NatWest Bank           | 0800 200400  | Access          | —       | 0.95N  | 12.00N | 56 days   |
| Robert Fleming/S&P     | 0800 829024  | MasterCard/Visa | —       | 1.00   | 14.00  | 56 days   |
| <b>Gold cards</b>      |              |                 |         |        |        |           |
| Co-operative Bank      | 0345 212212  | Visa            | £20,000 | 0.4792 | 10.32  | £120      |
| Royal Bank of Scotland | 01702 362390 | Visa            | £20,000 | 1.05N  | 14.50N | £35       |
| NatWest Bank           | 0800 200400  | Visa            | £20,000 | 1.14   | 15.90  | £35       |

| Telephone          | Payment by direct debit % pm | APR  | Payment by other methods % pm | APR   |
|--------------------|------------------------------|------|-------------------------------|-------|
| <b>STORE CARDS</b> |                              |      |                               |       |
| John Lewis         | in store                     | —    | 1.39                          | 18.00 |
| Marks and Spencer  | 01244 681681                 | 1.87 | 24.80                         | 26.30 |
| Sears              | in store                     | 1.94 | 25.90                         | 2.20  |

APR: Annualised percentage rate. \*C Buildings and Contents Insurance LTV Loan to value ASL: Accident, sickness and unemployment  
E: Available to comprehensive motor insurance policyholders aged over 22 years.  
N: Introductory rate for a limited period.

All rates subject to change without notice. Source: MONEYFACTS 01692 500677 13 June 1996

## Best savings rates

| Telephone number                                | Account       | Notice or term        | Deposit   | Rate %           | Interest interval |
|---|---------------|-----------------------|-----------|------------------|-------------------|
| <b>DISCOUNT SAVINGS</b>                         |               |                       |           |                  |                   |
| Portman BS                                      | 01202 292444  | Instant Access        | Instant   | £100             | 4.80 Year         |
| Direct Line                                     | 0181 667 1121 | Instant Savings       | Instant   | £50,000          | 5.75 Year         |
| Sun Banking Corp                                | 01438 744505  | Liquidity             | Instant   | £25,000          | 5.25 Year         |
| Skipton BS                                      | 01756 700511  | High Street           | Instant   | £30,000          | 5.50 Year         |
| <b>INSTANT ACCESS SAVING ACCOUNTS</b>           |               |                       |           |                  |                   |
| Yorkshire BS                                    | 0800 378836   | First Class Access    | Postal    | £1,000           | 4.90 Year         |
| Alliance & Leicester BS                         | 0645 645660   | Instant Direct        | Postal    | £5,000           | 5.40 Year         |
| Bristol & West BS                               | 0800 901109   | Instant Access Postal | Postal    | £10,000          | 5.75 Year         |
| Northern Rock BS                                | 0500 505000   | Great North Postal    | Postal    | £25,000          | 6.50 A Year       |
| <b>FIXED RATE SAVINGS</b>                       |               |                       |           |                  |                   |
| Coventry BS                                     | 0345 665522   | Postal 50             | 50 day P  | £2,000           | 5.45 Year         |
| Coventry BS                                     | 0345 665522   | Postal 50             | 50 day P  | £10,000          | 6.10 Year         |
| First National BS                               | 0800 558944   | 90 Day Notice         | 90 day P  | £10,000          | 6.20 Year         |
| Chelsea BS                                      | 0800 132351   | 120 Account           | 120 day   | £25,000          | 6.50 Year         |
| <b>FIXED RATE SAVINGS - HCA</b>                 |               |                       |           |                  |                   |
| Kleinwort Benson                                | 01202 502404  | HCA                   | Instant   | £2,500           | 5.00 Month        |
| Halifax BS                                      | 01422 335333  | Asset Reserve         | Instant   | £10,000          | 4.30 Quarter      |
| Chelsea BS                                      | 0800 717515   | Classic Postal        | Instant   | £10,000          | 4.75 Year         |
| Chelsea BS                                      | 0800 717515   | Classic Postal        | Instant   | £25,000          | 5.00 Year         |
| <b>FIXED RATE SAVINGS - BOND</b>                |               |                       |           |                  |                   |
| Chelsea BS                                      | 0800 272505   | Fixed Rate Bond       | 1/8/97    | £5,000           | 6.25F Year        |
| Universal BS                                    | 0800 281496   | Fixed Rate Bond       | 2 Year    | £5,000           | 7.00F Year        |
| Northern Rock BS                                | 0500 505000   | Postal Deposit Bond   | 30/6/99   | £2,500           | 7.50F Year        |
| Bizarre BS                                      | 0800 132304   | High Income Bond      | 1/10/2001 | £50,000          | 7.75F Year        |
| <b>FIXED RATE SAVINGS - TERM</b>                |               |                       |           |                  |                   |
| NatWest Bank                                    | 0800 200400   | 5 years               | £5,000    | 7.45F Year       | 5 years           |
| Sun Banking Corp                                | 01438 744505  | 5 years               | £8,575    | 7.50F Year       | 5 years           |
| Birmingham Midshires                            | 0645 720721   | 5 years               | £1,000    | 7.25 Year        | 5 years           |
| Principality BS                                 | 01222 344188  | 5 years               | £500      | 7.00 Year        | 5 years           |
| <b>FIXED RATE SAVINGS - INVESTMENT</b>          |               |                       |           |                  |                   |
| Sun Banking Corp                                | 01438 744505  | 5 years               | £9,000    | 7.50F Year       | 5 years           |
| Northern Rock BS                                | 0500 505000   | 5 years               | £9,000    | 7.50 Year        | 5 years           |
| NatWest Bank                                    | 0800 200400   | 5 years               | £5,000    | 7.45F Year       | 5 years           |
| Birmingham Midshires                            | 0645 720721   | 5 years               | £1,000    | 7.25 Year        | 5 years           |
| <b>FIXED RATE SAVINGS - LIFE &amp; PENSIONS</b> |               |                       |           |                  |                   |
| GAN Life & Pensions                             | 01279 462839  | 1 year                | £10,000   | 4.90FN Year      | 1 year            |
| Pinnacle Assurance                              | 0181 207 9007 | 2 years               | £3,000    | 5.70FN Year      | 2 years           |
| Pinnacle Assurance                              | 0181 207 9007 | 3 years               | £3,000    | 6.10FN Year      | 3 years           |
| Pinnacle Assurance                              | 0181 270 9007 | 4 years               | £3,000    | 6.40FN Year      | 4 years           |
| Pinnacle Assurance                              | 0181 207 9007 | 5 years               | £3,000    | 6.65FN Year      | 5 years           |
| <b>FIXED RATE SAVINGS - OFFSHORE</b>            |               |                       |           |                  |                   |
| Northern Rock, Guern                            | 01481 714600  | Offshore Instant      | Instant   | £10,000          | 6.30 Year         |
| Northern Rock, Guern                            | 01481 714600  | Offshore Instant      | Instant   | £50,000          | 6.60 Year         |
| Birmingham Mid, Guern                           | 01481 700680  | Fixed Account         | 31/1/98   | £5,000           | 6.75F Year        |
| Skipton, Guern                                  | 01481 727374  | 3 Year Bond           | 31/5/99   | £10,000          | 7.40F Year        |
| <b>INVESTMENT ACCOUNTS</b>                      |               |                       |           |                  |                   |
|   |               | 1 month               | £20       | 5.00 Year        | 1 month           |
|   |               |                       | £500      | 5.50 Year        |                   |
|   |               |                       | £25,000   | 5.75 Year        |                   |
|   |               | 3 months              | £2,000    | 6.25 Month       | 3 months          |
|   |               |                       | £25,000   | 6.50 Month       |                   |
|   |               |                       | £100      | 6.65F Maturity   |                   |
|   |               | 5 years               | £100      | 6.25F Year       | 5 years           |
|   |               | 12 months             | £1,000    | 6.50F Year       | 12 months         |
|   |               |                       | £20,000   | 6.50F Year       |                   |
|   |               |                       | £500      | 7.00F Maturity   |                   |
|   |               | 5 year                | £100      | 5.35F Maturity   | 5 year            |
|   |               | 43rd issue            | £100      | 2.50-4p Maturity | 43rd issue        |
|   |               | 9th Index linked      | £100      | 6.75F Maturity   | 9th Index linked  |
|   |               | Issue H               | £25       | 6.75F Maturity   | Issue H           |

P: post only N: not rate F: fixed rate A: All withdrawals subject to 30 day loss of interest  
All rates are shown gross and are subject to change without notice. Source: MONEYFACTS 01692 500677 13 June 1996

FEAR OF FINANCE  
Clifford German

A cynic might say the Western world will only have itself to blame if Gennady Zyuganov wins the Russian presidential election and tries to reimpose a framework of state control on the Russian economy.

The West has largely watched while the old Soviet system of planned production and distribution has collapsed, creating massive unemployment and runaway inflation, while living standards for most of the population have plunged to Third World levels and below.

Only a tiny proportion of the population, most of them speculators and criminals, are better off than they were a decade ago. Russia has also been isolated diplomatically while its former satellites in eastern Europe have been encouraged to move under the military wing of NATO and the economic umbrella of the European Community.

If Mr Zyuganov wins, and he might well do so, he is unlikely to pose as a kind of cuddly Social Democrat, like the reformed Communists who have already returned to power and influence in Poland, Hungary and the Czech Republic in the wake of disappointment with the progress of economic reform.

Neither can he expect much sympathy and help from the Group of Seven or the IMF and World Bank, who have been heavily backing Boris Yeltsin's campaign for re-election by feeding in financial aid to help reduce the Russian government's public deficit, hold down inflation and rebalance the banking system. Clearly something strange is going on in Russia at the moment, at a time when short-term rouble bills issued by the Russian government are yielding 130 per cent while inflation is only 2 per cent a month.

The withdrawal of this aid if Mr Zyuganov wins will aggravate the crisis for Russia, encourage Mr Zyuganov to reimpose controls and add to the turmoil which a change of government is bound to create in the ranks of the apparatchiks who now control the Kremlin. That could, in turn, provoke a military coup, something the world has been spared since the downfall of the Soviet system.

In the circumstances those Western investors who have invested in Russia since the downfall of the Communists will be shaking in their shoes. But hope springs eternal, and Foreign & Colonial, arguably London's leading experts on investment opportunities in emerging markets, have an investment vehicle, Rusco, ready to launch at a moment's notice if the outcome of the election is favourable and president Yeltsin wins the run-off next month.

It will invest mainly in second-line companies, especially those known to its Indian-based partner, the Sun Group, which has 40 years experience of doing business in Russia.

F&C is not exactly touting for small investor business. The minimum subscription will be \$25,000, it will only trade the shares weekly and 20 days' notice is required for selling orders to reflect the illiquidity of the Russian stock market. Redemptions will also be limited to 5 per cent of the fund.

However, the fund manager, Scott Delman, expects a feeding frenzy if Yeltsin wins and some of the Russian bulls are talking of a 500 per cent profit in the next two years. In particular, funds which have made money in Poland and Hungary are expected to switch to Russia in the hope of making a killing.

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Money Marketing, 23rd November 1995.

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# £200,000 worth of trouble

George Snow's worst mistake was getting heavily into debt to equip a showpiece studio that soon became obsolete. He talked to Corinne Simcock

George Snow, 47, is an award-winning graphic designer, television director and video artist. After being expelled from Hornsey Art College in 1970 for striking the head of department, his career began working for Oz magazine and a number of other underground publications. Today he is a partner of the Society of Workers in the Incandescent Media (SWIM) - which designs Worldwide Web sites on the Internet.

In the 1980s my first computer was a little Sinclair which cost around £100. I was so thrilled with my new toy and the fact that I could actually program it that within two months I had gone to my bank and asked for a £4,000 loan to buy a bigger and better machine.

Before long I was totally obsessed with writing programs. I started buying all sorts of add-ons so that I could do colour graphics and pretty soon I was sufficiently good that no one could understand what I was doing.

At that point I decided to become a video director and put all my snazzy software ideas to good use. I was very fortunate in that I became successful very quickly. The more successful I became, the more money I was paid, and soon it was time to expand my working environment.

I bought more computers, more video machines, more sound equipment and so on. I was very comfortably off, the work was coming in thick and fast, and my reputation was getting better and better.

The total cost of the equipment was around £200,000. I paid about a third of it from my profits and the rest was raised by increasing my mortgage and taking out bank loans and overdrafts.

But suddenly, in the early Nineties - almost as if somebody had switched off the lights - interest rates went through the roof and simultaneously my work just evaporated.

To cap it all, the wonderful working environment which I had created began to go wrong. The machines needed servicing; they became less and less functional as time went on, and by about 1994 I found myself with a studio full of obsolete equipment and a lot of heavy duty loans.

My accountant had told me I would get 10 per cent depreciation on capital expenditure over the year, but in fact both the Inland Revenue and accountant knew something I didn't, which was that all of that stuff goes out of date or loses value dramatically.

My broadcast video equipment actually



George Snow: 'My repayments rose dramatically, I was in big trouble'

Andrew Hasson

depreciated by 50 per cent a year. I had a vision mixer which cost £16,000 and an edit controller which cost £12,000, but when I went along to second-hand equipment dealers they just laughed at me. "You can't be serious," said one. "Nobody wants that sort of stuff; you can't even sell it in Iran or Algeria."

It will take me until the year 2003 to pay for equipment which is over twice as useless, because I can't even give it away.

The first lesson to learn is that you should over buy what is known as a "turn-key" system, in other words, a system which only has one function: a vision mixer which only mixes vision images, or a sound console which only mixes sound.

Today, just one capable computer with the correct software can replace all of that dedicated hardware. So whenever I have to invest in more equipment, I make sure it can do a range of tasks.

In those days, there weren't so many choices. Everyone was terribly impressed

when they saw my studio in the late Eighties, but if I had had more sense I would have hired its equipment rather than bought it.

It was all right to borrow as much as I liked on my rising income, but as soon as my income fell and my repayments rose dramatically, I was in big trouble. My mortgage alone had risen to £2,700 a month, and for two people this is a hell of a lot of money to find, but on top of that I was paying £875 a month for a business loan.

The upshot is that although interest rates eventually came down and my mortgage, dropped to £1,700 a month, the only sensible thing to do was to sell the house in London and buy a flat elsewhere.

If I'd been sensible and sunk my money into the house, I would have had a much greater degree of security. On the other hand, that would have been boring. I can't honestly say I have any regrets, but I certainly wouldn't advise anyone else to make the same mistakes.

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How would the Bond have performed if it had been available in the past?

If you could have invested in this product at any time during the 12 years when both the indices were available, then you would have seen your investment perform very well indeed. You would have achieved the following:-

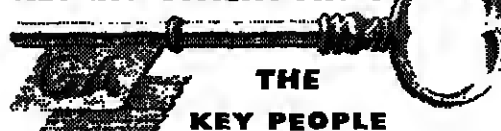
- At the end of every 6 year period there would have been 45% growth.
- In 92% of all 6 year periods there would have been 60% growth.
- In 52% of all 6 year periods there would have been 75% growth.
- In 8% of all 6 year periods there would have been the full 90% growth.

Source: Union Bank of Switzerland.

\*All gains made  
and all your capital  
will be returned  
after 6 years -  
Guaranteed!

This past performance was achieved over periods of high inflation so will not necessarily be reflective of future performance. If you cash in your Bond early, you will get the value of the underlying investments. This value can fluctuate and is not guaranteed. Full written details are available on request. The FT-SE 100 Index and the S&P 500 Index do not include reinvestment of share dividends.

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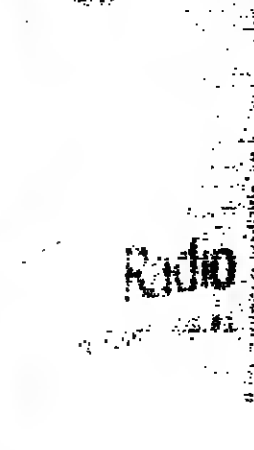
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## DANCE

Grupo Corpo (above) Brazil's leading contemporary dance group originally included six brothers and sisters from the same family. Four remain, including choreographer Rodrigo Pedreira. A mix of classical ballet and Brazilian exuberance, Sadler's Wells, London, Tue. Compared to La Solà Viñals' choreographer La Solà reinvents the traditional dance of Red River Delta. Saatchi & Saatchi is performed by elderly women from that region. The Royal Festival Hall, London, tonight. Fat: From the Maudslayi County Birmingham Royal Ballet's enormously popular romantic ballet based on Hardy's novel, *The Alchemist*. Bedford, tonight.

**CONCLUSIONS**

[illegible]

THERETOFORTH  
 I R E M Y V  
 LOCATIONS WERE  
 HILL RICHARDS  
 CROCKETT JERICO  
 Y M T S C O E  
 THE JAPANESE NOT WOR

**Cryptic Crossword**

THERETOFORTH LIVED  
 A YACHTING CLUB  
 SHIVERED ESPY  
 S T N T O  
 PRELIMS BATHING  
 E R I E I T  
 VOLDEMORTS  
 S I E E A  
 FOTHEGARY WIN  
 M I G E R  
 CAMP CREPITATE  
 I N M L  
 CONTRASTIVE ANI  
 E G N M N  
 ELUVATE STARTING  
 N O M V S I N M Y S T  
 L U R R A  
 VERITABLE MUSTI  
 A S T O D A D I L E  
 W N H A I T E D  
 O L E N H A L Y P S O  
 C O M P L E T E L Y O U T O F

Cryptic winner: Peter Bradley, Malvern  
 Numbers-up: Mr E Speight, Southport; J  
 Phillips, London SE24  
 Solis winner: Mrs D Crawford, G  
 Numbers-up: Mrs H Jenkins, Bodmin;  
 Mr R. Robbins, Cardiff; Mrs C W  
 Crockett, Jericho, Oxford; Mrs L  
 Adams, Watford; Mr I. Barnard, No  
 1, Avery, Puddery; Mr R. Routledge, Pet

[illegible]

#### Notes: Apun Economic Service (Industries Report)

[illegible]

Shelton, N. 1999. *Shelton*.  
St. Mary's



staying in



# Television

by Gerard Gilbert

[illegible]

**Panorama 9.30pm BBC1:** The Government's handling of BSE. Get your teeth out at an entrepreneur and judge for yourself (743631).  
**Clesh of the Thars 9.45pm BBC2:** The special Björn Borg (above) and his long-running battle for tennis supremacy with John McEnroe. 'For normal, he's abnormal,' quoth SuperMac (506017).  
**Film: The King of Comedy (Martin Scorsese 1983 US)** 10pm C4: 'Talented,' insensitive poet Robert De Niro will do anything to be like his TV idol, played straight by Jerry Lewis (1562).

**False Economy** 9pm C4. Will Hutton concludes his look at the state we're in by castigating the creeping but widespread privatisation of the Welfare State for being undemocratic and wasteful (B857).

**Double Bird: a Rare Species** 9.45pm BBC2. Minute to the outgoing umpte (B857/68).

**Strange Days** 11.15pm BBC2. Journalist Catherine Bennett (above) fights back against the tide of unreason - from astrology to alien abductions - and looks for a nation to explore their growing popularity (434031).

**Absolutely Animals** (A-Team Co., 1996, PG-13) (above) follows the A-Team's antics as they rescue more than 100 animals from the streets of Mexico with some fairly comical results (2/26/97).  
**The Trials of O'Brien** (Fox Co., 1996) follows the Labour-supporting fourth-century cartoonist-wormie media magnate and capitalist as he leads the way to his new TV channel.  
**Film: LA Story** (Mick Jackson, 1991) (PG-13) (11/26/97) (1) Steve Martin stars as the homeless Vietnam vet who stars in *LA Story*.

**THE X-FILES** (Gillies) **10**—The series' trademark is back, as the FBI's most famous duo investigate the mysterious disappearance of a young woman. **THE X-FILES** (Gillies) **10**—The series' trademark is back, as the FBI's most famous duo investigate the mysterious disappearance of a young woman. **THE X-FILES** (Gillies) **10**—The series' trademark is back, as the FBI's most famous duo investigate the mysterious disappearance of a young woman.

## Radio

by Robert Hanks

... ..

**The Monday Play:** United States 7.45pm R4.  
The story of the original Siamese twins, Chang and Eng Bunker, and how they used the profits from freak-show appearances to try to live out the American dream.

The Magula 10:35pm R5, David Mellor's investigation of the big sporting promoters continues with the shock-headed, motormouthed boxing mogul Don King - even he may find it hard to get a word in edgewise with our David.

**Burning for Atlanta** The city is set to be given the 1996 Olympic torch, and the rolling channel, to save money, is having to find a space in his diary pre-Olympic profile of the city.

**THE** **WORLD'S** **LARGEST** **EXHIBITION**

## Sunday television and radio

**BBC 1**

7.30 Jim Henson's Animal Show 7.55 Playdays  
8.15 Italianissimo (R) (7196239).  
8.30 Breakfast with Frost (87500).  
9.30 The Good Book Guide (R) (S) (9623500).  
9.45 First Light (S) (510852).  
10.15 See Hear! (S) (608061).  
10.45 This Multimedia Business (R) (S) (4587784).  
11.00 The Night of the Hunter: The Story of a Scandal  
Andrew Davies on how he transferred Jane  
Austen's classic to television (R) (S) (8790). \*

11.30 A Country House Reborn (R) (S) (6719). \*

12.00 CountryFile (S) (12852).  
12.30 On the Record (37806). \*

1.30 EastEnders Omnibus (R) (S) (6982429). \*

2.55 The Night of the Hunter: The Story of a Scandal  
A mind-control expert suspected of murder (3958177). \*

4.10 Masterchef 1996. The second semi-final. Loyd  
Grossman is joined by River Café chef Rose Grey,  
and restaurateur, Michael Chow (S) (2500235). \*

4.45 Songs of Praise. From Huddersfield Town Hall,  
backed by a lot of brass (S) (6403906). \*

5.20 News, Weather (77429). \*

5.40 Regional News (776239). \*

5.45 Euro 96 Live. Live coverage of Croatia v Denmark  
from Hillsborough. Plus highlights of Russia v  
Germany (S) (3398258). \*

8.00 No Bananas. 7110. Dorothea finally submits to Sir  
Cecil (S) (788055). \*

8.50 Birds of a Feather (R) (S) (752413). \*

9.20 A Royal Scandal. A royal scandal. Drama set with  
the ongoing Charles and Diana saga In this historical  
drama starring Richard E Grant as the future  
George IV, pressurised by public opinion into  
marrying Caroline of Brunswick, although they  
had nothing in common and he already had a  
mistress. See Preview, p28 (S) (664142). \*

10.20 News, Weather (777429). \*

10.35 Very fine adult romance in which  
twenty-something yuppie James Spader gets  
involved with forty-something waitress Susan  
Sarandon (S) (78835535). \*

12.15 Golf - US Open. Highlights (S) (32369). \*

12.45 Desert Bambi (Eugene Court 1986 US). Slow  
motion of a desert bunnies in a desert scene set in  
smalltown 1950s Nevada Desert, where the  
military is busy testing nuclear weapons and  
Annabeth Gish is coming of age. Gish's  
traumatised former soldier father (Jon Voight),  
meanwhile, is making life difficult for everyone  
with his drinking and his advances on Auntie Ellen  
Garkin (76927). \*

12.30 Weather (23004). To 2.35am.

REGIONS. Wales: 12.00pm Homeland. 2.30 News  
Headlines, Weather.

**BBC 2**

6.15 **Open University**: *Pure Maths* (559.1758). 6.40 **Maths Methods**: *397 Maths* (7.05) *The Promised Land* (47.49968). 7.30 **Disability** - *Restoring the Balance* (1950784). 7.55 **Seville**: *The Edge of Empire* (7378697). 8.20 **Pathfinding in the Brain (7136041). 8.45 **Images of Education** (87.72528).  
9.10 **Reeltime** (7673332).  
9.15 **The Littlest Pet Shop** (S) (2278212).  
9.35 **X-Men** (S) (1259553).  
10.00 **Fully Booked**. *Showjumper Oliver Skeete and Otis the Aardvark* are this morning's guests. Plus, the cartoons *Bump in the Night* and *Pingu* (57413).  
12.00 **Rediffusion**: *Programmes* (1.31). 3.45 **Antiques**: *Today's finals in the AAA Championships include*: 4.10 **Men's** 800m. 4.20 **Women's** 1,500m. 4.30 **Men's** 1,500m. 4.50 **Men's** 2,000m. 5.00 **Women's** 2,000m. 5.30 **Men's** 400m hurdles. 5.40 **Men's** 400m. 5.45 **Motor Racing**: live coverage of the Canadian Grand Prix from Montreal (S) (5297516).  
8.00 **The Rio Olympics**. Desmond Lynn presents a history of Olympic boxing. See *Preview*, p28 (8806603). -  
9.20 **Top Gear** Take 2. *Banger racing* (S) (818239). +  
9.30 **Friday Night Armistice**. Repeat of Friday's fun and games with Armando Iannucci and satirical chums (S) (31429). -  
10.00 **European Football**. *Football League*. With former U.S. star, *Clayton Robinson* and Lorraine Kelly. Shown on Friday (S) (17351). -  
10.30 **Benji** *The Indian Runner* (Sean Penn 1991 US). Penn's directorial debut, set in 1968 Nebraska, surprised everyone with its sensitivity and maturity. It stars David Morse as a smalltown cop whose uneventful life is disturbed by the return of a former (or was he?) prisoner of war from the Vietnam War (72117245). -  
12.35 **Canadian Grand Prix Highlights** (Followed by *Weatherwatch*) (S) (4977524). To 1.25am.  
2.00 **The Learning Zone**: *Ageing Issues and concerns around ageing*. (86883). 4.00 **Languages** (79272). 5.00 **Business** *World View* (1485494). 5.55 **Job Bank (8807398). 5.55 **Watch the Talk (53713). To 6.00am.******

**REGIONS**. Wales: 12.00pm Welsh Lobby. NI: 12.00pm Songs of the Eighties.

**ITV/London**

- 6.00 GMTV. 6.00 The Sunday Review. 6.30 News, Sport and Weather. 7.00 The Sunday Programme (10326).
- 8.00 Disney Adventures. Jenny Powell visits the Isle of Wight (4711887).
- 9.25 The Adventures of Rocky Greenspace (742503).
- 9.50 James Bond Jr (2271871).
- 10.15 Sunday Heroes (S) (8347326).
- 10.25 Sunday. Gloria Hunniford is in Great Yarmouth, Norfolk. At 10.50, Morning Worship from St Mary's Catholic Church (S) (92533264).
- 12.10 Link (S) (6454581).
- 12.30 The Gelfin (Followed by UWT Weather) (48719).
- 1.00 News & Weather (45878790).
- 1.10 The Agenda. The first in a new series of live current-affairs programmes hosted by Andrew Ramsley (2639429).
- 2.00 Capital Holidays. Tuscany, the villages of the Costa del Sol, and the Calgary Exhibition and Stamp Fair near the Rocky Mountains (7413).
- 2.30 Euro 96 - Live. Live coverage of Russia v Germany from Old Trafford (2750551).
- 5.00 Upstairs, Downstairs. A portrait of Lady Marjorie causes uproar when it is unveiled at The Royal Academy. Artist Rodgers great stars as a Scottish aristocrat-turned-artist (R) (5300).
- 6.00 Local News. Weather (958993).
- 6.30 News & Weather (958993).
- 6.40 40 Years of TV Laughter (R) (S) (18939).
- 7.30 You've Been Framed! (R) (S) (239).
- 8.00 Mycife. Jack Shepherd's satiric Cornish police detective ponder's unexplained killings in the Bodmin community, which locals are blaming on 'the beast' (S) (8429).
- 9.00 The Knock. An old friend of Bill's is murdered in France while the victim is of a major drug-smuggling gang (S) (193).
- 10.00 The Clive James Show. Guests include Eddie Izzard and Peter O'Toole (S) (835239).
- 10.45 News & Weather (819516).
- 11.00 Euro 96. Highlights of Croatia v Denmark (57413).
- 12.05 Miracle Landing (Cliff Lowry 1990 US). Drained of an accident in 1983 in which the top section of a plane's fuselage came off during a night to Honolulu (S) (695098).
- 1.40 The Chart Show (R) (S) (7364123).
- 2.40 ~~Execution~~ The Execution (Paul Wendkos 1985 US). Five Jewish women who were all prisoners at Birkensau concentration camp discover that the camp doctor is a Jew (S) (19). LA release. Starring: Sami, Loretta Swit and Rip Torn (489291).
- 4.20 Cost Vibes (S) (61308794).
- 4.35 Shift (R) (1588291). To 5.30am.

## Channel 4

- 6.15 **Trans World Sport (R) (8766590).**
- 7.10 **Take 5, 7, 40 The Magic School Bus.** 8.05 **Sonic the Hedgehog.** 8.35 **The Topper.** 8.40 **Blast Off.** 8.50 **The Bird.** 9.00 **Blip Mice from Mars.** 9.30 **Saved by the Bell.** 10.00 **Dumbo and Dumbo.** 10.15 **Superman: The Movie.** 10.40 **Rocko's Modern Life.** 11.05 **Inspector Gadget.**
- 11.20 **NBA Raw.** The NBA finals (9025332).
- 11.25 **The Waitress (R) (9445355).**
- 1.15 **Happy Ever After (Mario Zampri 1954 UK)**  
A miscast David Niven plays the campish new English square of an Irish village, whose daughter is seduced by a handsome American Sub-English comely with Yvonne De Carlo, Brian Fitzgerald and George Cole (79399992).
- 2.55 **A Little Lovin'.** Short comedy film with Helena Bonham Carter as a lovestruck maiden helped out by a group of Greek gods (3839500).
- 3.10 **Ask Any Girl (Charles Walters 1959 US)**  
David Niven is seduced by a beautiful travel-dweller being enlisted by a smiling girl Shirley MacLaine to help her share his brother's hand in marriage. No guesses as to what happens next and no great shakes as a musical (54978264).
- 5.05 **Zig and Zag's Dirty Deeds.** *The Big Repellent* extras help Elie McPherson trash down some stolen photos (S) (3077332).
- 5.35 **Baywatch (R) (9500000).**
- 6.05 **Beauty & the Beast (S) (617332).**
- 7.00 **Gunmen Prefer Blondes (Howard Hawk 1953 US).** "Diamonds are a Girl's Best Friend" and all that, with Marilyn Monroe and Jane Russell as Anita Loo's immortal gold-digging showgirls bound for Gay Paree (80622429).
- 8.40 **Footprints.** Trek. Pete McCarthy follows in the footsteps of Ernest Hemingway to the Florida Keys (S) (9993).
- 9.00 **Cold Lazarus.** 4/4. Concluding Dennis Potter's vision of the future. Daniel Feldt's head has been stolen (S) (3040448).
- 10.15 **Caddyshack (Harold Ramis 1980 US).** The gloriously stobbish Ringer Danglefield has some cross on the fairways of an exclusive golf club in Ramis's and Harold Lloyd's (9500000) Chevy Chase and Cindy Morgan (555332).
- 11.05 **Just for Laughs.** Frank Skinner hosts the Montre festival of comedy (S) (2178678).
- 12.45 **Days and Nights in the Forest (Satyajit Ray 1969 India).** Ray's Bengali tale on Jean Renoir's *Une Partie de Campagne*, with four young men from Calcutta taking their hols (33589524).
- 2.50 **China Doll (S)** See *China Doll* (9500000).
- 3.00 **China Doll.** Britian's Chinese comedy nodd a beauty contest (R) (S) (68404982).
- 3.15 **Beach (R) (S) (4667712).** To 3.00am.

## ITV/Regions

**AKIRA**  
As London escapee 12.30pm Anglia News and Current News (497179). 2.00 The Road Show (7413). 5.00 Graham (766787), 5.06 The Village Shop (730739).  
As Hostess in a Crowd (766787), 5.10m The Great American Soap Box Derby (903388), 1.50m Home Sweet Home (488161) 2.15m Best of British Motor Sport (2661036), 3.15m Jones and Jerry (43621388), 4.35-5.30m The Chart Show (1588291).

**TIME TEST/MORNING**  
As London escapee 12.30pm Jay Newtons (455591).  
As La Delfida (496779), 2.00 West End Story  
On Booparts (7413). 5.00 Carlton (7351659). 5.10 Robocop (7662210). 12.05am Films: Crazy Moon (6662210). Wilson: When Did You Leave? (7592962). 4.00-5.30m Antiques (1688962).

**CITIZEN**  
As London escapee 12.30pm Court Newsweek (496371). 2.00 The Jury (7413). 5.00 Stuntmasters (7662210). 5.30 Desperate Housewives (7662210). (7662210). 4.20am Babylon (7348259). 5.00-5.30m Astley Jey (495543).

**MY**  
As London escapee 12.25pm Westside News Journeys (4963862). Mellow Movie Agents (7389582). 2.00 Automobiles (2288023). 2.25 ITV Sport Mini Classics (766255). 6.50 A World of Hobbies (4941413).  
Criminology (7766221). 12.50pm The Great American Soap Box Derby (903388), 1.50m Home Sweet Home (488161) 2.15m Best of British Motor Sport (2661036), 3.15m Jones and Jerry (43621388), 4.35-5.30m The Chart Show (1588291).

**BETHAN**  
As London escapee 12.30pm News Day (5983262). 2.00m The Laugh (7413). 5.10 The Rocks & Gail Years (5078611). 5.40 Grams. Games (7662722). 12.05am Films: The Great American Soap Box Derby (903388), 1.50m Home Sweet Home (488161) 2.15m Best of British Motor Sport (2661036), 3.15m Jones and Jerry (43621388), 4.35-5.30m The Chart Show (1588291).

**WESTMINSTER**  
As London escapee 12.30pm Westminster Update (4983719). 2.00 ITV Sport Classics (7413). 5.00 Carlton (7351659). 5.10 Highway Heroes (8030510). 5.10m The Film: The Great American Soap Box Derby (903388), 1.50m Home Sweet Home (488161) 2.15m Best of British Motor Sport (2661036), 3.15m Jones and Jerry (43621388), 4.35-5.30m The Chart Show (1588291).

**PIC**  
As CA escapee 6.15am Transworld Sport (7667679). 7.10 Time Flyer (4983006), 8.05 The Adventurers of the Helicopter (4983006), 9.00m The Great American Soap Box Derby (903388), 10.10m Hollywood (7662722), 10.40m Sister Sister (8040021). 1.20pm Babylon (7662722). 2.00m Edge: Searching for Susan (5074669). 5.00 Zed and Zany Days (26531). 5.30m Poldy Vorn (40094158). 7.25m Dechurs De Chichus (7662722). 7.55m Newsday (7662722). 8.00m (737351). 8.35m Darganini (754971). 9.05m Hot Girl (766264). 9.20m Spin Ay (545413). 9.40m Newsday (766264). 10.10m Newsday (766264). 11.15-12.25pm Film: Tracey (59131). 8.00m

## Radio

**Radio 1**  
 87.65pm-90.00  
 Peasants 2.00 Trevor Greening 10.00 Dave  
 Pearce 2.00 Kenny Rogers's Rhythm  
 Nation 4.00 UK Top 4.00 7.00 Kickin'.  
 See Choice. 8.00 John Peel 10.00  
 Andy Newsham 12.00 Mary Anne  
 Hozes 4.00 6.00-6.30am Chris Warren

**Radio 2**  
 85.9-92.0MHz  
 7.00am Don Maclean 9.05 Steve  
 Wright 10.00 The Long Sooty 11.00  
 Parkinson's Sunday Supplement 1.00  
 Desmond Carrington 3.00 Benny  
 Green 4.00 Sweet and Low 4.30  
 Sing Something Sweet 5.00 Pam  
 Byers 7.30-8.00 Scally 8.30 Sunday  
 News 9.00 Alan Keith 10.00  
 Fifty Years On 12.05 Steve Madden  
 3.00-6.00am Alex Lester

**Radio 3**  
 92.0-102.0MHz  
 7.00am Sacred and Profane.  
 8.05 Choice of Three.  
 9.00 Brian Kay's Sunday Morning.  
 1.00 News Into the Garden.  
 1.20 The Sunday Orchestra. BBC Sym-  
 phony Orchestra/Enrique  
 Diemecke. Monarchs. Hespang  
 Borneo. Symphony No. 2. Villa-  
 Lobos. Forest of the Amazon.  
 3.15 Spirit of the Age.  
 3.15 Peter Schreier (tenor), Graham  
 Jackson (piano). Beethoven: An-  
 derer Lieber Leute neues Leben, Op.  
 75 No. 2, Die Wachtstacheln, WoO  
 129; Resignation, WoO 149; An-  
 denken; Zärtliche Liebe; An der  
 ferne Geliebte. Schumann:  
 Dichterliebe.  
 5.45 Sunday Feature. Launch. 15  
 years after the publication of Alan  
 Gay's first novel, Larkant, David  
 Starhawk assesses its impact on  
 Scottish writing. See Choice.

**Radio 4**  
 93.0-100.0MHz  
 6.30 Russell Pano Music  
 7.30 The Sunday Play. The Nu-  
 merical. Peter Goodchild's re-  
 construction of the most  
 significant trial of the 20th century  
 with Bernard Hepton.  
 10.10 Choir Works. Aaron Copland:  
 In the Beginning. Charles Wuor-  
 tti: The Traditions. John Pusey  
 examines the ancient cultural and  
 musical connections between Scot-  
 land and Iceland.  
 11.45 Record Review.  
 1.00 Through the Night. With Donal  
 1.30-2.00  
 1.01 Jommelli, Democrito. A rare  
 chance to hear this three-act  
 opera, recorded during the 1995  
 Swiss Festival.  
 4.00 Vienna Stories.



### Choice

"Are the worlds of football and pop converging?", asks Nick Hancock (left) in *Kickin'* (7pm R1), or is it just that footballers' hairstyles are improving? Meanwhile, for all those who thought Irvine Welsh invented Scottish writing, *Lanark* (5.45pm R3) reminds you that *Alasdair Gray* did, 15 years ago.

**Radio 4**

02.24-04.59c (N, 139x16)

6.00 *Olav News Briefing*

6.10 *Something Understood*

6.55 *Weather*

7.00 *News*

7.10 *Sunday Papers*

7.15 *The Living World: Bees* (5Y6)

7.40 *Monday*

8.50 *The Week's Good Causes*

8.55 *Weather*

9.00 *News*

9.10 *Sunday Papers*

9.15 *Letter from America*

9.30 *Morning Service*

10.12 *The Archers*

10.15 *Madness* (19Y)

11.45 *A History of Britain in Six Minutes* (2Y6)

12.15 *Desert Island Discs*

12.25 *Weather*

1.00 *The World This Weekend*

1.55 *Shipping Forecast*

2.00 *Gardeners' Question Time*

2.30 *The Summer Set: On the Beach* (19Y)  
by Michael Crampton, with Arman Root and Philip Frank, (11A)

3.30 *Peak of the Week*

4.15 *Analysis*

4.30 *News from the Back of Beyond: Solomon Islands* (2Y6)

5.30 *Poetry Please*

5.55 *Shipping Forecast*

6.00 *Six O'Clock News*

6.15 *Football*

6.30 *Business*

7.00 *Children's BBC Radio 4: The Eagle of the Ninth by Rosemary Sutcliffe* (With Tom Smith) (3Y4)

7.30 *News*

8.00 *(FM) The Natural History Programme*

8.00 *(FM) Open University: Music class: Managing a Band, 8.30*

8.30 *Better World? 9.00 Transcendental Meditation*

9.00 *Death and Dying*

9.30 *(FM) Levittan*

9.30 *(FM) The Cutting Edge*

9.30 *(FM) A Many-Faceted Thing: Memory - The Worthingtons* (2Y4)

10.00 *News*

10.00 *News*

10.15 *Medicine Now*

10.45 *Breathless*

# Satellite

**6.00M Hour of Power** (67500).  
**6.00M Under (5897)** 42.1, 13.30  
**Grou-Landed (979256)**, 12.90  
**Trip Door (2479-17)**, 12.00 The  
**Sir (1987-94)**, 12.00 Star Trek  
**(67622)**, 2.00 **The World as We**  
**See It** (1981), 3.00 Star Trek: Deep  
**Space Nine** (84061), 4.00 WWF  
**'S333861**, 6.00 Great Escape  
**(1963-64)**, 6.00 **Star Trek: The**  
**Movie Rangers** (5326), 6.00  
**The Simpsons** (7219), 6.30 The  
**Simpsons** (7219), 7.00 **Star Trek: The**  
**Next Generation** (8423), 6.00  
**Melrose Place** (24177-79), 6.00  
**The Feds** (72254), 12.00 **Blue Thunder**  
**(81353)**, 12.00 **60 Minutes**  
**(45098)**, 9.00 **The Sunday**  
**Drive-In** (1987-94), 6.00 **Night**  
**Hik Mix Music** (277974), 6.00

**SAT MOVIES**

**6.00AM Captain Jack** (1935)  
**(56142)**, 6.00 **Against the Wind**  
**(1948)** (49801), 10.00 **Mrs.**  
**Doubtful** (1993) (97058), 12.00  
**Space Wars** (1967-68) (65784),  
**12.00 Father Time** (1991)  
**(72852)**, 4.00 **Catting Even** from  
**Dad** (1994) (3852), 6.00 **Mrs.**  
**Doubtful** (1993) (8518), 8.00  
**Mr. & Mrs. Smith** (1994) (3361),  
**10.00 Runaway Dreamers**  
**(1994)** (92372/0), 11.25  
**The Movie Show** (256158),  
**11.55 Fathers and Sons** (1992)  
**(1994)** (207678), 3.25 **60 Minutes**  
**(Windows)** (1980) (3425-63.00m).

**MOVIE CHANNEL**

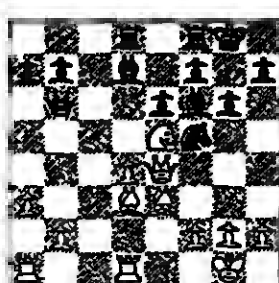
**6.05AM Catch Up! (1945)**  
**(706805/6)**, 6.00 **Pairs of Problems**  
**(1985)** (47603), 10.00  
**They Know What They Want**  
**(1940)** (96657), 12.00 **Mis-**  
**terious Night** (1944) **Lure of Al-**  
**titude** (1994) (64325), 2.00 **Fine**  
**Days of Butch and Sundance**  
**(1993)** (73887), 3.30 **E! Feature**  
**(1993)**, 4.00 **The Devil's Bed**  
**(1994)** (76122), 6.00 **Midnight**  
**Runway** (1994) (6158), 6.00  
**Shadows** (1994) (76258), 6.00 **The Shadow**  
**(1994)** (11603), 10.00 **Clear**  
**and Present Danger** (1994)  
**(1991)** (284353), 12.25 **Subspecies**  
**(1994)** (94879), 12.00 **Mis-**  
**terious Night** (1944) (94282),  
**3.30-6.00am** **The Only Way**  
**Home** (1993) (692307).

**SUN MOVIES ONLY**

**12.00pm Dolly Long Legs** (1955)  
**(35655555)**, 2.10 **Rum for a**  
**Time** (1956) (363054), 3.50 **A Farewell**  
**to Arms** (1957) (1217871), 6.25  
**To Three Angles** (1986)  
**(7118730)**, 8.10 **Fly - Murder**  
**by Illusion** (1988) (7088393).

## Pastimes

## Chess William Hartston



Black is uncomfortable after a quick build-up of Q-side pressure with Racl, Be4 and perhaps even Na5.  
19...Qc7? seems next most likely, to meet 20.Bf4 with 20...Qc6 when the white queen can no longer go to f4. The trouble is that 21.Be5! preserves a clear advantage for White.  
Karpov played 19...Qa6!  
It looks decidedly odd putting the queen nn the diagonal of White's bishop, but the knight has no good discovery. Kamsky's 20.a4 was a poor move (perhaps hoping for time to play a5 and Nb6), and after 20...Bc6 21.Qf4 Bd5 Black had a fine position. The "aggressive" 22.g4 is strongly met by ...g5!  
Kamsky played 22.Ne5 Qb6 and now 23.Bxf5? was another error, losing all control of the white squares. Karpov played 23...cxd5 and won at move 43.

Gata Kamsky was thrown into completely off balance in the fourth game of his Fide world title match against Anatoly Karpov.

The diagram position was reached after Karpov's 18th move as Black. It is just the same type of isolated d-pawn formation for White that brought Kamsky victory in the second game. He now played 19.Nc4 with an attack on the black queen. The natural reply is 19...Qc6, offering the exchange of queens, but after 20.Qf4!

## Bridge Alan Hiron

**N-S game, dealer West**

| North |  |
|-------|--|
| ♠AKQ3 |  |
| ♥7532 |  |
| ♦AQJ  |  |
| ♣Q6   |  |

| West     | East   |
|----------|--------|
| ♠97      | ♠J1082 |
| ♥KQ10986 | ♥4     |
| ♦52      | ♦K108  |
| ♣742     | ♣KJ109 |

| South  |  |
|--------|--|
| ♠654   |  |
| ♥AJ    |  |
| ♦97643 |  |
| ♣A85   |  |

It was, after two good plays East fell at the third fence. West opened 3 ♣ and, with a difficult bid, North chose to double. East passed and, with an equally awkward call, South bid 5 NT.

West led ♠ K and declared won immediately – there would have been an acute danger of a club switch if he had held ♠ J. He followed by finessing ♠ Q. It is often good tactics to hold up in this position, but East could place every high card at this stage and could see that the suit was blocked. He won immediately and followed up with ♠ – attacking South's only certain entry before the

## Perplexity

Last time, we asked, in celebration of last Sunday's 9.6.96 date, how many dates there are in a century which with the dnts removed, are the same upside down.

Now take a look at tomorrow's date. It's the 16th of June, 16.6.96, which works perfectly as a multiplication sum:  $16 \times 6 = 96$ .

So no prizes for guessing this week's question. How many such dates are there in a century?

A Larousse Desk Reference *Encyclopedia* awaits the correct answer. Answered by 26 June, to: *Saturday Pastimes*, the *Independent* 1 Canada Square, Canary Wharf, London E14 5DL.

**1 June answers:**  
*Saturday Pastimes* (masses of dates); *The Independent* (Pet Hen Intended); *Canary Wharf* (far enough); *Winnipeg* (Peta Renda); *Fremont* (Peta Renda).

Declarer allowed ♠K to win but East continued the suit to dummy's queen. After cashing the top diamond, declarer followed with four rounds of spades. On learning only clubs left, East hesitated to concede an entry to the South hand and that was 10 tricks.

What was the final point that East had missed? When the top spades are cashed, he must unblock with his eight ♠10 and jack! Dummy's three becomes an unexpected trick but now, with nothing but hearts left on the table, the last three tricks must be conceded to West.

هكذا من الأصل





For all sorts of historical reasons, England versus Scotland, led by the elegant Gary McAllister (above), was always going to be the biggest game of the opening round for home fans. (To fuel the fire, C4 ran a comedy programme entitled *England v Scotland last night*). Now that both teams have drawn their first games, the stakes have become even higher. England may have home advantage, but history indicates that there will be very little to choose between the teams. Since 1872, England have 43 wins compared with Scotland's 40.

**ARGLA**  
As London except: 12.30pm Movies, Games and Videos (78573). 1.05 Anglo News (78969637). 2.00 Bae Bummy's Asien Hero (8467). 9.35 Anglo News (787314). 12.55am Euro 96 - Highlights (34685871). 3.15am Film: Miracle Landing (297448). 5.00-5.30am Summer of Sailing (42852).

**THE TEE-YORKSHIRE**  
As London except: 12.30pm Movies, Games and Videos (78573). 1.05 Regional News (78969637). 2.00 Cartoon (73798799). 2.10 Film: The Moon-Spinners (73667/739). 3.40 Film: The Moon-Spinners (73667/739). 5.40 Local: 5.40 Local: 5.35 Anglo News (34685871). 3.15am The World of the Worlds (481795). 4.05am Couch (10952061). 4.30am Cue the Music: (7692448). 5.25-5.30am Music Video (3599239).

**CENTRAL**  
As London except: 12.30pm Movies, Games and Videos (78573). 1.05 Central News (78969637). 2.00 World Cup Bloggers (8467). 2.30 Royal Gala Concert (297448). 3.00 Film: Carat on Saying (8467). 4.55 Body Heat (770662). 5.35 Central News (787314). 5.40am Jobfinder (3414413). 5.20-5.30am Asian Eye (8428571).

**ITV**  
As London except: 12.30pm The Adventures of Greatly Greenspace (49116047). 12.55 Cartoon Time (11051115). 1.05 Regional News (78969637). 2.00 House (1012488). 2.35 Movies, Games and Videos (8473599). 3.00 Film: Journey to the Central News (737314). 3.35 Regional News (787314). 3.40am: Let's Go (346869). 12.55am Euro 96 - Highlights (34685871). 3.15am Film: Miracle Landing (297448). 5.00-5.30am Summer of Sailing (42852).

**MERRIDIAN**  
As London except: 12.30pm Movies, Games and Videos (78573). 1.05 Meridian News (78969637). 2.00 The Road Show (8467). 2.30 Highway Heaven (736684). 3.00 Cartoon (763219). 3.35 Awe! (502539). 5.35 Meridian News (787314). 12.55am Euro 96 - Highlights (34685871). 3.15am Film: Miracle Landing (297448). 5.00-5.30am FreeScreen (42852).

**WESTCOUNTRY**  
As London except: 12.30pm Movies, Games and Videos (78573). 1.05 Westcountry News (78969637). 2.00 World Cup Bloggers (8467). 2.30 The Moon-Spinners (79479028). 2.55 seastuest DSV: (8467). 3.00 Film: The Moon-Spinners (79479028). 3.35 Awe! (502539). 5.35 Meridian News (787314). 12.55am Euro 96 - Highlights (34685871). 3.15am Film: Miracle Landing (297448). 5.00-5.30am Summer of Sailing (42852).

**SBC**  
As C4 except: 8.00am Gaelic Football (89221). 10.00 High Five (41028). 10.30 Omdredded (474833). 12.00 Boy Meets World (76115). 1.00 Nibs (24711134). 1.50 Channel 4 Racing From Rome (30676631). 5.05 Bae (83382). 6.10 Hollywood (8502). 7.00 Newyddion Nos (238979). 7.15 Cefn Gwyd: Tŷ y Gwydd (536933). 7.45 Mynydd y Cefn (535202). 8.15 Dŷ y Ddydd: Y Mynyddod a Aeth i Sŷnema (890541). 8.45 Cantorion Llawen (189052). 9.55-

REMEMBER: ARTHRITIS  
RESPECTS NOBODY

صلى الله عليه وسلم



## obituaries / gazette

## Births, Marriages &amp; Deaths

## BIRTHS

SALE: On Saturday 8 June to Jennie and Colin a daughter, Isabel Constance, a sister for Edward.

## DEATHS

CHARLES: On 13 June 1996 peacefully in hospital after a short illness, Arthur Charles DSE PhD, Doctor Howard Chase, father of Radiation Chemistry and Emeritus Professor of Physics, Royal Military College of Science, Shrivenham, the beloved husband of Irene, brother of Sarah and much loved uncle to many nieces and nephews. The funeral is on Wednesday 19 June 1996 at 3pm Kingsdown (Swindon) Crematorium. Family flowers only, however, if desired, donations for Cancer Research may be sent to Baker & Sons, Funeral Directors, Cardinal House, Brewery Street, Highworth, Wiltshire. Telephone 01367 240572.

Announcements for Gazette BIRTHS, MARRIAGES & DEATHS (Births, Adoptions, Marriages, Deaths, Memorial services, Wedding anniversaries, In Memoriam) should be sent in writing to the Gazette Editor, The Independent, 1 Canada Square, Canary Wharf, London E14 5DL, telephone 0171-293 0011 (24-hour answering machine 0171-293 3012) or faxed to 0171-293 0010. Charges are £4.50 a line (VAT extra). OTHER: Gazette notices must be submitted in writing (or faxed) and are charged at £10 a line, VAT extra. They should be accompanied by a daytime telephone number.

## Birthdays

TODAY: Sir David Alliance, chairman, Coats Viyella, 64; Mr Richard Baker, broadcaster, 71; Mr Simon Callow, actor, 47; Miss Mary Ellis, singer and actress, 96; Mr Ken Flinders, tennis player, 56; Sir John Fretwell, former Ambassador to France, 66; Air Chief Marshal Sir Joseph Gilbert, 65; The Most Rev Trevor Huddleston, human rights campaigner, 83; Mr John Humphries, senior partner, Travers Smith Braithwaite, 71; Mr Henry McElduff, 48; Admiral Sir Charles Madden, former Commander-in-Chief, Home Fleet, 90; Mr John Morrison, former President, Wolfson College, Cambridge, 83; Lord Murray QC, a former Senator of the College of Justice in Scotland, 74; Mr David Newson, former Master of Wellington College, 67; Miss Nicola Pagett, actress, 51; Mr John Roddwood MP, 45; Miss Margaret Rodland, Headmistress, Godolphin and Laymer School, 51; Mr Sukdev Sharma, Chief Executive, Commission for Racial Equality, 50; The Rev Martin Smyth MP, 65; Sir Ninian Stephen, former Governor-General of Australia, 73.

TOMORROW: Lord Aberdeen, Deputy Speaker, House of Lords, 77; Mr Anthony Abrahams, advocate and solicitor, Brunel Darussalam, 75; Lord Astor of Hever, company chairman, 92; Miss Elizabeth Atkins, actress, 62; Lord Patrick Beresford, bloodstock agent, 62; Mr James Bolan, actor, 58; Lieut-Gen the Hon Sir Thomas Boyd-Carpenter, former Deputy Chief of Defence Staff, 58; Mr Michael Culver, actor, 58; Mr Tom Graveney, cricketer, 69; Mr John Hadfield, author and pub-

## Anniversaries

TODAY: Births: Edward, the Black Prince, 1330; George Heriot, jeweller and goldsmith, 1535; Nicolas Poussin, painter, 1594; Charles de LaFosse, historical painter, 1636; Edward Grieg, composer, 1843; Charles Wood, musician and scholar, 1866; Harry Langdon, silent film comedian, 1884; James Norval Harold Robertson-Jones, film actor, 1905; Deaths: Robert I, King of the Franks, killed in battle, 923; Wai T'yer, rebel, beheaded at Smithfield, 1381; Ary Scheffer, painter, 1858; Mihail Eminescu, poet, 1889; Charles Francis Bush, inventor of the arc lamp, 1929; Evelyn Underhill, poet and writer, 1941; Wendell Meredith Stanley, biochemist, 1971. On this day: the

Magna Carta was sealed by King John at Runnymede, near Windsor, 1215; the Turks were victorious over the Serbs at Kosovo, Serbia, 1389; during the rebellion against Mary of Scotland, her forces were defeated at the Battle of Carberry Hill, 1567; Harrow School was founded, 1571; Commodore Anson arrived at Spithead in his ship *Centurion* after circumnavigating the world, 1744; using a kite during a thunderstorm, Benjamin Franklin experimented with electricity, 1752; the first stone of the new London Bridge was laid by the Duke of York, 1825; in the United States, Charles Goodyear patented a vulcanised rubber process, 1844; the Stamp Duty on newspapers in Britain was abolished, 1853; a massacre of Christians took place at Jeddah, 1858; the Englishman Curly D. Graham went over Niagara Falls (for the second time) in a seven-foot barrel, and survived, 1887; Prince Peter Karageorgevich was elected king by the Serbian Assembly, 1903; the first non-stop transatlantic flight was completed by Alcock and Brown, 1919; Dame Nellie Melba made a public broadcast from the Marconi works at Chelmsford, Essex, 1920; the British army launched Operation Bardeaxe offensive in the Western Desert, but was repulsed by Rommel, 1941; the Lake District, England was made into a National Park, 1951; Georges Pompidou became President of France, 1969; the first general election in Spain for more than 40 years resulted in a victory for the Democratic Centre party, 1977; Maj-Gen Jeremy Moore accepted the surrender of all Argentine forces on East and West Falkland, 1982. Today is the Feast Day of St Adelaide or Aleidis, St Dulcis, St Edmunda of Winchester,

St Germanus of Auxerre, St Hecychius of Durostorum, St Landelmas, St Orsistus and St Vims. Today is the Official Birthday of the Queen.

TOMORROW: Births: Sir John Chiche, classical scholar, 1514; Giovanni Paolo Colonna, composer, 1637; Henrietta Stuart, Duchess of Orleans, 1644; John Linnell, painter, 1792; Julius Plucker, mathematician and scientist, 1801; William Shakespeare, tenor and composer, 1849; Stan Laurel (Arthur Stanley Jefferson), film comedian, 1890; Lupino Lane (Henry Lupino), singer and entertainer, 1892. Deaths: John Churchill, First Duke of Marlborough, 1722; Charles Stuart, explorer of Australia, 1869; Crawford Williamson Long, surgeon who pioneered the use of ether, 1878; Margaret Grace Bondfield, trade union leader and first woman cabinet minister, 1933; Imre Nagy, Hungarian prime minister, executed 1958; Harold Rupert Leofric George, First Earl Alexander of Tunis, Field Marshal, 1969; Sir John Charles Walsam Reith, First Baron Reith of Stonehaven, first Director-General of the BBC, 1971; Werner von Braun, rocket engineer, 1977. On this day: the siege of Gibraltar began with Spanish and French attacks on the rock, 1779; the Prince of Orange defeated Napoleon's army under Marshal Ney at the Battle of Quatre Bras, 1815; the London Working Men's Association was founded, 1836; in the United States, Henry Ford founded his motor company, and became its first president, 1903; the Automobile Association was founded, 1905; the first public meeting of the League of Nations council was held in London, 1920; mixed bathing in the Serpen-

tine in Hyde Park, London, was first permitted, 1930; Winston Churchill offered France an indissoluble union with Britain, 1940; Marshal Petain took over the French government and asked Germany for an armistice, 1940; a Cathay Pacific Airways Catalina flying-boat was the first aircraft to be hijacked (by Chinese bandits), 1948; the first woman astronaut, Valentina Tereshkova, blasted off in *Vostok 6*, 1963; burglars were arrested at the Democratic Party headquarters, Watergate Building, Washington, DC, US, 1972. Tomorrow is the Feast Day of St Aurelian, St Bemo of Meissen, Saints Cyr and Julitta, Saints Ferreolus and Ferrutin, St Lurgard and St Tychon of Amathus.

## Lectures

## TODAY

National Gallery: Lynda Stephens, *John (II): Babes*. Two paintings of *The Judgment of Paris*, 12 noon.

Victoria and Albert Museum: Kate McKuskey, *"Late 20th Century furniture design"*, 2.30pm.

Tate Gallery: Laurence Bradbury, *"Painters as Pedagogues"*, 1pm. British Museum: Michael Wood, *"Pilgrimage in South India"*, 1.15pm. National Portrait Gallery: David Livingstone Lecture Series: Colonel John Blashford-Snell, *"In the Steps of Stanley: practicalities of African travel"*, 3pm.

## TOMORROW

Tate Gallery: Laurence Bradbury, *"A Chain of Inspired Pictures: The works of Paul Klee"*, 2.30pm. National Portrait Gallery: John K.D. Cooper, *"William Hogarth as a Portrait Painter"*, 3pm.

## How to keep madness out of religion faith &amp; reason

Paul Handley, the editor of the *Church Times*, argues this week that religion needs to remain a part of public life for its own good, as well as to keep society healthy.

It is healthy to be a fan. The larger cans stacked near the television for today's match might tell a different story; but better be a fan than a fanatic.

The shorter word derives from the longer; but in the shortening the fan escapes the antics of those affected by the more serious condition. Fans know deep down that they have attached their loyalty to a fallible person or group of people. (For English fans this knowledge is closer to the surface.) Fans pray with their eyes open.

Fanatics, on the other hand, cannot admit to any failings in their heroes. They have invested so much of themselves that to withdraw would leave them bankrupt, both emotionally and, all too often, financially. Thus any failing which is exposed in the object of worship is denied, or willingly transferred to the follower, or attributed to hostile forces.

Most of us stand in a muddy ditch between the two conditions, the confused world inhabited by organised and disorganised religions. To be a fan is healthy, but is it enough? Septic, humorous, post-modern adherence is rightly applied to a football team, or a rock band; but what degree of belief is appropriate to a political ideology, or a father, or a god?

Every ood and then, in the wearisome search for life's meaning, we listen to the call of a shepherd who offers us guidance, and we take a few sheepish steps towards him. How close we approach depends more on our personal histories than on where he calls us - to green pastures, or to the straight and narrow pathway, or over the rocks.

These last, most dangerous shepherds are the subject of Anthony Storr's forthcoming book, *Feet of Clay* (though the title could equally apply to a work on the England team). In it he considers the make-up and attraction of gurus, largely from the 20th century, but with a quick, inadequate look at Jesus and Ignatius Loyola.

He contends that those who become gurus - to a large degree a process of self-selection - are driven by a combination of conviction, delusion, confidence trickery and psychosis. His sketches of Jim Jones, responsible for the deaths of more than 900 followers in Guyana in 1978, or David Koresh, who per-

ished with 86 disciples in Waco in 1993, make this hard to refute.

Most of those whom Storr profiles, including Rudolph Steiner, Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh and Carl Jung, experienced disturbed or isolated childhoods (similar to those of their most passionate supporters) and their belief in their own chosenness often dated from an early age. By the time they reached adulthood, the manipulation of others had become second nature to them.

This is reasonably straightforward stuff, since it is easy to understand the desire to dominate, even if few go to such lengths to achieve it. More difficult to grasp is how this destructive, selfish charlatanism actually benefited some of the followers. A survivor of one of the most repulsive gurus, David Koresh, described his time on the Waco ranch as the happiest days of his life.

The loyalty which victims of abusive people or regimes display is well-documented. Part of the reason is the contrast between the intensity of living with an abuser and the unfriendly anonymity of what passes for normal life. If neglect is recognised as a form of abuse for children, why do we discount its damaging effects in adult life? The pernicious technique gurus use for snaring disciples is usually nothing more sinister than taking notice of them. The Bhagwan might have had 93 Rolls Royces, but he had big eyes you forgot about the cars when he looked unblinkingly into yours.

It follows, then, that one of the pretensions against spiritual abuse is to keep religion public. As long as a religious leader's power is to befriend, and to comfort, is used out in the open, it is less likely to go bad. In public, religion is doing what it is made for: attempting to transform the whole of society. It should be combating the indifference which makes us so susceptible to the advances of the over-friendly weirdos. Healthy religion, demands that its disciples wrestle with their idealism in the company of sceptics and unbelievers. The enormity of the task, the certainty of failure, and the constant questioning by others, encourages the self-mocking humility essential to mature discipleship. Any experience which aids this is to be welcomed.

Another lager, anyone?

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## Dinners

## HM Government

Mr Michael Portillo, Secretary of State for Defence, and Field Marshal Sir Peter Luge, Chief of the Defence Staff, were hosts at a dinner given yesterday evening by HM Government at Apsley House, London W1, in honour of Dr William Perry, Secretary of Defence of the United States of America, and General John Shalikashvili, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff of the United States of America. The Duke of Kent was present.

## Royal College of Radiologists

Dr R. D. Hunter, Warden of the Faculty of Clinical Oncology of the Royal College of Radiologists, hosted a dinner yesterday evening at 38 Portland Place, London W1, to mark the completion of Dr Margaret Spittle's term of office as Dean of the Faculty of Clinical Oncology and Vice-President of the Royal College of Radiologists.

## Royal Society of Edinburgh

The Royal Society of Edinburgh has announced the award of the following research fellowships:

RF/RSE Research Fellowships: Dr Neil Robinson, Edinburgh University; Dr Ian Shamus, St Andrews University; Catherine Research Fellowships: RSE Research Fellowships: Dr Catherine Boring, St Andrews University; Dr Alison Fiddes, Western General Hospital, Edinburgh; Dr Malcolm White,

Dundee University; Dr John Speakman, Aberdeen University; Scottish Office Education & Industry Department: RSE Research Fellowships: Dr Nathan Shukla, St Andrews University; Dr Nigel Whiting, Edinburgh University; Dr Pamela Ferguson, Dundee University.

## Wills

The Rev Donald Bertram Harris, of London SW1, Vicar of St Paul's Knightsbridge 1955-78, left estate valued at £608,061 net.

Sir Richard Hugh Sedley Allen, of West Wittering, West Sussex, Ambassador to Burma 1956-1962, left estate valued at £219,494 net.

Sir Andrew Hunter Caruath, of London SW13, managing director of Baring Brothers merchant bank 1955-74, left estate valued at £933,177 net.

Sir Ralph Melton Bateman, of Wilmston, Cheshire, the industrialist and President of the Confederation of British Industry 1974-76, left estate valued at £148,995 net.

Mrs Rachel Georgiana Blakston, of London SW3, the author of *Hoburn and the Russell*, left estate valued at £370,073 net.

Susan Gladys, Viscountess Ingleby, of Osmotherley, North Yorkshire, left estate valued at £2,135,841 net.

Mr John Robert Makin Pilling, of Burrow, Lancashire, left estate valued at £7,943,003 net.

Mr Joseph Gold, of Hyver Hill, London NW7, left estate valued at £3,893,561 net.

## ROYAL ENGAGEMENTS

TODAY: The Queen takes the Salute at the Queen's Birthday Parade, and at a fly past of Royal Air Force aircraft from the Red Ensign of Buckingham Palace; Princess Margaret also attends. TOMORROW: The Duke of Edinburgh, Trustee, attends the Prince Philip Trust Fund for the Royal Borough of Windsor and Maidenhead's reception at the Guildhall, Windsor, Berkshire. The Duchess of Gloucester, Vice Patron, Queen's Club, presents the prizes at the Finals of the Stella Artois Great Crown Championships at Queen's Club, London W14. The Duchess of Kent, President, attends farwell celebrations for Sir John Manduell, Principal, Royal Northern

College of Music, Manchester; Prince Michael of Kent, Patron, Museum of Army Flying, attends the Middle Wallop International Air Show.

## Changing of the Guard

TODAY: The Household Cavalry Mount of Regiment mounts the Queen's Life Guard at Horse Guards, 11am. 1st Battalion Irish Guards mounts the Queen's Guard at Buckingham Palace, 1pm. TOMORROW: The Household Cavalry Mounted Regiment mounts the Queen's Life Guard at Horse Guards, 11am. 1st Battalion Scots Guards mounts the Queen's Guard at Buckingham Palace, 11.30am. Band provided by the Coldstream Guards.



## the saturday story

## My nest is empty, and I love it

Fran Abrams enjoys her career, Sunday lie-ins and walks in the forest. She is one of a growing number of women who will be happy never to change a nappy

I suppose in my heart of hearts I knew it already, but yesterday's news gave it an official stamp. I am not an enigma. I am a social trend.

My lack of maternal desire, it seems, is replicated in up to one fifth of my age group. Women born in the Sixties, as I was, are delaying childbirth until later and later. Many of us have jettisoned it altogether. According to the Office for National Statistics, women in their twenties and thirties are now twice as likely as those in their forties and fifties to end their lives without raising a family.

It would be comforting for the moral majority, of course, if we could attribute this plunge in fertility rates to the environment rather than to society. Pollution, falling sperm counts and the harmful rays emitted by computers would all be safe, quantifiable explanations with measurable solutions. But it is not so. It is now down to black and white. In inner London, 35 per cent of pregnancies end in abortion, while the national average has reached 20 per cent.

No doubt there will be a small outbreak of moral panic as the ripples caused by this revelation spread outwards across the social pond. Feminists, the unwed, professional women and all those dedicated to good, plain, childless fun should steel themselves for a renewed attack from the family lobby. The word "selfish" will be used freely and in my opinion, gratuitously. Selfish? Why?

When I read articles about the scourge of the self-centred career woman in the *Daily Mail* or the *Daily Telegraph* my righteous outrage is always lessened by a sneaking suspicion, I suspect, that I am not alone. I thought that these are just the mean-spirited outpourings of women whose lives were marked by child-rearing, or who simply never had the choice.

Why should they feel so threatened? I ask myself.

Sure, the thirtysomething women for whom I have suddenly become emblematic have shrugged off the responsibilities that weighed so heavily on their mothers' shoulders. I eat out when I choose, stay late in the office when I choose and nip off to my country cottage at weekends. I bought my Fiesta Gila

brand new and relished its new-car smell afresh every time I got into it for months. My house has fresh flowers on the piano and on Sundays I listen to *The Archers* in bed with a pot of tea and the papers. This weekend I will entertain friends – a childless couple and a gay man. We may take a stroll in the forest, eat a country pub lunch or simply sun ourselves in the garden, listening to the cooing of the wood pigeons. I can almost hear Lady Olga muttering, "Take, take, take."

Maybe she is right, in a way. Maybe my generation could put more back into society. We benefited from a free education

I suppose there was a time when I assumed that I would have children, but the day always seemed impossibly far away

(sociology at York, if you must know) and from the increased freedoms that the feminist movement has won for women. Like the rest of society, we reap the fruits of a consumer age, but unlike the rest we have the time and the money to taste those delights.

The idea that bringing up children is some sort of duty is a deeply-rooted one which is very hard to shake off. Its origins go back thousands of years and its purpose, I suspect, has much to do with keeping women in their place. Religions have championed the role of women as mothers and have afforded little status to those who remained childless. Nations, particularly small ones, have encouraged motherhood in order to strengthen their stock and swell their numbers. And many societies have promoted the view that children are in some way necessary to their parents because they will look after them in their old age – a particularly risky reason for giving up 20 years of one's life.

Perhaps there was a time, par-

ticularly in the aftermath of the two world wars, when Britain needed more children. Now, though, our population is plentiful. Britain does not have a labour shortage, though it does have a skills shortage, and for a small island it is extraordinarily densely populated. A few less of us would be no bad thing, and if the situation becomes critical we could even relax our immigration laws a little.

I must confess I was a little surprised when I discovered what good company I was in, though. I had assumed that my childless friends and I were rather odd. Perhaps, I speculated, we had a vital organ missing. Perhaps my mother took pity on me when I was small and removed from my brain the maternal widget with which all women are equipped. But no, if there are really so many of us, the reasons cannot be wholly biological.

I think that at least part of the explanation can be traced back to our earliest days. I rang around some childless friends yesterday, and though most of them seemed to be off enjoying foreign holidays, many of those who were contactable agreed that their parents had high expectations of them. We grew up in an age of expanding educational opportunities, and although both my parents were not. The common link was that all of our parents recognised the expanding opportunities that were open to their children, in particular their daughters.

I can recall many childhood conversations about what I wanted to be after I finished university, but none about who I would marry, or whether I wanted daughters or sons. And I always had an answer, too, though not necessarily a realistic one. By the age of four I had decided that being Tubby the Tuba's friend would not be a smart career move and had progressed to plans for a life in the circus. Aspirations to go into veterinary science, animal psychology and social work helped to fill in the intervening years before I finally plumped for journalism.

So education and career came first. And when my friends and I got there, when we finally got our foot on that career ladder, we found that the world of work was very different from

the one our parents had known. We had to be determined and we had to be ready to grasp every opportunity. There was little chance of finding a husband, settling down round the corner from our parents and letting the rest come naturally. We had the feeling that if we turned our backs for a minute the whole economic world would have moved on again and we would never catch up. So we let babies slide for a while, enjoying the fine wine and the lie-ins. Then for some of us, the fruits that were forbidden to our

mothers' generation became just too hard to give up. I suppose there was a time when I assumed that I would have children, but the day always seemed impossibly far away. It was only when I approached near enough to focus on it that I finally decided it was not for me. Somewhere in the back of my mind I had already resolved not to struggle under the double burden of full-time work and three children which my mother carried, but I had not bothered to think very hard about how.

It was my contemporaries who really clinched it. The sight of friends with own-age changing nappies, carting around vast quantities of baby equipment and whiling away Saturday mornings at ballet classes failed to chime with my image of myself and of them. We simply weren't grown up enough for all that ... were we?

Of course, the barren-and-proud generation aren't all the same. Some, like me, took off so fast down the road to economic independence that they were loath to turn back even far enough to get married at all. They didn't have the same financial incentive that women had in earlier generations. They could look after themselves, thank you very much, and anyway those years living alone had bred a certain self-sufficiency. Some of our contemporaries have got married but have stopped short of the decision to have children. Their lives, they say, are full enough already. They have enough trouble organising themselves and their husbands, what with the full-time job, the gardening to do

and a couple of other hobbies besides. There simply isn't room in the schedule for a child.

A third group have settled with a partner and then just delayed, meaning to have a family later. One childless friend I rang yesterday, in the same relationship for many years, confided that she had been trying without success to get pregnant. Now in her mid-thirties, she knows her chances are declining.

"In my twenties I was desperate not to get pregnant. I didn't want to ruin my life. I had a negative thing about being a mother, but now I can think of positive things as well," she explained.

She is right. There are many negative things about being a mother, not least the inflexible attitudes of employers in this country and the lack of decent childcare facilities. For a woman with a successful career and all the economic benefits that brings, the decision to become a mother is not an easy one.

But the difficulties are not merely economic and practical. There is another negative thing about motherhood that will make the current trend much harder to reverse: its image.

Mothering has always been a low-status activity, but in the past so was women's work. Our grandmothers, faced with a choice between ignominious spinsterhood, a little job as a nurse or governess and the role of wife and mother, had nothing to lose. The professional women of the 1990s have a great deal.

Lady Olga and her pals are not helping at all. Maybe hating children is the most natural thing in the world, as they maintain, but that certainly doesn't mean all of us have to do it. I am desperately fond of my two nieces and even enjoy the company of my friends' children, but I wouldn't swap places with their parents for a big clock.

And why should I? Generations of women, from the suffragettes to the bra-burners of the Sixties agitated, broke the law and exposed themselves to ridicule to put me and my contemporaries where we are today. I, for one, am determined to enjoy my privileges to the full.



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## Jo Brand's week

Euro 96 is well under way and it's interesting to see how different crowds react to their team. Holland, for example, always seems to have a very sprightly band on hand to knock out a few chart hits, whereas the Turkish fans appear not to be able to stop whistling when their team has lost possession. Considering that against Croatia the Turks didn't have the ball for most of the match, this led to an irritating high-pitched whining which went on for nearly all of the 90 minutes. I expect dogs all over the area were going bonkers. After all the hype, it's a bit sad, too, to see great chunks of empty seats. Perhaps it's time to drop the ticket price and let a few locals into the games.

Gaby Roslin has had a shockingly bad time at the hands of the press. It seems that journalists have been lining up to gleefully pull apart her late night show, which has not done too well in the ratings. I have seen some appallingly tasteless and nasty attacks that have no place in civilised (yes, I know I'm pushing it with some tabloids) newspapers. So the show didn't work. Big deal. That should not mean the floodgates are open for every misogynist neanderthal to ply their nasty small-minded opinions on everything from her appearance to her clothes. Gaby Roslin has one thing that these bigoted, vicious little things do not have. She is a straightforward, decent, nice person and I hope she sticks two fingers up to the lot of them.

I would like to thank a charming woman who wrote to me after I went on *Question Time*, praising my contribution. However, she then went on to say that the "bird's nest" on my head was an insult to "David" and the rest of the panel and the audience and the viewers. Unaccustomed as I am to such erudite political criticism, I should perhaps point out that, as yet, no law exists to prevent me having my hair how I want it. Should such a law ever come into being, I will flatten it down, comb it and live my life out as a gym teacher lookalike. Until then, birds' nests forever.

The intricate and intimate details of relationships always seem so tacky and trivial when thrown under the gaze of the courts and the press. The display of bitterness and revenge in



Gaby: hated by the neanderthals

the public arena by the Geldof and Yates pairing is a good example of why it's a very good idea to keep your split as private as possible. Another example appeared in the press this week that illustrated the ridiculous things we do in private which we hope will never become public. A husband had criticised the dinner his wife made him, causing her to make a false allegation of rape against him. "Criticism" actually involved the poor man expecting roast chicken and getting pie and potato instead, which he promptly lobbed out of the window. How on earth do you legislate for the childish things we do when we are wound up beyond belief by our partners? The judge made the man promise to stay away from his wife. The husband is now back with his first wife. Hope she's good at roast chicken.



Live TV is a year old this week, so three sneers for the geniuses who have brought us topless darts and lunchbox volleyball. The latter is the usual sad attempt to even things up in the sex war by showing men playing volleyball with their genitals emphasised with different coloured bits of cloth. When will these people learn that looking at a bulge in a man's trousers is about as exciting as a car insurance ad in your local paper? Kelvin MacKenzie, the man (natch) behind Live TV, says that their standards are set by their viewers, which might explain why they hardly have any. And as for the News Bunny ... let's just hope myxomatosis comes back.



News Bunny: come back myxomatosis

The treatment of women as a commodity by Live TV is a symptom of the retrograde step we have taken in the western world as far as the rights of women are concerned. There is a growing trade in women happening in Europe, as many women from countries such as Russia and Hungary are tricked into seemingly attractive jobs only to find when they arrive at their destination that all that is on offer is a job as a prostitute, accompanied by beatings and rape. If they don't know it is a result of them being able to view women as nothing more than a receptacle for their emissions. A bigger group of men comply by turning a blind eye and utilising the services on offer. Women who complain about these kind of injustices receive a barrage of abuse based on their unsuitability as a sexual partner and "obvious" frustration.

Unfortunately, when women offend men by having a go at them about these matters, they are belittled and their opinion is dismissed. But if we don't watch it, we will go further backwards in time until we've lost more gains. So, I'll carry on slagging blokes off if they deserve it and balls to anyone who doesn't like it.

Boris Yeltsin seems to have pulled out all the stops to win the election race in Russia, even going to the lengths of throwing himself around in a dancing fusillade to grab the youth vote. In my experience, this always has the opposite effect. It's hit like your dad trying really hard to dance to Blur at a wedding. Any admiration you might have for him "having a go" evaporates as soon as he takes the floor. Let's hope the Russians aren't taken in by photo opportunities. Lots of other nations are.

سكنا من الامم



## the commentators

## PROFILE: Gennady Zyuganov

Fishing for votes: Zyuganov is appealing to Russians nostalgic for Soviet communism. Photograph: AP



## The man who would rule Russia

If Zyuganov defeats Yeltsin, he will seek to re-build the Soviet Union, warns Tony Barber

On the Russian television programme *Hero of the Day* last Tuesday, Gennady Andreyevich Zyuganov, the Communist challenger to President Boris Yeltsin in tomorrow's election, was asked if he was afraid of losing. He replied: "I am afraid for Russia. Gorbachev's five years destroyed the state and caused unheard-of humiliation, such as humanitarian aid. Under Yeltsin, the economy has fallen apart, impoverishment and crime are rampant. Another two years of such policies and we will lose our country and money."

This is Zyuganov the candidate speaking, a politician fishing for the votes of the poor, elderly and downtrodden, the millions of Russians nostalgic for the drab certainties of Soviet communism. He is thirsty for power, but he accepts that he must win it by attracting popular support in a free election. Yet there is another, darker side to Mr Zyuganov, a former school teacher and apparition in the Soviet Communist Party's Propaganda Department. Consider the policy priorities outlined in his books *Beyond the Horizon* and *Russia and the Contemporary World*. Third is "End mockery of the army, state security agents and police."

Nor are his opinions of Western countries reassuring. Here he is on the 1945-1991 years: "During this time, the West tried to use anti-Communist rhetoric about a 'free world' and hypocritical concern about 'human rights' as an ideological screen to hide its pursuit of its centuries-old geopolitical interests,

which require the weakening and, if possible, the annihilation of Russia."

It was probably the regurgitation of such banalities that ensured Mr Zyuganov's progression up the ranks of the Komsomol, the Communist youth league, in his native area of Oryol, south of Moscow. Born on 26 June, 1944, in the village of Myrmino, he worked as a physical education teacher before deciding that the Komsomol – the first stepping-stone to privilege and power in Soviet times – was the place for him.

There could be resistance, even civil conflict, if he tried to jail politicians from the Yeltsin era

His wife, Nadezhda, now an engineer at a Moscow watch factory, bore him a son and daughter as he moved up through the district, city and regional committee of the Komsomol, earning a reputation as a dour loyalist who always did the right thing: lay low.

Then, as now, he was a shy, private man. He rarely appears in public with his wife; he answers tricky questions with a nervous chuckle; and during this campaign, he has never looked more awkward than when doing the things expected of Russian politicians running for office,

such as folk dancing and smiling at children.

He has few hobbies but is proud that last year he earned a doctorate in philosophy from Moscow University. More embarrassing was a literary award from a pro-Communist writers' group whose previous winners included Fidel Castro and Radovan Karadzic.

After his spell in the Propaganda Department, he shot to prominence in 1990 when he was made a Politburo member of the Russian Communist Party, an organisation dedi-

cated to reversing the reforms of Mikhail Gorbachev. Now Mr Zyuganov's career becomes interesting. Seeking to unite the conservative Communist and Russian nationalist opposition to Mr Gorbachev, he formed a movement called the Council for Popular-Patriotic Forces. Three weeks before Mr Gorbachev's opponents in the KGB, army and party launched the abortive *putsch* of August 1991, Mr Zyuganov was among those who signed the infamous open letter, "A Word to the People", which served as a kind of public warning from the

hardliners that a *coup d'état* was imminent.

The coup failed, Mr Yeltsin banned the Communist Party and the Soviet Union collapsed, but within a year Mr Zyuganov was back as co-leader of the National Salvation Front, a movement with ultra-nationalist, even neo-fascist leanings. The Russian Communist Party was allowed to re-emerge in February 1993 and, largely because of his impeccably inflexible socialist and nationalist credentials, Mr Zyuganov was elected leader almost unanimously.

These days, he goes to great lengths to stress his moderation. No longer does he write for anti-Semitic publications such as *Al-Kods*, or assert publicly that the CIA planned and carried out the Soviet Union's destruction. Instead, he says: "If you take the 10 commandments of Moses and put them next to our platform, there is no difference."

Indeed, some proposals are modest: state support for the needy, more industrial investment, a bit of tinkering with Russia's privatisation programme but no wholesale attack

on the new market economy. However, other elements of the Zyuganov world vision are not so cosy.

He longs to recreate the Soviet Union, or at least to forge a new Russian-led state including all or most former Soviet republics. He swears he would use only peaceful means, but the disturbing thing is that he should be contemplating such a step in the first place. Perhaps the Russian army is too disorganised, and the Russian economy is too dependent on Western assistance, for Mr Zyuganov to fulfil his neo-Soviet ambitions. But one of the Russian parliament's first acts, after the Communists won last December's elections, was to denounce the treaty that formally dissolved the Soviet Union.

Then there is the question of how Mr Zyuganov, as president, would treat his political opponents. Was it an accident that the Russian Communist press recently devoted an unusual amount of space to the imprisonment of two former South Korean presidents? Or was it a message to Mr Yeltsin to watch out?

Few liberal Russians doubt that Mr Zyuganov would seek to consolidate his victory by curtailing media freedoms, curbing opposition activity and rigging future elections. If he tried to jail leading politicians and big businessmen from the Yeltsin era, there could be resistance, even civil conflict.

First of all, Mr Zyuganov has to come first or second tomorrow, and then win the second round in early July. Many people, in Russia and abroad, are praying that he fails.

## DAVID AARONOVITCH

## Zips and doodahs



Show me an "authoritarian" and I will show you a parent. Until the birth of our first child we feel that censorship, moral guidance and authority are in place simply to restrict our freedoms and curtail our enjoyment. What does it matter to us if homosexuals actually hold hands in public? Or if 17-year-olds smoke cannabis resin? But oh how very different things look when little Basil or Belinda is born. Suddenly we are in the position of steering another through life's shoals, and what before seemed "groovy" must now be seen in a very different light.

Personally I can measure the growth of my own moral maturity by my changing reaction to the film output of the Disney Corporation. Once I would have scoffed at those who, like the American Family Association, have accused Disney of "attacking family values". But I have changed my mind. Left-wingers have always been adept at inviting us to "decode the metatext" – to examine the deeper social and moral messages being conveyed by pieces of art or music. So, night after night, as my innocent ones have rested their curly heads against my chest, I have been as busy decoding as Bletchley Park on a busy night in 1943. And I do not like what I see.

For instance, can you name me one intact family to be found in any of Disney's major animations? Dumbo was dropped by a stork on his unmarried elephant mother. No Jumbo anywhere. In *The Aristocats* we have the Zsa Zsa Gabor-voiced mother cat and three small kittens. Not only is there no dad, but there is no reference to one. Instead we witness the consummation of a relationship between the female cat and the first male to come along (O'Malley, the alley cat). Beauty's mother is dead, as is Pocahontas's. The Little Mermaid's and Jasmine's (*Aladdin*) are simply and inexplicably absent. Cinderella, Mowgli and Wart (*The Jungle Book* and *The Sword in the Stone*) are orphans, not to mention Donald's "nephews" Huey, Dewey and Lewey. Is this not an extraordinary record for a so-called "family" entertainment corporation?

Even worse are the oomph of irregular relationships that

these children strike up with adults. Walt lives alone in a stone cottage with an old wizard. Pinocchio is created out of wood by a single man and – upon turning into a boy – struggles up to him in a large bed, with a suspiciously satiated smile on his face. In the appalling *Song of the South* an ancient negro man invites children into his hut and tells them long stories. Whatever happened to "don't talk to strangers"?

*Snow White* features seven little men who live together, sleep together and bathe together. One, who seems constantly to be inebriated or worse, is called Dopey. Another

Sneezy was created at the height of the first great Hollywood cocaine epidemic

(created, let it be remembered, at the height of the first great cocaine epidemic in Hollywood) is known as Sneezy.

Petty theft is excused on grounds of poverty (*Aladdin* again); in *Beauty and the Beast* the natural hostility of a community to the bestial outside threat is depicted as proto-fascism, and *Polyanna*'s heroine (orphaned, naturally) subverts an entire community, including a robust preacher, turning them into a Stalinist-style commune.

And how well the Disney liberals understand the power of language! Consider the use of double entendres in those catchy ditties available to all children on video, CD and tape. Older kids will surely not be unaware of the possibilities inherent in "Some Day My Prince Will Come", younger ones of the seductive, unclothed freedoms of "Bare Necessities". But these pale in comparison with the notorious "Zippey doodah". We know what a zip is – and I think we can guess at the doodah.

My message to Disney, then, is this. Clean up your act and do it now. Otherwise, this father – stern, but loving – will not be buying any more of your merchandise. Except, possibly, *101 Dalmatians*.

## You would like to win. We need to

Ruth Wishart says there is more at stake than mere victory when Scotland play England today

See you, Nigel? You know not the meaning of angst. What have you to worry your little English head about at 3pm this sunny afternoon? You will hope, of course, that Mr Gasque's culinary tastes will not have led to a late-night Chinese carry-out with a tequila chaser. You would be comforted to learn that your strike force had concluded that disco dancing was an imperfect means of attaining optimum match fitness.

But for you, it is truly only a game, Scotland v England. A sporting blip increasing marginally in importance because giving these whingeing Jocks a decent hiding would help ensure that he host nation did not depart *Euro 96* unimpairedly early. So you would like to win. We need to. The prospect of beating England at Wembley causes the saliva glands of every humble Scotsman in the Tartan Army to move into extra time.

The Scotland manager publicly effects irritation that this army would wisp a place in the next round for a 1-0 result in their favour today. In truth, while Craig Brown badly wants to huck the normal trend and get his team into the final stages of a major tournament, he too is a not-so-secret plaid-clad fanatic. Used to wear a kilt to matches, did Mr Brown, before he became manager.

So why should the Scots treat this minor sporting fixture – the 108th such clash – as a major national vitally symbol? For they do. To the lunger to cuff England up at soccer add the hysteria that greeted Scotland's Grand Slam rugby win over the ancient enemy in 1950, and the period of sustained turning which followed the failure to produce a reprieve in spring this year.

This year is the 250th anniversary of the battle of Culloden. It was not Scotland's finest hour. Prince Charles Edward Stuart had previously tarred on England to claim the throne, but chose to make a tactical retreat home after reaching Derby.



The Tartan Army remembers Bannockburn, where Robert the Bruce got a result. Photograph: Edward Webb

Back home, on Culloden Moor, it was not a game of two halves so much as a bit of a rout. Armchair historians prefer to gloss over the fact that there were actually Scots fighting on both sides. In popular mythology, the guys in the black hats were English. And a mission to avenge has been woven into the Scottish psyche ever since.

This afternoon, you will see many thousands of banners with Lions Rampant and hearing the arithmetical legend 1314. This is not the date of Culloden, but of Bannockburn, where Robert the Bruce gained a rather more favourable result. Eat your heart out, Mel Gibson.

Each visit to Wembley is viewed through the prism of Bannockburn, and each fan devoutly wishes to be there in person when we post one of our famous, if distressingly infrequent, victories. Thus far we have won

just nine out of 28 Wembley encounters (though we would like five draws to be taken into consideration.) It will not shock you to learn that the recent recording of England's World Cup victory in 1966 is not right at the top of the Scottish viewing charts. The halcyon memory for the Scot is one year later when Scotland came to Wembley and beat the world champions 3-2. Scottish logic asserted that if you beat the World Cup holders, you are clearly the best team in the universe. Those of us who have followed this team to many World Cups know this is not precisely the case. There are many memories over which a compassionate veil is drawn involving such stirring results as a 1-1 draw with Iran. But to be a Scotland fan is to be a born-again optimist. To know that by the law of statistical averages,

hope will sometimes triumph over experience.

It did so in Birmingham last Monday when the Netherlands were not held to a draw by an equally skilful squad, but a desperately committed one. Part of the reason for that commitment was a heartfelt desire to make the starting line-up at Wembley today.

The thing is, chaps, we're all in this together. We all want very badly to beat you, Nigel. And that desire is fuelled afresh this week by what I can only call the casual arrogance displayed by many of my media colleagues in the South. What mastermind at ITV thought "Jerusalem" would be an appropriate anthem for a UK-wide audience of *Euro 96*? Nice tune, shame about the lyrics. And the thought of the lyrics so infiltrated the oosts of viewers in Scotland that Scottish Television had a hasty re-think

and found a less inflammatory theme. Neither did homebound Scottish supporters thrill to the constant, unthinking reference by TV pundits to England as "we", implying that Ingerland was all of us. We are us. You are them down there.

Then there is the perennial assumption that the other UK contenders for sporting glory are parochial no-hopers. I noted Bryan Appleyard, in this very newspaper, was musing about the possibility of a British team to which the cream of the four nations might aspire. But it wouldn't really do, said Bryan. Ryan Giggs would be the only non-Englishman worthy of serious consideration. Strange, then, that Monaco should have written a multi-million pound cheque for our John Collins. Or that Andy Goram's abilities in goal should have defied the Dutch magicians.

But there I go. Whingeing again. Just like a bloody Jock – chip oo every available shoulder. I shall, of course, be there in person this afternoon, taking my place with my Scotland Travel Club platoon – the one that didn't stop at Derby or Birmingham but marched on to the capital with banners aloft.

After all, Scotland v England at Wembley used to be a biennial event, one for which Scottish fans saved in pubs and clubs for the pilgrimage. Deprived of that anticipation for eight years, the appetite is well and truly whetted. In the past, we used to run a pre-match victory lunch at our home before the Hampden leg – just in case there wasn't quite the same cause for jubilation at 4.45.

The precautionary measure this time is a holiday flight leaving London at dawn tomorrow. Not, of course, that we anticipate anything but glorious victory. But there's no point in hanging around, really. Just in case the English turn out to be bad losers.

The writer is a Scottish political columnist and broadcaster.

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# How a UK inspector halted the progress of the maverick trader who took Sumitomo for \$1.8bn

RICHARD LLOYD PARRY  
and NIGEL COPE

The Serious Fraud Office is to investigate the \$1.8bn (£1.2bn) loss resulting from unauthorised trading at the Japanese Sumitomo Corporation, the world's largest copper dealer.

The SFO, which investigates major fraud in Britain, has taken on the case together with the City of London Police. It will be co-operating with London's Securities and Investments Board, whose original investigation unearthed the losses which were run up over a period of 10 years.

The scale of the losses eclipsed even Nick Leeson's £830m of

that manipulation is taking place. We have carried out inquiries and are looking at the issues on an on-going basis."

As copper prices plunged yesterday, there were fears that other copper traders might face financial difficulties. The three-month copper price closed \$175 down yesterday at \$1,980 per tonne.

It was unclear yesterday whether or not Sumitomo had closed its trading positions. Dealings in Sumitomo's shares were suspended in Tokyo yesterday, however the scandal is unlikely to result in the collapse of the company which is one of the largest in the world with assets of around \$50bn.

Copper dealers said Sumitomo's losses could eventually reach \$2.5bn. "The copper market will remain extremely volatile," one dealer said.

In a shame-faced press conference in Tokyo, Sumitomo's president Tomiichi Akiyama placed the entire blame for the scandal on 48-year-old Yasuo Hamanaka, the former head of trading who was dismissed on Thursday.

"We deeply regret - and are profoundly embarrassed by - these severe violations of our company's business policies," he said. "I am overwhelmed with shame."

Later he added that Mr Hamanaka had carried out the trades on his own initiative. "It wasn't discovered for 10 years because of a highly skilled cover-up operation."

However, other copper experts are certain Mr Hamanaka was acting in concert with others. "There must have been people in the London market who knew what he was doing," one expert said.

One metals analyst agreed: "He must have been booking fake trades and rolling them over. There has to have been collusion."

The trail to the epic fraud began with the Securities and Investments Board, the City regulatory authority. Together with the London Metals Exchange it had become con-



Taken for the most expensive ride in history: a rueful official outside Sumitomo Corporation's headquarters in Tokyo yesterday



Jeremy Orme: Led the SIB investigation team

losses at Barings and the \$1.1bn lost by Daiwa Bank last year from unauthorised bond trading by Toshihide Iguchi, one of its executives in the US.

Uncovering the scandal represents a coup for the Securities and Investments Board in London. The SIB has been tracking the affair for more than six months with a team led by Jeremy Orme, the SIB's enforcement division.

The SIB, together with the London Metals Exchange, had become concerned about the wild fluctuations in the copper price. On Thursday only hours before Sumitomo broke the news about its problems, David King, Chief executive of the LME, said: "We don't believe

cerned later last year about the volatility of the copper price. Certain rumours in the market had also given cause for alarm."

One of the anomalies Mr Orme at the SIB focused on was the causes of backwardation in the copper price. This is when the immediate (cash) price of the commodity is higher than the futures price. This is unusual with copper due to the cost of warehousing and insuring the metal. Normally the cash price is lower.

A further problem for the investigators was that much of the metals trading in London operates outside of the Exchanges jurisdiction. Market professionals use the best price of copper as guidance but conduct

deals on their own account. It is one of the few markets left with this relatively low level of regulation.

SIB mounted an investigation under Section 105 of the Financial Services Act which enable them to take evidence from clients and official sources.

The trail led to Mr Hamanaka, known as "Mr Five per Cent" because of the huge proportion of the world copper market he controlled. During a 26 year career he had built up a reputation as a skilled and aggressive trader.

Based in Tokyo but conduct-

ing many of the deals through London and New York, Mr Hamanaka controlled a team of up to seven copper traders but saw himself as very much "the main man". He had a reputation for taking long positions on copper.

Late last year, Britain's Securities and Investments Board (SIB) and its American counterpart, the Commodities Futures Trading Commission (CFTC) began to examine fluctuating copper prices and it was during this investigation, according to Sumitomo, that Mr Hamanaka's subterfuge was uncovered. Last month, he was demoted from his position as head of copper trading after suspicions that he allowed a company outsider to use

Sumitomo's name in a copper trading account. The mere hint that he might be on the way out was enough to drive down copper prices.

Further investigation by Sumitomo revealed a hitherto unknown bank account held in the company's name which had apparently been used to fund secret and unauthorised trades on copper futures and options. According to the Corporation, aware that he was about to be unmasked, Mr Hamanaka confessed to his activities on 5 June.

He had been conducting "off-the-books" trading for a decade, apparently in an effort to recoup spiralling losses, and was formally sacked yesterday.

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Yasuo Hamanaka is one of the largest traders of copper in the world. His pre-eminent position in copper trading is attributable to expertise in risk management.

Sumitomo annual report, 1991

"We don't believe that manipulation is taking place. We have carried out inquiries and are looking at the issues on an on-going basis."

David King, chief executive of LME, hours before Sumitomo drops its bombshell

"We deeply regret and are profoundly embarrassed by these severe violations of our company's business policies... There are still a lot of things we don't understand about the incident. I am overwhelmed with shame."

Tomiichi Akiyama, president of Sumitomo

## A copper-bottomed dealer named Mr Five per cent

NIC CICUTTI

To many of his colleagues at Sumitomo, Yasuo Hamanaka was known as the "Man in the Grey Flannel Suit". A quietly-spoken, shy, bespectacled 48-year-old, Mr Hamanaka appeared nothing like the modern-day image of an aggressive trader living in the fast lane.

Yet within the world copper market-trading community, where he was an acknowledged top operator, his buying and selling activities led to him being dubbed "Mr Five Per Cent"

and "The Hammer". The two contradictory images of the same man finally exploded into the public arena yesterday, when a stunned Sumitomo announced that Mr Hamanaka had lost the company \$1.8bn (£1.2bn) over the past 10 years.

In Tokyo, even Sumitomo's president, Tomiichi Akiyama, seemed at a loss to explain how he could have misjudged him. "My impression of him was that he was a man of great control, a man of logic, so I trusted him as a very able metal trader," Mr Akiyama said.

Mr Hamanaka joined Sumitomo in 1970 and spent all his time in the metals department.

"Japanese trade houses usually shift employees' jobs every two or three years," said a senior official at a large brass maker and a customer of Sumitomo.

"But Mr Hamanaka has been involved with the copper sector for more than 20 years - quite an unusual career." "Mr Five Per Cent" was also unusual in that, apart from a brief spell in London at the start of his career, he always turned down overseas postings, preferring to remain

in Japan. He was sent to London briefly in the late 1970s to learn the London Metal Exchange business first-hand as a young clerk in tin and nickel.

Back in Japan, by 1983 he was selling about 10,000 tonnes a year of copper and by the end of the 1980s he was a power in the world copper market. Industry officials say they nicknamed Mr Hamanaka "Mr Five Per Cent" because his non-ferrous metals division controlled nearly 5 per cent of world copper trading, making the company the biggest player in the

market. His other nickname, "The Hammer", was a play on his name and the way his deals could "hammer" the market, they added. As Sumitomo and the copper market discovered yesterday, none of his coups was quite as spectacular as the one that saw his balance sheet move so staggeringly into the red.

Sumitomo took daily metal trading out of his hands last month as its investigation into his activities turned up more and more questions. He was moved from the position of chief copper trader to become

an assistant to the general manager of the firm's non-ferrous metals division.

Married with a daughter, he always fiercely guarded his private life, once berating a journalist for calling him at home with a question about the copper market.

His colleagues were unable yesterday to come to terms with Mr Hamanaka's newfound notoriety. "He nearly always dressed in a grey suit. We always thought of him as Mr Corporate," a young trader wailed yesterday.



Yasuo Hamanaka: 'The man in the grey flannel suit'

## Battle over TransCo intensifies

MAGNUS GRIMOND

The Monopolies Commission yesterday looked certain to be drawn into the battle between British Gas and Ofgas over its recent review of the TransCo pipeline business after the gas group launched a wide-ranging attack on the proposals.

Unveiling its detailed response, Philip Rogers, deputy chairman of British Gas, said: "If at the end of the day we don't get an Ofgas proposal which we regard as acceptable, we believe we can take a case to the MMC which they will regard as credible and sensible."

Mr Rogers claimed that several of the assumptions under which the regulator, Clare Spottiswoode, had arrived at her conclusions were wrong and

could endanger the security of supply of gas in the UK. She was overturning established principles in reducing British Gas's assets for regulatory purposes to between £9bn and £11bn.

Her proposals were unrealistic, unsustainable and threatened the successful introduction of domestic competition in 1998. If implemented, "they would represent a very significant interference in the right of management to manage."

He said there was no personal animosity against Ms Spottiswoode, but he attacked "the huge untrammelled power of a single individual. What we are seeing is the power of an individual regulator to change the regulatory system."

He said it would "probably be helpful" if the regulator had

a board of non-executive directors akin to that of a commercial company to provide a check on her powers.

Although both sides are understood to have met this week, the gulf between them was evident from Mr Rogers's complaint that three key reports on which the Ofgas proposals were based had been withheld from the company.

While British Gas had supplied 1,200 documents to the regulator, it had been refused a Coopers & Lybrand study of the company's operating costs, a report by consulting engineers WS Atkins on capital expenditure and the financial model used by Ofgas.

Mr Rogers said Ofgas's demand for a 4 per cent a year cut in controllable costs was unre-

alistic and translated into a productivity improvement of 10 per cent of sales, or four to five times the national average.

It assumed a reduction of up to 50 per cent in areas like safety, on which British Gas currently spends around £140m a year, and a halving of the current workforce of 20,000. "We could not run this business with that many people."

He threw back the regulator's claim that the pricing regime had unduly favoured shareholders. Since privatisation in 1986, customers had seen prices fall by 23 per cent, while shareholders have enjoyed a return of 4.5 per cent a year, including dividends, less than half the 9.5 per cent average derived from the FT-SE All Share.

Comment, page 19

## Dynamic Harm nets £14m from squash

MAGNUS GRIMOND

Harm Tegelaars, who founded Dynamic Leisure in 1980 with the proceeds of the sale of his house after discovering how badly managed squash clubs were, yesterday netted a £14m windfall after selling his company to Vardon.

Vardon, the leisure group that owns the London Dungeon, will increase in size by 50 per cent following the £40.5m purchase of Dynamic Leisure, which trades as Archer Leisure. The acquisition takes Vardon, founded in 1992, into leisure clubs for the first time and completes its plans to develop a broad base in the leisure sector. The group already operates

a string of bingo clubs, Sea Life centres and the Park Dean chain of caravan parks.

Dynamic Leisure runs 25 leisure operations for eight local authorities, owns nine health and fitness clubs operating under the Metropolitan name and three public lawn tennis clubs.

Forecast profits of £4.5m for Dynamic Leisure for the current year to December are expected by analysts to raise the price of the company to £12.4m. Consideration for the acquisition will be through the issue of 33.8 million shares and £3.1m in cash, raised through a placing at 118p a share.

## Gongs ring out across City's boardrooms

JOHN WILLCOCK

Aristocrat Sir John Craven, Sir Nigel Rudd, Sir Richard Evans and Sir Clive Thompson. The Queen's Birthday Honours list will have brought delight to a number of City and industry big-wigs, including knights of the realm.

Sir John Craven, chairman of Morgan Grenfell Group, has got his knighthood "for services to banking and to the City". The South African-born banker resurfaced Morgan Grenfell following the Guinness debacle in the 1980s, and then sold Morgan on to Deutsche Bank.

Sir John recently stood down from the Vorstand, Deutsche's ruling council, but he remains influential as Morgan Grenfell continues its pell-mell hiring of talent. Whether Deutsche Morgan Grenfell will succeed in becoming one of the world's 10 leading bulge-bracket investment banks remains to be seen, but Sir John's impact has been undeniable.

Sir Nigel Rudd is one of the few 1980s whizz-kids to have survived that dizzy decade and reinvented himself as one of the great and the good. Born in Derby, and having built his first modest fortune while still in his twenties, Sir Nigel then teamed up with Brian McGowan to build an industrial conglomerate from the detritus

of British manufacturing. Despite the failure of similar go-go companies such as British & Commonwealth, Williams Holdings was more conservative in its growth rate and is still there.

Sir Clive Thompson, chief executive of Rentokil Group, has presided over one of the best-performing shares in the last 15 years. Sir Clive is known as "Mr Twenty Per Cent" because he has delivered 20 per cent earnings growth per annum over that period. He has also emerged battered but unbowed from the recent takeover battle for BET.

Sir Richard Evans CBE, chief executive of British Aerospace, gets his knighthood "for services to the aerospace and defence industries." Having been roundly criticised for BAe's poor performance he is now getting plaudits for turning it around.

Other knights include Sir David Barnes CBE, chief executive of Zeneca Group, "for services to the pharmaceuticals industry," and Sir William Brown CBE, former chairman of the Scottish Arts Council and of Scottish Television, "for services to the arts and to broadcasting." Sir Leonard Cheshire, Lord Mayor of London, also gets a knighthood for services to the City. A leading surgeon, Sir Leonard has spent much of his professional life at Bart's Hospital in the City.

| STOCK MARKETS |           |        |           |           |           |       |
|---------------|-----------|--------|-----------|-----------|-----------|-------|
| FT-SE 100     | Dow Jones | Nikkei | Hang Seng | Hong Kong | Frankfurt | Paris |
| 3860          | 8600      | 22000  | 10000     | 10000     | 10000     | 10000 |
| 3820          | 8560      | 21800  | 9900      | 9800      | 9700      | 9600  |
| 3780          | 8520      | 21600  | 9800      | 9700      | 9600      | 9500  |
| 3740          | 8480      | 21400  | 9700      | 9600      | 9500      | 9400  |
| 3700          | 8440      | 21200  | 9600      | 9500      | 9400      | 9300  |
| 3660          | 8400      | 21000  | 9500      | 9400      | 9300      | 9200  |

| INTEREST RATES |                |              |         |         |         |          |
|----------------|----------------|--------------|---------|---------|---------|----------|
| Short sterling | UK medium gilt | US long bond | 3 month | 6 month | 9 month | 12 month |
| 5.75           | 8.5            | 7.0          | 5.75    | 6.0     | 6.25    | 6.5      |
| 5.75           | 8.5            | 7.0          | 5.75    | 6.0     | 6.25    | 6.5      |
| 5.75           | 8.5            | 7.0          | 5.75    | 6.0     | 6.25    | 6.5      |
| 5.75           | 8.5            | 7.0          | 5.75    | 6.0     | 6.25    | 6.5      |
| 5.75           | 8.5            | 7.0          | 5.75    | 6.0     | 6.25    | 6.5      |

| CURRENCIES |        |        |        |        |        |        |
|------------|--------|--------|--------|--------|--------|--------|
| £/\$       | £/DM   | £/¥    | DM/\$  | ¥/\$   | DM/£   | ¥/£    |
| 1.6370     | 1.9362 | 163.70 | 1.9362 | 163.70 | 1.9362 | 163.70 |
| 1.6370     | 1.9362 | 163.70 | 1.9362 | 163.70 | 1.9362 | 163.70 |
| 1.6370     | 1.9362 | 163.70 | 1.9362 | 163.70 | 1.9362 | 163.70 |
| 1.6370     | 1.9362 | 163.70 | 1.9362 | 163.70 | 1.9362 | 163.70 |
| 1.6370     | 1.9362 | 163.70 | 1.9362 | 163.70 | 1.9362 | 163.70 |

صلى الله عليه وسلم







## market report/shares

## DATA BANK

FT-SE 100  
3,753.6 - 8.1

FT-SE 250  
4,464.6 - 3.4

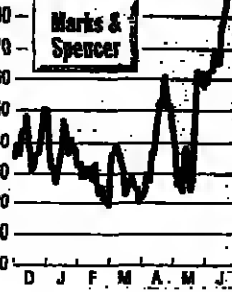
FT-SE 350  
1,898.2 - 3.5

SEAQ VOLUME  
976.4m shares,  
31,034 bargains

Gifts Index  
n/a - n/a

## SHARE SPOTLIGHT

share price, pence



## Brisk consumer spending makes retailers feel good

## TAKING STOCK

Whether the feel-good factor has filtered through to the high street may still be a subject for debate but there is growing evidence retailers are feeling much better in the stock market.

Their efforts helped contain an FT-SE 100 index slide to 8.1 points with Dimsa the best-performing blue chip with a 14p gain to 548p, a 12-month high.

There have been some encouraging high street statistics recently but it was a more down to earth report from a leading retailer, that fuelled the latest interest.

The John Lewis partnership, which runs department stores and the Waitrose supermarket chain, said its latest weekly numbers showed department store sales up 21.4 per cent with Waitrose achieving a 21.2 per cent advance.

The recent interest rate cut and hopes of another within a

few weeks and an upbeat Confederation of British Industry retail report have also offered evidence the high street revival may have more substance than earlier flurries.

Marks & Spencer was another riding at a high, up 11.5p to 486p. Kingfisher rose 13p to 640p and Argos 10p to 767p. The rest of the market was inclined to dilly and dally with the turmoil in the metal market creating anxiety, although the ghost of Nick Leeson is unlikely to have much direct influence on shares.

However, some are in the firing line. MTZ, the mining group which has felt the vibrations of the volatile copper price, was little changed at 972p but Delta, citing the copper price as a factor, warned half-year profits would be "appreciably below" the £29m in last year's second half. It is taking a £3m hit from the fall in copper prices.



## MARKET REPORT

## DEREK PAIN

Stock market reporter of the year

With year's forecasts slashed - Credit Lyonnais Laing has cut from £74m to £60m - the shares fell 33p to 360p.

Worries about the Russian election was an inhibiting influence and the latest outbreak of hostilities among the Tories also dampened sentiment. Siebe, the engineer, edged ahead 4p to 888p. It is hosting an analysts' presentation at its Farnborough plant in the US next week with about 40 researchers US expected.

Vickers put on 7p to 260p following its dockland investment presentation late on Thursday. The medical division appears buoyant and Rolls-Royce cars achieved better-

than-forecast first-half sales. Cookson, the industrial materials group, remained under pressure following profit downgradings, falling a further 12p to 295p.

The National Westminster Bank's sale of its 17.7 per cent shareholding in 3i, the investment group, went smoothly with the shares going out, mainly to institutions, at 445p, a little higher than expected. The sale raised £464m for NatWest, still cash-rich despite recent expansion such as the £385m splash for a US broker, 3i ended at 457p, up 10p.

Manchester United gained up to 465p. Martin Edwards, chief executive, has sold another

block of shares, 2.23 million, at 450p and a children's settlement has unloaded 1.5 million at the same price. The sales, representing 6 per cent of the football club's capital, reduce the Edwards holding to 17.16 per cent. Mr Edwards has undertaken not to dispose of any more shares for a year. In April he lightened the Edwards family interests, raising £4.4m through share sales. He has pulled in more than £20m through the two disposals.

Capital Radio shed 3p to 679p as French group Havas placed 13.8 million shares (19 per cent) at 675p with institutions. Real Time Control, the computer group, had another difficult session, falling 19p to 194p.

Newcomer Theo Fennell, a jeweller, showed a little sparkle, ending at 123p against a 118p opening, the price touched 137.5p.

Renewed talk of a positive

drugs announcement lifted ML Laboratories 14p to 448p but British Biotech slipped 52p to 2,698p.

The surprise departure of its chief executive left Bakyrchik 21p lower at 464p.

Magnum Power, which has developed an uninterruptible power supply unit for computers, fell 9p to 94p; there was talk a touchy relationship had developed between the company and its stockbroker, Henry Cooke Lumsden.

MAID, the on-line information group, improved 7p to 320p, after 329p. In the past week it has attracted a round of analytical support with Merrill Lynch describing the company as "one of the best Internet plays on the market".

Williams de Broe has also produced a buy recommendation and two US houses, Bear Stearns and Van Kasper, made positive noises. The shares floated at 110p two years ago.

□ Inoco, once an oil business and now a property operation, could soon disappear from the stock market. Chairwoman and controlling shareholder David Rowland, who was something of a whizz-kid in the 1960s, is thought to be thinking of making an offer to the minority shareholders. The shares added 2p to 13.5p.

□ World Fluids, which has had a depressing run, could soon get a much needed lift. The Irish company, little more than a shell, is hoping to acquire Peterhead Crane Co, a crane hire operation, and International Cranes & Equipment, a plant trading company. Peterhead, under chief executive Roger Taylor, has become a powerful force in the crane hire and off-shore oil services in North East Scotland. World Fluid shares are 5.25p.

## Alcoholic Beverages

| Company   | Price | Change | %   |
|-----------|-------|--------|-----|
| Adnoca    | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Beck's    | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Brewery   | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Carlsberg | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Heineken  | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Kaiser    | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Miller    | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Orkla     | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Quilley   | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Stout     | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Tennent   | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Watson    | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |

## Banks, Merchant

| Company                 | Price | Change | %   |
|-------------------------|-------|--------|-----|
| Barclays                | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Bank of Scotland        | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Bank of Ireland         | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Bank of London          | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Bank of Montreal        | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Bank of New York        | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Bank of Paris           | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Bank of Spain           | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Bank of Sweden          | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Bank of Tokyo           | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Bank of West            | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Bank of Zurich          | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Bank of the Americas    | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Bank of the East        | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Bank of the Middle East | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Bank of the Pacific     | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Bank of the South       | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Bank of the West        | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Bank of the World       | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Bank of the Americas    | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Bank of the East        | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Bank of the Middle East | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Bank of the Pacific     | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Bank of the South       | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Bank of the West        | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Bank of the World       | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |

## Banks, Retail

| Company                      | Price | Change | %   |
|------------------------------|-------|--------|-----|
| Bank of America              | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Bank of Canada               | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Bank of China                | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Bank of France               | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Bank of Germany              | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Bank of Greece               | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Bank of Hong Kong            | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Bank of India                | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Bank of Italy                | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Bank of Japan                | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Bank of Korea                | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Bank of Kuwait               | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Bank of Lebanon              | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Bank of Luxembourg           | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Bank of Malaysia             | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Bank of Mexico               | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Bank of Monaco               | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Bank of Netherlands          | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Bank of Norway               | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Bank of Oman                 | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Bank of Pakistan             | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Bank of Peru                 | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Bank of Portugal             | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Bank of Qatar                | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Bank of Romania              | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Bank of Russia               | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Bank of Saudi Arabia         | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Bank of Singapore            | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Bank of South Africa         | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Bank of Spain                | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Bank of Sweden               | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Bank of Switzerland          | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Bank of Taiwan               | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Bank of Thailand             | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Bank of Turkey               | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Bank of United Arab Emirates | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Bank of United Kingdom       | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Bank of United States        | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Bank of Venezuela            | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Bank of West                 | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Bank of the World            | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Bank of the Americas         | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Bank of the East             | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Bank of the Middle East      | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Bank of the Pacific          | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Bank of the South            | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Bank of the West             | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Bank of the World            | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |

## Breweries, Pubs &amp; Rest

| Company   | Price | Change | %   |
|-----------|-------|--------|-----|
| Adnoca    | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Beck's    | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Brewery   | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Carlsberg | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Heineken  | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Kaiser    | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Miller    | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Orkla     | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Quilley   | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Stout     | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Tennent   | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Watson    | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |

## Building, Construction

| Company   | Price | Change | %   |
|-----------|-------|--------|-----|
| Adnoca    | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Beck's    | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Brewery   | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Carlsberg | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Heineken  | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Kaiser    | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Miller    | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Orkla     | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Quilley   | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Stout     | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Tennent   | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Watson    | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |

## Building Materials

| Company   | Price | Change | %   |
|-----------|-------|--------|-----|
| Adnoca    | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Beck's    | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Brewery   | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Carlsberg | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Heineken  | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Kaiser    | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Miller    | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Orkla     | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Quilley   | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Stout     | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Tennent   | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Watson    | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |

## Chemicals

| Company   | Price | Change | %   |
|-----------|-------|--------|-----|
| Adnoca    | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Beck's    | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Brewery   | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Carlsberg | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Heineken  | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Kaiser    | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Miller    | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Orkla     | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Quilley   | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Stout     | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Tennent   | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Watson    | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |

## Electronics

| Company   | Price | Change | %   |
|-----------|-------|--------|-----|
| Adnoca    | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Beck's    | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Brewery   | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Carlsberg | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Heineken  | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Kaiser    | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Miller    | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Orkla     | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Quilley   | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Stout     | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Tennent   | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Watson    | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |

## Engineering

| Company   | Price | Change | %   |
|-----------|-------|--------|-----|
| Adnoca    | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Beck's    | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Brewery   | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Carlsberg | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Heineken  | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Kaiser    | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Miller    | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Orkla     | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Quilley   | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Stout     | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Tennent   | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Watson    | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |

## Engineering Vehicles

| Company   | Price | Change | %   |
|-----------|-------|--------|-----|
| Adnoca    | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Beck's    | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Brewery   | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Carlsberg | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Heineken  | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Kaiser    | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Miller    | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Orkla     | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Quilley   | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Stout     | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Tennent   | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Watson    | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |

## Food, Distribution

| Company   | Price | Change | %   |
|-----------|-------|--------|-----|
| Adnoca    | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Beck's    | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Brewery   | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Carlsberg | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Heineken  | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Kaiser    | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Miller    | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Orkla     | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Quilley   | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Stout     | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Tennent   | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Watson    | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |

## Food Manufacturers

| Company   | Price | Change | %   |
|-----------|-------|--------|-----|
| Adnoca    | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Beck's    | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Brewery   | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Carlsberg | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Heineken  | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Kaiser    | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Miller    | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Orkla     | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Quilley   | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Stout     | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Tennent   | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Watson    | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |

## Health Care

| Company   | Price | Change | %   |
|-----------|-------|--------|-----|
| Adnoca    | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Beck's    | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Brewery   | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Carlsberg | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Heineken  | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Kaiser    | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Miller    | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Orkla     | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Quilley   | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Stout     | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Tennent   | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |
| Watson    | 1.10  | 0.00   | 0.0 |















**Canada**

Island Harp

Pit Harp

**Circuit Gilles Villeneuve, Montreal**  
 2.748 miles. Lap record: 1m 19.775s  
 124,220mph (Ayrton Senna, 1992)

(\$750,000 suspended on condition that there is no repeat in 1997 or '98) for the crowd's behaviour in swarming on to the track as Schumacher brought his Ferrari home in second.

## ck puts ve to al test

last week against the Imola circuit, which was fined \$100,000.

74 T1. 146 W Grady (Pump) T1 T5: L Parsons (Aard)  
75 T1. 147 D Duzal T5 T2. 150 T Tryba T4 T6:  
M Calcaevocchia T7 T3: \* J Hobby T4 T6: T Derr-  
ney T7 T3: D Waldorf T3 T7. 151 E Aubrey T8  
T3. 153 K Sutchedend T3 T8. 154 M James (E8)  
T5 T9. \* denotes amateur.

The diagram shows a rectangular frame. A horizontal line segment is labeled 'a' at its left end. A vertical line segment is labeled 'b' at its bottom end. The lines are drawn with a slightly irregular, hand-drawn style.

MINI HERRMAN returns to Britain's Davis Cup team for the Euro-Africa zone group two to be against Ghana in Accra from 12 to 14 July. The British No 1 from Oxfordshire missed the 4-1 victory over Zimbabwe in Newcastle last month after going down with a virus.

UNDEFEATED BRITAIN DAVIS CUP TEAM (Baro 10-0, 11-0, 12-0, 13-0, 14-0, 15-0, 16-0, 17-0, 18-0, 19-0, 20-0, 21-0, 22-0, 23-0, 24-0, 25-0, 26-0, 27-0, 28-0, 29-0, 30-0, 31-0, 32-0, 33-0, 34-0, 35-0, 36-0, 37-0, 38-0, 39-0, 40-0, 41-0, 42-0, 43-0, 44-0, 45-0, 46-0, 47-0, 48-0, 49-0, 50-0, 51-0, 52-0, 53-0, 54-0, 55-0, 56-0, 57-0, 58-0, 59-0, 60-0, 61-0, 62-0, 63-0, 64-0, 65-0, 66-0, 67-0, 68-0, 69-0, 70-0, 71-0, 72-0, 73-0, 74-0, 75-0, 76-0, 77-0, 78-0, 79-0, 80-0, 81-0, 82-0, 83-0, 84-0, 85-0, 86-0, 87-0, 88-0, 89-0, 90-0, 91-0, 92-0, 93-0, 94-0, 95-0, 96-0, 97-0, 98-0, 99-0, 100-0, 101-0, 102-0, 103-0, 104-0, 105-0, 106-0, 107-0, 108-0, 109-0, 110-0, 111-0, 112-0, 113-0, 114-0, 115-0, 116-0, 117-0, 118-0, 119-0, 120-0, 121-0, 122-0, 123-0, 124-0, 125-0, 126-0, 127-0, 128-0, 129-0, 130-0, 131-0, 132-0, 133-0, 134-0, 135-0, 136-0, 137-0, 138-0, 139-0, 140-0, 141-0, 142-0, 143-0, 144-0, 145-0, 146-0, 147-0, 148-0, 149-0, 150-0, 151-0, 152-0, 153-0, 154-0, 155-0, 156-0, 157-0, 158-0, 159-0, 160-0, 161-0, 162-0, 163-0, 164-0, 165-0, 166-0, 167-0, 168-0, 169-0, 170-0, 171-0, 172-0, 173-0, 174-0, 175-0, 176-0, 177-0, 178-0, 179-0, 180-0, 181-0, 182-0, 183-0, 184-0, 185-0, 186-0, 187-0, 188-0, 189-0, 190-0, 191-0, 192-0, 193-0, 194-0, 195-0, 196-0, 197-0, 198-0, 199-0, 200-0, 201-0, 202-0, 203-0, 204-0, 205-0, 206-0, 207-0, 208-0, 209-0, 210-0, 211-0, 212-0, 213-0, 214-0, 215-0, 216-0, 217-0, 218-0, 219-0, 220-0, 221-0, 222-0, 223-0, 224-0, 225-0, 226-0, 227-0, 228-0, 229-0, 230-0, 231-0, 232-0, 233-0, 234-0, 235-0, 236-0, 237-0, 238-0, 239-0, 240-0, 241-0, 242-0, 243-0, 244-0, 245-0, 246-0, 247-0, 248-0, 249-0, 250-0, 251-0, 252-0, 253-0, 254-0, 255-0, 256-0, 257-0, 258-0, 259-0, 260-0, 261-0, 262-0, 263-0, 264-0, 265-0, 266-0, 267-0, 268-0, 269-0, 270-0, 271-0, 272-0, 273-0, 274-0, 275-0, 276-0, 277-0, 278-0, 279-0, 280-0, 281-0, 282-0, 283-0, 284-0, 285-0, 286-0, 287-0, 288-0, 289-0, 290-0, 291-0, 292-0, 293-0, 294-0, 295-0, 296-0, 297-0, 298-0, 299-0, 300-0, 301-0, 302-0, 303-0, 304-0, 305-0, 306-0, 307-0, 308-0, 309-0, 310-0, 311-0, 312-0, 313-0, 314-0, 315-0, 316-0, 317-0, 318-0, 319-0, 320-0, 321-0, 322-0, 323-0, 324-0, 325-0, 326-0, 327-0, 328-0, 329-0, 330-0, 331-0, 332-0, 333-0, 334-0, 335-0, 336-0, 337-0, 338-0, 339-0, 340-0, 341-0, 342-0, 343-0, 344-0, 345-0, 346-0, 347-0, 348-0, 349-0, 350-0, 351-0, 352-0, 353-0, 354-0, 355-0, 356-0, 357-0, 358-0, 359-0, 360-0, 361-0, 362-0, 363-0, 364-0, 365-0, 366-0, 367-0, 368-0, 369-0, 370-0, 371-0, 372-0, 373-0, 374-0, 375-0, 376-0, 377-0, 378-0, 379-0, 380-0, 381-0, 382-0, 383-0, 384-0, 385-0, 386-0, 387-0, 388-0, 389-0, 390-0, 391-0, 392-0, 393-0, 394-0, 395-0, 396-0, 397-0, 398-0, 399-0, 400-0, 401-0, 402-0, 403-0, 404-0, 405-0, 406-0, 407-0, 408-0, 409-0, 410-0, 411-0, 412-0, 413-0, 414-0, 415-0, 416-0, 417-0, 418-0, 419-0, 420-0, 421-0, 422-0, 423-0, 424-0, 425-0, 426-0, 427-0, 428-0, 429-0, 430-0, 431-0, 432-0, 433-0, 434-0, 435-0, 436-0, 437-0, 438-0, 439-0, 440-0, 441-0, 442-0, 443-0, 444-0, 445-0, 446-0, 447-0, 448-0, 449-0, 450-0, 451-0, 452-0, 453-0, 454-0, 455-0, 456-0, 457-0, 458-0, 459-0, 460-0, 461-0, 462-0, 463-0, 464-0, 465-0, 466-0, 467-0, 468-0, 469-0, 470-0, 471-0, 472-0, 473-0, 474-0, 475-0, 476-0, 477-0, 478-0, 479-0, 480-0, 481-0, 482-0, 483-0, 484-0, 485-0, 486-0, 487-0, 488-0, 489-0, 490-0, 491-0, 492-0, 493-0, 494-0, 495-0, 496-0, 497-0, 498-0, 499-0, 500-0, 501-0, 502-0, 503-0, 504-0, 505-0, 506-0, 507-0, 508-0, 509-0, 510-0, 511-0, 512-0, 513-0, 514-0, 515-0, 516-0, 517-0, 518-0, 519-0, 520-0, 521-0, 522-0, 523-0, 524-0, 525-0, 526-0, 527-0, 528-0, 529-0, 530-0, 531-0, 532-0, 533-0, 534-0, 535-0, 536-0, 537-0, 538-0, 539-0, 540-0, 541-0, 542-0, 543-0, 544-0, 545-0, 546-0, 547-0, 548-0, 549-0, 550-0, 551-0, 552-0, 553-0, 554-0, 555-0, 556-0, 557-0, 558-0, 559-0, 560-0, 561-0, 562-0, 563-0, 564-0, 565-0, 566-0, 567-0, 568-0, 569-0, 570-0, 571-0, 572-0, 573-0, 574-0, 575-0, 576-0, 577-0, 578-0, 579-0, 580-0, 581-0, 582-0, 583-0, 584-0, 585-0, 586-0, 587-0, 588-0, 589-0, 590-0, 591-0, 592-0, 593-0, 594-0, 595-

Nim Herman returns to Britain's Davis Cup team for the Euro-Africa zone Group Two tie against Ghana in Accra from 12 to 14 July. The British No 1 from Oxfordshire missed the 4-1 victory over Slovenia in Newcastle last month after going down with a virus.

**BREITEN BREITAN DAVIS CUP TEAM** (Euro-Africa zone) Group Two v Ghana, Accra, 12-14 July: T. Henson (capt), J. Harrison, G. Lloyd-Jones, P. Hughes, S. Jones, R. Gosselin (untested), M. Potchen (Eurosia, untested). To travel: Mick Gould (Aron).

**SINCE THE ARTISTS GRASS COURT CHAMPIONSHIPS** (Queen's Club, London) Court-tensants: S. Becker (Ger) vs P. Pathef (Aus) 7-6; A. Panatta (Ita) vs B. Borg (Mro) 6-3; J. O'Brien (Ire) vs G. Slinger (Ger) 6-3.

**David Lloyd**, British Davis Cup captain, on the decision to put Tim Henman, Britain's No 1, on an outside court at Queen's Club.

The position in Scottish radio's network chart reached this weekend by "Purple Heather", the Euro 96 song recorded by Rod Stewart and the Scotland squad. A good omen for today's showdown at Wembley?



# Muster digs in to uproot Woodforde

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## sport

EURO 96



Drumming up support: The Dutch are all dressed up with somewhere to go at Villa Park for their opening game against Scotland

Photograph: David Ashdown

## Spanish fear attacking art of Djorkaeff

Spain and France, tipped by many to reach at least the last four, could unleash their attacking skills when they meet in Group B at Elland Road tonight – a repeat of the 1984 final.

The Spanish need to win having drawn their opening game with Bulgaria, who subsequently beat Romania. France should simply be more relaxed than they were in beating Romania 1-0 last weekend.

"It's in the second matches that teams' strengths are liberated," France's coach, Aimé Jacquet, said. "In their first game Spain played under great pressure and did not reach their true level. Against France we can expect to see a different Spain."

Spain's central defender, Miguel Angel Nadal, who sits out the match completing a two-match suspension, made his team-mates' intentions clear. "We're going for the three points. We can't speculate with a draw, then a win against Romania, we must win," he said.

The Spanish are wary of the threat of striker Youri Djorkaeff. The Atletico Madrid midfielder Jose Luis Caminero said: "They are a well structured team, quite solid at the back."

France v Spain  
Elland Road  
Tonight, 6.0pm

They have a similar playing style to Spain and they have a man like Djorkaeff with more inspiration and talent.

The last time Spain met France was in the 1984 final won 2-0 by Michel Platini's French side in Paris. Both sides are unbeaten in about two years – France in 24 matches since Jacquet took charge after their failure to reach the 1994 World Cup finals. Spain have gone 17 games unbeaten since falling to Italy in the World Cup quarter-finals in Boston.

Neither coach will name his side until just before kick-off, but France will probably be unchanged, but Javier Clemente, has hinted he will make four changes to the Spanish side. Having lost the striker Juan Antonio Pizzi through suspension, Alfonso, the substitute who equalised against Bulgaria, looks set to lead the attack.

The Deportivo La Coruña midfielder Donato, the Real Madrid forward Jose Amavisca and the Valencia defender Jorge Otero also look likely to play.

## Vogts keeps cool as Basler lets off steam

Berti Vogts, the German coach, yesterday played down some petulant protests from his temperamental midfielder player, Mario Basler.

The Bayern Munich-bound Basler, struggling with an ankle injury, was quoted as saying Vogts did not talk to him and did not regard him as a first-choice player. "I haven't just had an operation to sit on the bench here," he told a Berlin newspaper.

However, Vogts said from the team's training camp in Cheshire: "We have talked about it. The chapter is closed."

Another midfielder, Dieter Ehlis, who was a team-mate of Basler at Werder Bremen this season, added: "There is great harmony in our ranks. We are not going to get knocked off the rails."

Vogts has not announced his team to face Russia at Old Trafford tomorrow, but Jürgen Klinsmann will return as captain after suspension and Vogts will

Germany v Russia  
Old Trafford  
Tomorrow, 3.0pm

choose between Oliver Bierhoff and Stefan Kuntz as Klinsmann's striking partner.

The coach said he was delighted to welcome back the former Tottenham man. "He will give us an extra boost," Vogts said. "He is the leading personality in the team."

Vogts said he was not worried that six of his players had picked up yellow cards in the 2-0 win against the Czech Republic last Sunday and might be hesitant against the Russians. "You can still close players down even when you have a yellow card to your name," Vogts said.

The Russian defender, Yevgeni Bushmanov, will take over further part in the tournament owing to an ankle injury sustained in the 2-1 defeat by Italy on Tuesday. Like the Germans, they will not name their team until tomorrow.

## Boksic and Boban doubts hand Vlaovic his chance

Goran Vlaovic is pressing for a place in Croatia's starting line-up after his dramatic match-winning appearance as a substitute against Turkey at the City Ground on Tuesday.

The 23-year-old forward, who is being chased by both Valencia and Fiorentina, is likely to play in place of Alen Boksic, who has both a cut head and a foot injury. The captain, Zvonimir Boban, is also doubtful after straining medial ligaments in a knee. The midfielder Mario Stanic is another doubt with a thigh strain.

The Croatia's coach, Miroslav Blazevic, said he was not entirely happy with the way his side had played in beating Turkey, adding: "It can only get better." He added that he felt he had the strength in depth in his squad to cope easily enough with any enforced changes.

The Danes, in contrast to the Croats, started the tournament

Croatia v Denmark  
Hillsborough  
Tomorrow, 6.0pm

well, producing a disciplined display to hold classy Portugal to a 1-1 draw last Sunday. Peter Schmeichel, who kept them in the match at Hillsborough, said: "It was a good result for us against a very accomplished team. Croatia have a lot of talent as well, but we are happy with our team play and morale which is very high."

Denmark's fitness doubts revolve around the versatile Ipswich Town player, Claus Thomsen, who has a back muscle problem, and Henrik Larsen, once of Aston Villa, who has an ankle injury.

It could mean a place in the starting line-up for Kim Vilfort, who scored one of the goals in the 1992 final against Germany but was only a late substitute for the opening game this time.

## Turks, kilts and Sicilian dancers

Coachloads of Czech supporters on the M6; Romanians watching heath volleyball in Newcastle; a Manchester City defender playing nightclub DJ to Germans. The first week of Euro 96 has been one of surreal images, occasionally sublime football and, in some places, a mounting sense of "event".

In others, notably London and elsewhere south of Birmingham, you would have been hard-pressed to realise Euro 96 was going on if it was not for the extensive media coverage.

As the tournament progresses, the capital is likely to discard its customary self-absorption but, for fans from Penzance to Dover, the only solution is to head north. Which is a pity because, like most things, you get out of Euro 96 what you put into it.

Many people are getting a lot out of it, particularly foreign visitors. The message from the Football Supporters' Association, which has "fan embassies" in each host city, is generally positive. Apart from the constant problems with tickets – getting them and affording them – people are enjoying themselves.

The football has been fairly good, although we are still waiting for the game, and performance, which will ignite the tournament. This afternoon may meet the first need, it is also the biggest test of fan behaviour.

To date that has been the most encouraging feature of the tournament. In London last Saturday night, Swiss and English fans were drinking together in Leicester Square; in Birmingham on Monday Dutch and Scots were conga-ing around the city centre; in Nottingham on Tuesday local

schoolchildren, having seen the Croats taking their shirts off during the game with Turkey, took theirs off too to mutual applause, all in pouring rain.

One week gone and rich memories are already being created. These are mine...

**SAT 8 JUNE**  
The opening game, and England start brightly but fade. And that's just the press who kick-off.

Umbro's media tournament with a 3-1 defeat to the Swiss. It was goalless at half-time, then Graham Kelly, the FA's chief executive, swapped from centre-forward to goalkeeper. Just a coincidence.

The main event is equally anti-climatic. Sitting at the tunnel end rather than the press box, I'm able to experience the full delight and despair of watching England. The opening ceremony is the perfect warm-up and the national anthem has not been sung more lustily since the Dutch visited during the Falklands War.

The joy fades as the game goes on but, despite poor segregation, the Swiss are left to celebrate in peace. Move on to Birmingham where be-kilted Scots are already in evidence.

**SUN 9 JUNE**  
Leave Birmingham, and so miss the bizarre sight of Kubilay Türkyilmaz in a kilt at Villa Park. Instead see Germany

hush aside the Czech Republic at Old Trafford. Swatches of empty seats are the first indication that the FA's 95 per cent

A week of football and seven days of Europe at play. A kaleidoscope of images will leave a lasting impression, says Glenn Moore

sell-out figure involves some creative accounting. Intrigued by the Czechs' Euro 96 song which sounds like a reworking of the old Chelsea favourite: "Blue is the Colour".

After the council discovered that foreigners associate Manchester with football and music, 20 local nightclubs have grouped together to attract visiting supporters. Visit South, where Liam (Gallagher) and Patsy (Kensit) are alleged to have first met, to find Kiti Symons spinning the discs and exuberant German fans on the dance floor (not the team).

**MON 10 JUNE**  
Manchester's pro-Europe campaign continues with a flag-throwing exhibition by a Sicilian dance troupe at a Catalan bar. Back to Birmingham afterwards by train to see Scotland/Netherlands. The local service from New Street to Aston appears to be running on alcohol fumes but the atmosphere is intoxicating in more ways than one. Scots and Dutch share pints and swap scarves outside Villa Park, applaud each others' anthems inside it.

After Swiss cow-bells and Gonda hats, the fashion notes are provided by the Dutch who sport bowler hats and police helmets moulded from orange plastic.

High praise from supporters for Birmingham council's campaign, designed with FSA input, and attracting 200-700 fans a day.

**TUE 11 JUNE**  
A morning of football culture. Manchester's Art Galleries have caught the mood with several exhibitions.

One item features the Last Supper arranged in team formation. English 4-4-2 looks stronger than the continental sweeper system, which has Judas anchoring the midfield. Also a selection of possible team shirts several candidates spring to mind for the strip decorated with lemons. A photograph exhibition at the Cornerhouse includes a marvellously evocative shot of Carlos Alberto with a gleaming Jules Rimet trophy.

Afternoon at Anfield where The Kop is decorated with a banner reading: "Peterborough Italians welcome the Azurri". Media centre less chaotic than Villa Park but failure of close-circuit TV means press conference is unavailable. At the next desk, an Italian makes do by gleefully reporting the latest "England players in nightclub" scandal.

Afterwards watch Turkey v Croatia on television – the match proves the best advert so far for watching games in the flesh rather than on TV. The game is awful but, according to those there, the atmosphere made up for it.

This is due to the Turks who have besieged the ground since midday, driving around pumping car horns and grid-locking the city. There has been no chorus of anger, however, especially not from Nottingham's three Turkish restaurants.

**WED 12 JUNE**  
Arrive at Bisham Abbey half-expecting to see "Traitor's Gate" daubed over the media entrance and Terry Venables stalking away with a paintbrush.

Instead Bryan Robson gives such a passionate defence of the nightclub incident I begin to wish I'd prepared for the evening's England-Scotland press match with a drinking session instead of an early night. It is not hard to see why he was such an inspiring captain.

The Scots, who claim to have "been on the sauce" all week, win 3-2. Maybe Robbo was right. The English press are now desperate for an English win at Wembley.

**THU 13 JUNE**  
Though office sweeps abound, the capital seems resistant to Euro 96 fever. A number of factors are blamed: the lack of foreign fans – it being England's base, the absence of a central governing body to put on events, its customary self-absorption and the many competing attractions.

An effort is being made on the South Bank with a Feast of Football exhibition. However, on visiting the Queen Elizabeth Hall find staff unaware of a

video and photograph presentation in their own foyer. There is also a big screen (made of 25 standard TVs) at Coin Street but, arriving 20 minutes into the Swiss/Dutch match, find just 18 people and one policeman watching and the viewing gantry roped off as an "unsafe structure". Attendance, which doubles by the end, includes down-and-outs, office workers on the way home, and an American family whose football-playing son insists on watching it.

A call to the London FSA elicits another tale of ticket woe – with a happy ending. An Australian honeymoon couple of Dutch descent left home before their tickets arrived. The FA prove no help but Mastercard step in with two corporate tickets for the Swiss/Dutch match to show the human side of sponsorship. PR gimmick? Maybe, but the Aussies are not complaining.

**FRI 14 JUNE**  
Back at Bisham and an uneasy truce between players and press united in a common cause. What the atmosphere will be like on Monday if Scotland win does not bear contemplation.

Quote of the week Ian Wright, on seeing the dragon emerge breathing fire and smoke during the opening ceremony, said: "George Graham used to come into the dressing room like that."

Request of the week: From two Portuguese fans to the FSA office in Sheffield: "Where's the beach?"

# This time the fans won't wear draws

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# EURO 96

## sport

### 'You show up at Hampden with those white shorts pulled up around your arses, get played off the park, and win one-nil'

When Martin Chivers put England 3-1 ahead with 20 minutes left to play at Wembley in 1971, a distinguished Scottish football writer threw down his pen and made immediately for the nearest exit. "I'm not putting up with anymore of this," he growled.

That and the gloating cry of "What does the World Cup mean now?" heard in the Wembley press box after Scotland's 2-1 victory in 1967 encapsulates the subjectivity that is sure to be evident among reporters from both camps today when proceedings get under way in north London.

The past has seen furious arguments in the press seats, even punch-ups. "Why do we bother with this meaningless fixture?" a famed *Daily Express* columnist goaded during a period of English ascendancy.

"You show up at Hampden with those white shorts pulled up around your arses, get played off the park and win one-nil," a Scottish novelist once said bitterly to Bobby Moore. "Something like that," Moore replied.

Watching Alan Ball go off to play against Scotland, an Everton apprentice yelled: "I hope you get stuffed," across the car park. "It was the first time I'd ever heard him speak," Ball recalled. Jack Charlton had a similar experience when turning out for Leeds. "You must be joking," Alf Ramsey snorted when he was welcomed at Glasgow airport.

In its real and imagined, the Scots see historical arrogance. Proving to be a much superior combination at Wembley in 1961, England simply piled on goals to win 9-3, a disaster

still recalled gloomily. In similar circumstances, Scotland have been more concerned with taking the rise out of their oldest enemy.

Ramsey's second match as England manager brought a 2-1 defeat by Scotland at Wembley in April 1963, both the Scottish goals coming from Jim Baxter. After opening the scoring, Baxter stood with arms aloft. "That's the greatest goal in Wembley's history," he said as teammates arrived in congratulation.

No great names now, but to be drawn in the same European Championship group as Scotland was bound to make England nervous. "If I was coaching another country it would not matter so much," Terry Venables said a few weeks ago. "But for England the game presents special problems. If the Scots hadn't won for a year



KEN JONES

they would still be up for this one, giving everything they've got, playing with the tremendous passion I saw in Dave Mackay when we were at Tottenham."

The braveheart factor was clear in an interview Bill Shankly gave shortly before another match in the ancient sequence. Asked how it had felt in the dressing room before

going out against England, Shankly employed the imagery for which he was famous. "Sitting there, you would hear the lion on your jersey say: 'Go and sort out these English bastards' - but no - it's an English paper I'm appearing in. 'Give everything for Scotland', that's what I'd hear the lion saying."

In his efforts to modernise thinking in Scottish football, Jock Stein attempted to play down the fixture's importance when it was played on an annual basis. "Of course it's always one that you want to win," he said. "A matter of great pride to Scotland, but people get carried away with the idea that nothing else matters. Beat England and that takes care of things for another season. That, I think, has held us back a bit."

This was equally true of the anti-

pathy that grew up in Scottish football circles over the selection of English-based players. For example, Jimmy Logan, who was an outstanding inside-forward of the type known in his time as a schemer and also captained Arsenal, received only one cap. The greatest player in Tottenham Hotspur's history, Dave Mackay, was never a fixture. Even Denis Law was regarded with some suspicion.

If Scotland's greatest victory came in 1929 when a diminutive attack outplayed England 5-1 to become immortalised as the *Wembley Wizards*, more account is paid to England's first defeat as world champions.

Typically, the fact that England's defence was seriously weakened by an injury to Jack Charlton that left him to play most of the match as a

hoping centre-forward was not seen to be important by Scottish reporters, one dismissing it as a tactical ploy that backfired on Ramsey.

The intense fervour Scotland brought to that match was monumental, as though, in the words of one patriot, they were responding to a conviction that the rest of the world was conspiring to conceal how remarkable they really were.

Audacious infiltrations of a system that had restored respect for England internationally were inspired by the virtuosity that once characterised Scottish football.

Craig Brown will be sending out a far more functional team than the one of Baxter, Law, Billy Bremner, Bobby Lennox and Jimmy McCalliog - but what has it got to do with me, a neutral?

## Portugal end Turkish dreams

ON CULLEY  
Reports from the City Ground

A fervent atmosphere generated largely by Turkey's excited followers disguised an undistinguished Group D match here, won unconvincingly by Portugal through a 60th-minute volley by the Parma defender, Fernando Couto.

The result spells elimination for Turkey and the end of a glorious adventure for the thousands of their countrymen who had flocked to Nottingham these last few days, only to see their side lose twice at the City Ground by the same scoreline.

Portugal complete their programme here next Wednesday against Croatia, who meet Denmark in Sheffield tomorrow. Although a point could be enough for Antonio Oliveira's team, so tight is this group that an outright win might still be necessary.

And that is something they cannot take for granted, by any means. For all their clever touches, the Portuguese look essentially lightweight and the re-match suggestion by Rui Costa, their midfield creator, that they lack a striker of genuine international calibre, has a still more truthful ring to it now.

Indeed, the Turks, had they not revealed shortcomings of their own in attack, might easily have embarrassed the team dubbed the "Brazil of Europe", especially as a dubious challenge by defender on Saffet Sancakli been punished with a penalty.

Turkey moved comfortably through the group, exposing the Portuguese back line to several moments of unease, only to

let themselves down with a wasteful final pass. For all their possession, they failed to properly stretch goalkeeper Vitor Baia, who was not required to make a single save of note.

The balance of clear chances, at least, confirmed the result as a just one. In the first half, Ricardo Sa Pinto should have scored his second goal of the tournament, side-footing wide of the far post after a cross by Rui Costa who had brilliantly outwitted Abdullah Ercan and Ogün Temizkanoglu. Later in the first half, Helder's acrobatic attempt to deflect Sa Pinto's shot past goalkeeper Rüstü Recber flashed narrowly wide.

In the second period, João Pinto, with only the goalkeeper in his path, controlled Dimas's cross on his chest, only to take it wide and spoil his angle.

And, finally, the decisive goal, the consequence of a corner on the right, Paulo Sousa's shot initially found a defender in its way, but the ball spun across the penalty area to Fernando Couto, who volleyed with his left foot, the ball swirling away from Rüstü's dive.

But the Turkish players resisted. Soon Fernando Couto was executing vital tackles to halt the frustrated Hakan Şükür and Abdullah as they drove forward.

Two minutes from the end, Portugal's lead looked vulnerable when Paulo Sousa brought down Seren Yalçın just outside the penalty area. But the latter, taking the free-kick himself, sent the ball timely over the bar, which, so far as the Turks were concerned, summed things up rather fittingly.

Turkey's striker Bülent Saglam has returned to Istanbul following the death of his sister, who had recently given birth.



Turkey's Abdullah Ercan tussles for the ball with Ricardo Sa Pinto of Portugal yesterday

Photograph: Empics

## Merrington 'shocked' by Southampton dismissal

Southampton yesterday sacked their manager, Dave Merrington, less than a month after he had successfully avoided relegation from the Premier League. Nine victories in 36 league games proved not enough for the 51-year-old former professional, despite a run to the A Cup quarter-finals. "To say a great shock is a massive understatement," he said.

Alan Ball's walk-out to join fanchester City led to Merrington's promotion to the top job after 11 years as youth team coach. He failed to improve the Saints' form and they only made sure of their Premiership status with a goalless draw with Wimbledon on the final day of the season.

In the Cup quarter-finals, he Saints lost 2-0 to Manchester United at Old Trafford after Neil Shipperley had had a controversial goal disallowed. They gained revenge during the run-in, beating the double winners 3-1 at The Dell.

The strikers Jean Pierre Pank and Dean Saunders could not on their way to Birmingham City in an audacious £2.5m double signing by their new manager, Trevor Francis.

Francis has had talks with Pank, the 32-year-old former French international, who

would cost £1m from Bayern Munich, and has agreed a club record £1.5m fee with Galatasaray for Saunders. However, the former Derby, Liverpool and Aston Villa forward would prefer Premiership football and may yet join Nottingham Forest. The problem for Forest is that they have to sell Jason Lee and Andrea Silenzi to finance the deal.

Since Francis' arrival at the First Division club in May, he has signed Barry Horne from Everton for £250,000 and Steve Bruce on a free from Manchester United.

Leicester City have joined the list of Premiership clubs viewed as cash cows by investors, with the chairman, Martin George, being forced to step down in favour of a consortium which has pledged £7m for players.

George handed over the reins of promoted City after five years in charge, following a boardroom split led by rebel directors, saying it would be "churlish" not to let go. He will remain as a director.

His successor, Tom Smeaton, has been in talks with outside backers eager for a share of a booming income fuelled by TV money. The cash for players will be augmented by another £5m for ground redevelopment.

## Dauids returns home after row with coach

Edgar Davids, the Dutch midfielder, is returning home after a row with coach Guus Hiddink. Rob van Leeuwen, the team's press officer, said: "Davids will be going home immediately."

Davids, who is leaving Ajax for Milan in a £3.5m deal after Euro 96, was surprisingly dropped from the starting line-up for the Group A match against Switzerland on Thursday, which the Dutch won 2-0.

Davids was quoted in Friday's *De Volkskrant* newspaper as

saying: "This was once [being omitted], but never again. I won't accept it the next time. The coach listens too much to other players." Asked whether he expected to be sent home by his coach, Davids said: "We'll just have to wait and see."

Romania have lodged an official complaint about referee Peter Mikkelsen's handling of Thursday's defeat against Bulgaria at St James' Park.

Trailing to Hristo Stoichkov's early goal, the Danish official

disallowed an equaliser from Dorinel Munteanu after his 30-yard shot hit the bar and bounced over the line.

The Romanians were so furious they held a meeting immediately after the match, and their federation issued a statement to UEFA, the European governing body, which said: "We would like to convey our deep disappointment and indignation in which our national team was deprived, totally unjustly and totally unfairly, of

the chance of competing in a fair and unhindered tournament.

"We are referring to that grave and undisputed refereeing decision in the 31st minute when a perfectly valid goal was not allowed to stand."

The Football Supporters' Association has backed Romania's complaint and urged FIFA, the world governing body, to investigate ways of introducing electronic equipment to judge whether or not the ball has crossed the line.

## euro-spy

### Prompting attacks from the deep

For all Spain's reputation as a defensive team, they were the ones who threatened to demolish Luis Enrique's Barça. An intelligent move from the deep and a broken back would have earned the Spanish coach a place in the World Cup quarter-finals against Italy.

The referee missed it - although FIFA, with the benefit of television, did not, and awarded the culprit a nine-match suspension - but that was of little consolation to either the battered Luis Enrique or Spain, whose chance of reaching the last four was gone.

Aged 26, he occupied the left wing-back position against the Bulgarians in Spain's first match in Group B, when he and Fernando Hierro formed the source of most of their attacks in a generally unimpressive performance.

The strikers, Julián Quiquero and Juan Antonio Pizzi, were heavily anonymous before being substituted and sent off.

Rejected by Barcelona as a youngster after a five-day trial, he joined his local team, Sporting Gijón, and then, in 1991, moved to Real Madrid. He was one of the outstanding players when Spain won the Olympic gold medal the following year.

He is also versatile, having played as a winger and a wing-back on both flanks for his country and as a central midfielder for Real. It is this quality which has impressed the new Barcelona coach, Bobby Robson, who has persuaded the Catalan club to swallow its pride and spend a small fortune on a player they could have had for free.

Guy Hodgson

**EURO 96 RIP-OFFS**  
No. 6: A can of Coca-Cola (major Euro 96 sponsor) cost £2.1 at St James' Park on Thursday. Have you come across any monster rip-offs? If so, fax details to Euro-spy on 0171 293 2894.

## Bulgarians on the move yet again

Bulgaria continued to confuse their followers yesterday when they announced another change of itinerary and hotel the day after their beating Romania at St James' Park.

Instead of checking into the Redwood Hall Hotel, south of Durham, as they said they had planned, Bulgaria decided to move further north and settle at the Holiday Inn, north of Newcastle - where the players' wives and girlfriends had been staying.

They had previously been staying at Scarborough on the Yorkshire coast but, after complaining that it was too quiet and remote, switched to a hotel at Stilton, near Middlesbrough, on Wednesday.

"I am told this move to the Holiday Inn is definite - for now," said a local *Euro 96* spokesman, "but it would be advisable to check."

## Globetrotter rescued by Geordies

Double disaster awaited "superfan" Constantin Ciuka at the end of his 4,000km walk from Romania to watch Euro 96.

After watching his heroes lose 1-0 to France at St James' Park on Monday, Ciuka suffered another blow when he found his tent and other gear had been stolen from his campsite. However, Ciuka, who calls himself "The Globetrotter" and is well known in Romania for walking to major sports events, was supplied with replacement equipment by a local firm.

"Newcastle is a beautiful place and I've had a wonderful time despite what happened to me," he said. "The only thing that depressed me was France beating Romania. I like to walk everywhere I can. I wish I could have swum the English Channel, but it was not possible."

**FOOTBALL: THE UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE**  
"Problema v kom, shtobi zagnat evo v vorota, Andrei..."  
...which is Russian for: "The problem is getting it into the box, Andrei."

## McCarthy's ban is relieved

The Republic of Ireland manager, Mick McCarthy, has been given a reprieve from a one-match touchline ban, which will allow him to take his place in the dugout for tonight's final US Cup match against Bolivia.

McCarthy will return to the Giants Stadium in New Jersey, where he was shown the red card during Wednesday's 2-2 draw with Mexico for throwing the ball into the crowd to deny the opposition a quick free-kick. But he will be without Liam Daish and Niall Quinn, who were also dismissed that night.

One player who will be in action, however, is Middlesbrough's Curtis Fleming. The full-back has waited a long time

for international recognition, but in the last 10 weeks has accumulated seven senior caps.

With Jeff Kenna absent because of a hamstring injury, McCarthy's problems have not been helped by the fact that the Watford striker, David Connolly, is also banned after two bookings in the matches to date. He has made six changes for the game with Bolivia.

It will be the youngest Irish side in history with an average age of just 22. Back come goalkeeper Shay Given, defenders Kenny Cunningham and Terry Pbelan, and midfielders Liam O'Brien and Gareth Farrelly with Alan Kernaghan captaining the side in the centre of

defence. Despite his sterling performance against Mexico Pat Bonner will not win his 50th cap.

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| EURO 96    |   |   |   |   |   |   |     |           |            |
|------------|---|---|---|---|---|---|-----|-----------|------------|
| Group A    |   |   |   |   |   |   |     |           |            |
| Team       | P | W | D | L | F | A | Pts | Goal Diff | Notes      |
| Denmark    | 3 | 2 | 1 | 0 | 5 | 2 | 7   | +3        | Qualified  |
| Sweden     | 3 | 2 | 0 | 1 | 4 | 2 | 6   | +2        | Qualified  |
| France     | 3 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 3 | 3 | 4   | 0         | Qualified  |
| Belgium    | 3 | 0 | 2 | 1 | 2 | 4 | 2   | -2        | Eliminated |
| Group B    |   |   |   |   |   |   |     |           |            |
| Team       | P | W | D | L | F | A | Pts | Goal Diff | Notes      |
| Germany    | 3 | 2 | 1 | 0 | 5 | 2 | 7   | +3        | Qualified  |
| Italy      | 3 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 3 | 3 | 4   | 0         | Qualified  |
| Spain      | 3 | 1 | 0 | 2 | 2 | 3 | 3   | -1        | Qualified  |
| Yugoslavia | 3 | 0 | 2 | 1 | 2 | 4 | 2   | -2        | Eliminated |
| Group C    |   |   |   |   |   |   |     |           |            |
| Team       | P | W | D | L | F | A | Pts | Goal Diff | Notes      |
| England    | 3 | 2 | 0 | 1 | 4 | 2 | 6   | +2        | Qualified  |
| Scotland   | 3 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 3 | 3 | 4   | 0         | Qualified  |
| Ukraine    | 3 | 1 | 0 | 2 | 2 | 3 | 3   | -1        | Qualified  |
| Romania    | 3 | 0 | 2 | 1 | 2 | 4 | 2   | -2        | Eliminated |





Stiff challenge: Paul Gascoigne lends Alan Shearer moral support as he tries to beat the wall in free-kick practice at Bisham Abbey yesterday

Photograph: David Ashdown

## Eager England in buoyant mood

| SCOTLAND   |                      |                      |
|--|----------------------|----------------------|
| PROBABLE TEAMS<br>at Wembley today. Kick-off 3pm |                      |                      |
| GOVAN<br>RANGERS                                 | GOVAN<br>RANGERS     | GOVAN<br>RANGERS     |
| CALDERWOOD<br>TOTTENHAM                          | HEWLEY<br>BLACKBURN  | BOYD<br>CELTIC       |
| MACDONALD<br>ARSENAL                             | MACALLISTER<br>LEEDS | COLLING<br>OULDER    |
| SPENCER<br>CHELSEA                               | DAVE<br>RANGERS      |                      |
| ANDERSON<br>TOTTENHAM                            | FLATT<br>ARSENAL     | INCE<br>INTERMEDIATE |
| PEARCE<br>NOTT FOREST                            | ADAMS<br>ARSENAL     | SEANAN<br>ARSENAL    |
| ENGLAND  |                      |                      |

GLENN MOORE  
Football Correspondent

As the Dutch and Scottish supporters journeyed to Villa Park on Monday, an Orange-clad supporter turned to a tartan equivalent and said: "We hope you beat the English." "Not as much as we hope we beat them".

The Dutchman, with mock innocence, said: "Oh, you have a grudge against them?" "It goes back to the 1740s," said the Scot, only for a compatriot to interject, in equal seriousness: "It goes back a lot further than that."

Many are the ghosts that stalk this fixture, the oldest in international football. Which will be in evidence this afternoon? Those of Culloden and Bannockburn, or of Jim Baxter and Steve Bull, Baxter inspired Scotland's Wembley win of 1967, thus enabling the Scots to cheekily claim to be world champions. Bull was the last man to score in this fixture, his debut goal earning England a

2-0 victory at Hampden Park in 1989 (the first goal was a diving header from Chris Waddle). Scotland have beaten England only once in 15 years and nine matches. That was through a Richard Gough goal in 1985. Since then the Scottish game has, in most judges' eyes, slipped some way behind the English. Against that, Scotland played considerably better against the Netherlands on Monday than England did against Switzerland last Saturday.

Will all this history, ancient or modern, mean anything at 3pm this afternoon? A little. The traditional rivalries dictate that the game will be different from anything else in Euro '96 while Scotland may draw enough strength from ancient enmities and recent performances to counteract the perceived imbalance.

England may appear the better side but Scotland are stronger in the key midfield department. Gary McAllister, Stuart McCall and John Collins have achieved a balance which England are yet to emulate.

To counter them, England

will start today with Paul Gascoigne, Paul Ince and, if fit, David Platt. If the captain fails to make it, Jamie Redknapp or Gareth Southgate will replace him.

Of the English only Stuart Pearce, Tony Adams and Paul Gascoigne (as sub) have experience of these matches. Stewart McAllister, Ally McCoist and Jim Leighton have played in them for Scotland.

More experienced than any is Bryan Robson, now part of England's coaching staff, who won four and drew two of eight Anglo-Scottish clashes. "It's a great occasion to play in," he said. "I used to love it when the Scottish supporters booed you when you were on the ball."

"Everybody says it's going to be a difficult game for us but I can promise it's going to be a difficult game for them too. I'm fed up with hearing about the passion the Welsh, Irish and Scottish have whereas it's supposed to be just another game for us. There's no question that our lads will give as much as any Scotsman."

Robson then echoed the

thoughts of Craig Brown, the Scotland coach, as he added: "You tend to get a British style of game, end-to-end with blood, thunder and passion, but I've always thought it's the team who uses their head and keeps composed which goes on to win. We want commitment and endeavour but we also want cool and calm heads when we're on the ball, we have more skilful players than Scotland and we have to use that to our advantage."

Which leads to Paul Gascoigne. "It's the perfect game for him," Robson added. The Scots have a lot of respect for him as a footballer. "He's nearly back to his best and if he had not had his injuries he would have gone on to be the best in the world. On his day he still is."

Gascoigne's battle with McCall, who will probably mark him, is one of two inter-club contests which may decide the game. The other is Alan Shearer's with Colin Hendry. When asked if he had any Scottish blood in him (Steve Stone having sheepishly admitted to having a "McStone" clan coming down to watch

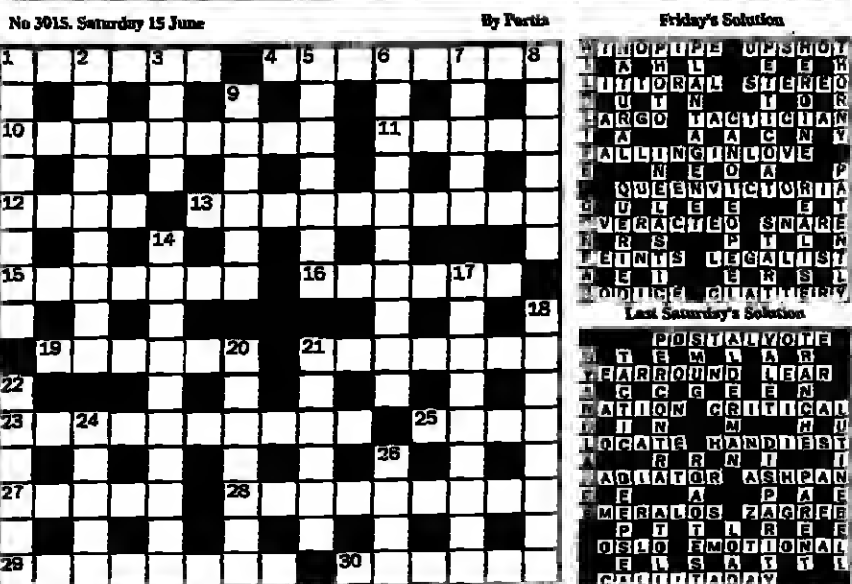
from Kilmarnock). Shearer replied: "I hope not."

England seemed in buoyant mood yesterday. Terry Venables jocularly calling a tartan-trousered reporter "traitor". His main decisions concern who to play in central defence and on the wings, where England believe Scotland are vulnerable. Adams and Stooe, for their battling qualities, may be chosen ahead of the more polished Gareth Southgate and Steve McNamara.

Scotland have scored only twice in their last five games, one each against Australia and the USA, and if England get one goal they should avoid defeat. However, with England still to face the Netherlands, and Scotland meeting Switzerland, the home side are likely to need a win to qualify.

That both sides are expected to play three at the back is an indication of the changing nature of the British game, but the contest will still be more about guts than grace. If the players stay on the pitch, and the fans off it, it could be an epic, if not a classic.

### THE INDEPENDENT CROSSWORD



- ACROSS
- Business practice (6)
  - Nick arrests one inside with illegal substance (8)
  - Mass meetings about motorway battle (9)
  - Not much to describe (5)
  - Convey pole that's been cut down (8)
  - Foaling overcome by sorrow (10)
  - Bar against a member of one army unit (7)
  - A note without number is in circulation (6)
  - Clearly state a lock's going back (6)
  - Understand snag (5,2)
  - Walk round course with sport's equipment (10)
  - Female one who whinges we hear (4)
- DOWN
- I am taken in by pretend assurance (5)
  - Well suited to be a hunter? (2,3,4)
  - Commission money's a long time (8)
  - Useless remains of exhaust design (3,3)
  - Minister receiving several for healing (8)
  - Former cardinal coming occasionally (9)
  - Faint works is a non-starter (4)
  - Second unknown royal in Far East discovers historic kingdom (7)
  - Way of saying thanks in honour of VIP (10)
  - Don't chicken out of teacher's wild party (5)
  - Andibly shock Arab leader (6)
  - Rabbi remembers old vessel in inside (6)
  - General's wife kind of de-spaired (10)
  - Paid her to sculpt classical figure (9)
  - Revealed Frenchman is not invited out (8)
  - Significant report in German (7)
  - Prey divided about a new monarch (6)
  - Be promoted and get increase (4,2)
  - About to go, with union leader having last word (5)
  - Measure out quarter of a cheese (4)

THE FRANKLIN SCRAMBLE Make the longest word you can from QUINITYE Yesterday's Scramble: FESTIVAL

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The first correct solution to this week's puzzle opened next Thursday win a Franklin Bookman Dictionary and Thesaurus worth £100. Answers and the winner's name will be published next Saturday. Send solutions to Saturday Crossword, P.O. Box 4018, The Independent, 1 Canada Square, Canary Wharf, London E14 5BL. Please use the box number and postcode and give your own postcode. Last week's winner was John Riddell, South Brent, Devon.

## Passion and patience the key for Scotland

PHIL SHAW

The baser side of the Scottish psyche may still be demanding "an English field," but Craig Brown's final rallying cry yesterday was altogether more measured. "We must play with the head as much as the heart," he said. "I'd settle for a boring 1-0 victory."

Scotland, returning to Wembley after an eight-year absence, would actually be content with a draw. Stalemate would suit them better than England, as Brown noted: "We think we have the easier final fixture, because we believe the Netherlands are a marginally better team than Switzerland."

Intensive as such a statement may seem, it is as close as the Scotland manager has come to criticising any of his country's opponents during their eight days in the heart of England. In stark contrast with today's hosts, their stay has been an outstanding public relations success, but Brown is seeking points rather than plaudits beneath the twin towers.

The Scots are convinced that they could not have been better prepared. For a start, to use Brown's phrase, they are "competition-hardened" — unlike England — having had to qualify from a group including Russia, Greece and Finland.

"Even our warm-up games were chosen with tough matches in mind," Brown said. "We played away to Denmark, the European champions, and the United States, as well as Colombia in Miami, which is virtually a home fixture for them."

"We lost all three, but I met Jozef Venglos (the former Czechoslovakia coach and Aston Villa manager) recently and he told me that when they won the European Championship in 1976 they lost all three

friendlies beforehand. With respect to Hungary, whom England invited to Wembley, I feel we've had the harder schedule."

Even last month's pre-finals trip to the US, at a time when England were trekking to the Far East on their ill-fated jaunt with Cathay Pacific, is now hailed as ideal acclimatisation for the anticipated high temperatures in London. "On medical advice, we prepared in Miami so that we'd be able to cope with the heat and humidity," Brown said. "That 10 days is now looking very beneficial."

Brown's men may not overheat, but might the big occasion make them freeze? "We won't be overawed. The guys from Rangers and Celtic play in front of Britain's biggest crowds week in, week out. The Old Firm game is bigger than practically any English fixture. Also, Alan Shearer's experience of European competition is less than, say, Tom Boyd's."

Moreover, England can no longer count on the Scotland goalkeeper to lend the kind of helping hands provided by Frank Haffey (between the posts when they crashed 9-3 in '61) and Stewart Kennedy (5-1 in '75). Under the guidance of Alan Hodgkinson, a former England keeper, the Bury-born Andy Goram has developed into a performer of exceptional technique and sound temperament.

The draw against the Dutch at Villa Park means that Scotland have conceded just three goals in 11 matches during this tournament. And one of those, in Athens, was a dubious penalty. Yet, if preventing goals has not been a problem, poaching them self-evidently is.

Brown has hinted that Ally McCoist, the only Scotland scorer into double figures, will

play. That could be part of a misinformation campaign, though equally it may reflect an urgent need for goals. Any Scotsman scoring at Wembley is liable to find himself selected for UEFA's drug test.

The Scotland manager never reveals his line-up prior to a competitive fixture, let alone the formation in which they might play. It is probably safe to assume that all but one, or at most two, of Monday's side will start this afternoon, although the likelihood is that they will revert to the tried and trusted 3-5-2.

Should that be the case, Tosh McKinlay would almost certainly return on the left of the quartet. Like Stewart McKimmie and Craig Burley, who will cost the right-sided berth, McKimmie is equally comfortable as an orthodox full-back, which would allow Scotland to be flexible in their response to the way England play. It is in midfield that Brown appears to feel that the likes of Gary McAllister and John Collins may have an edge in mobility over Paul Gascoigne and company.

Those who have built up the game as a "British cup-tie", in which the more patient approach is put on hold for the day may, Brown argued, be in for a surprise. "We're not putting on the warpaint," he said, predicting a contest where passing would be even more important than passion.

In either instance, he does not expect his team to be found wanting. Bobby Gould, Wales' English manager, proclaimed Brown as a "master of management" after watching his final press conference. "In a one-off like this it could be down to who controls the nervous tension best," Gould said. "At the moment that's Scotland."

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